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# The Abbot Courant

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# The ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXI	FEBRUARY, 1935	NUMBER 1
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B.A.

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXI

FEBRUARY, 1935

NUMBER 1

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## Au Courant

"But Charles, we can't give him a hobby horse—look at the bills!"

"You've gone beyond your allowance, then." We're probably all going to have domestic scenes. Yet, thanks to Miss Bailey, members of Mrs. Campbell's class in Business Principles ought to be spared questions like this. Budgeting is but one item in the business course offered now at Abbot. Mrs. Campbell makes Business Principles so appetizing that her class is well ahead in typing, shorthand, and keeping of accounts. Secretaries—(*clickety*)—will soon be mingling with our artists and sopranos—(*tap, click.*) It's a business world.

Children, fractions first, Abbot specials afterwards! One morning in Chapel Algebra I class gave us an amusing idea of a world without numbers—quite ideal, some of us thought, until we realized the consequences. With her universe upside down the bored young student wished Algebra back again. Mathematics haters among us hastily reformed.

The Abbot Family Album opened on January 25th amidst little shrieks from the school. . . No wonder. Our grandmamas were climbing out of its pages and marching down the aisles in their gymnasi-



um clothes. Lucia Nunez as a lovely tight-waisted secretary of by-gone Athletic Associations (and of our present one) told us of Abbot's Sports History with examples from 1835 to 1935. Hampered, but dazzling certainly, this young horsewoman in voluminous black! An archery enthusiast, dauntless despite petticoat and bustle! Croquet balls were eclipsed under hoops and taffeta. According to Miss Bailey, Abbot girls outdid Phillips members in military drill during the war.

Grandmother had good training—only of course it wasn't Miss Carpenter's. We do have the advantage, after all!

The subtle intoxication of music seems to enter into the heads of our day-scholars after Fidelio, for at that time the strangest sounds pervade the sacred Circle. Everything from "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" to "These Things Shall Be" may be heard, as the songsters troop around the circle and up the stairs of McKeen, whose long-suffering walls reëcho every Thursday and Friday.

Psychologists among us want to know the Internal Workings of Things. For example: there is untold agony behind the curled heads which appear at breakfast. They go to bed with rows of curlers biting into them and every little hair squealing of the insult. Talking of bedtime, conditions were serious. Nights grew colder, mounds under the sheets more numerous. Every movement has its leader and an Editor came upon a be-flannelled heroine in the corridor one evening. Items: moccasins, skating socks and a beret.

To add just a few day-scholar idiosyncrasies—

#### SEEN ON THE LOST AND FOUND BLACKBOARD

First day: Lost: black beret with my name on it.

Second day: I want my black beret!

Third day: Who ever took away my black beret please return it!

Fourth day: Who *stole* my black beret?

The air had whips in it—invisible November ones that cut—but that didn't matter. Miss Chickering had a splendid idea. We walked into the first room of the Addison Art Gallery, which offered a glimpse of the cosmopolitan world of theater. It was darkened; tiny lighted settings were there in a glowing group, chiefly the work of modern Russian designers. O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" enjoyed

recognition here, as it did throughout the exhibit. There were other subjects—"The Unknown Soldier," "All Quiet on the Western Front." The modern treatment—a steep hill and a jumble of posts to represent war atmosphere—seemed strange. Norman Bel Geddes had recognized Verdi; his design for "Aïda" was on a scale with that great score. Enormous emerald-colored columns and effective light left a stage comparatively bare. Of the many designs that came after might not this one be modern in the best sense—unadorned, adaptable to differing moods in a play, where tragedy herself in "sceptered pall" may sweep by, where background honors but does not interfere!

The Greeks are always with us. Fuerst, French designers, were first in the field with costume sketches in silver, black and green for some Aeschylean hero. Those of us who had been studying *Agamemnon* found a red and russet Clytemnestra in a frame. The designers too, then, had been impressed by the *Oresteia*.

On the second floor we got lost . . . in the Forest of Design. Latvia, Czechoslovakia and Hungary crowded one room. Adjoining it were offerings from Sweden and England. The largest gallery was given over to America, another to comparative designs for Shakespeare. Yet we were students. The Greeks had to be sorted out of the glitter by some of us, "Hamlet" by others. France liked the classic. Here was distant Czechoslovakia applauding "Oedipus Rex." Deep blue columns slanted upward from a circular stage. The Play of Unity is the play of modern scenic possibility. There were a dozen backgrounds for "The Prince of Denmark." Everything was simplified—lighting and color doing the rest. Mr. Geddes, with his taste for the vast, had designed Dante's "Inferno." So might one linger indefinitely with the whimsical Blanch of England or before a gild model by Geddes for "Lazarus Laughed." Perhaps we came away with the feeling . . .

"Why then, the world's mine oyster  
Which I with my sword will open . . ."

A last pause with Inigo Jones, sixteenth century designer. By order of the Duke of Devonshire he made sketches—for Jonson's "Luminalia," "Masque of Queens." These were the originals—delicate gray water colors with an Italian flavour to them. Very formal, yet very fresh—what a far cry to the U.S.S.R.!

We had been admiring or rebellious in one afternoon.

It is easy and pleasant to welcome new members to our faculty, but it is a disagreeable task to announce the loss of our good friends and teachers, Miss Bancroft, Miss Hopkins, and Mrs. Burnham. Miss Bancroft, an Abbot graduate, was to us infinitely more than an English teacher. She instilled into us principles which made us truer Abbot girls and shared our school life to the utmost. When we found that she was to be in Andover, right on Central Street, we rejoiced that we hadn't really lost her after all. As for Miss Hopkins, not only did she keep the library from being a howling wilderness of whispering and lost books, but she helped us with the dining-room news, Thanksgiving and Christmas services, and in too many other ways to list. We miss her very much.

But new friends have come: there is Miss Snow, smilingly presiding in a tranquil and silent library, Miss Rumney and Miss Hughes guiding cheerful classes in their delvings into the mysteries of English grammar and physics. Although Abbot can never be quite the same without Mrs. Burnham's cheery presence, and although we regret her absence, we feel glad to know Miss Tingley, our new singing teacher, especially after that intimate little recital she gave us one afternoon in November.



## Morning-Glories Painted Yellow

### I

The roast was simmering nicely in the oven, and after a final peek at its brown, dripping sides and a prod at the potatoes Lisbeth went into the living-room. For a moment she stood admiring the rows of worn old books, the familiar curves of Jud's easy chair. Then she crossed swiftly over and drew the curtains with a jingle of brass rings, so that the street-lamps were shut out, and the brightness of the little room was all hers. She held its friendliness to her heart, loving the upright cherry piano, the wide gracious hearth, the funny oil-painting over the mantel. She loved that most of all; she remembered standing before it as a little girl and asking her mother why the morning-glories in the garden were blue, and those in the picture yellow. At the memory she surprised herself into sudden laughter—as she had a way of doing. Her laughter was a helpless joy in the glow of her lamps, in the vegetables boiling on her stove, and in the knowledge that Jud would be home in a few minutes.

With that thought she hurried back into the kitchen and turned up the fire under the roast. Standing there she heard the key turn in the lock, the door bang, and quick footsteps come in. With a silent paean of gratefulness to the Powers That Be, she turned to greet her husband.

Jud came in with a flying surge of hat and overcoat. His face was eager; words came stumbling over his twisting tongue. The quiet pool of Lisbeth's gladness quickened into a running stream of excitement, and her breath flew in and out of her parted lips as she listened. Jud was to be transferred to the Company's agency in the West Indies; he might even, in time, become manager of the branch.

There was a little pause in the beating of Lisbeth's heart... for a moment Jud's words were like the far rumble of a bleak, gray sea. In that moment she saw the world she had moulded so surely and carefully to her wish dissolve into the mere shadow of a dream. The avalanche of Jud's decision was carrying away her home, her friends... With a pitiful little shrug she turned away to hide her hurt eyes, her desolate face... And Jud talked on.

## II

The wharf on which they landed was a dark cave of heat, filled with black shoving figures, and freight cars of bananas. The stench, the wild cries and jostlings, suffocated Lisbeth; she was caught in a cauldron of perspiration and the foul breath of bodies that had not been washed for weeks. Waves of noise pushed against her, and under the planks the smooth swishing of the Caribbean mocked her. She escaped into the sunshine, to be startled by the sudden blast of light. That, too, was alien; everywhere white-washed buildings cast back the blinding rays, and cars and carriages were only black blurs against the glare.

Jud put her into a car; wheels turned, and with a sullen jerk the vehicle catapulted into the street. Shouts throbbed into Lisbeth's ears; her eyes were crowded with images of stubborn donkeys and their irate owners, great carts of cocoanuts, women with overflowing baskets perched precariously on their heads. . . Over a high wall she caught a glimpse of ferns and the coolness of trees. In the instant her eyes filled with tears, and she was back in her own garden with the mist of twilight on it. But she winked away the tears; Jud must not see her futile longing for home, her almost desperate hatred of this weird mud-flat.

Then, on a sudden turn, they arrived. The hotel was low and damp, with creaking floors that sagged sickeningly. But it was quiet and cool. Jud left her on the wide verandah, shaded by thick vines whose white flowers tortured the sea-breeze with a hypocritically sweet fragrance. . . Suddenly against the heavy silence a lizard leaped; peered inquisitively into Lisbeth's face, and hastened on. . . She shuddered painfully, her thoughts jumping madly apart like stagnant water struck by a skipping stone. . . Tensely she waited Jud's return.

## III

They found a cottage near the beach, with a neat auralia hedge and a barren rose-garden. There were ants in the pantry, hornet nests under the eaves, and tree-toads in the *lignumvitae*. The last tenant had left the refrigerator in the dining room, and a dozen rotting mangoes in the refrigerator. Lisbeth surveyed the house and the two jabbering negro maids dismally. How was she ever to turn

this cluttered establishment into a home, how was she to understand these two cross-grained creatures who stared at her so terrifyingly?

Staring out across the weedy patch of lawn to where the auralia cut into the sea like a blood-smeared silhouette, she imagined herself on a clean, comfortable steamer going home. Well, why not? She found herself hating Jud, and the new restrictions of her life, hating bitterly the veneer of brittle sunshine which hid the distant hills, and the glistenings of every wave that pounded up on the sun-burnt sands. Her eyes ached from the unfailing brightness, and wearily she turned into the bedroom. Two trunks and their contents were littered about the room. Half-blindly Lisbeth turned over the garments lying in one tray, and suddenly through the soft fabrics her fingers found a picture-frame. Memory leapt to life as she lifted it out—her yellow morning-glories!

She was suddenly at home again, with the supper cooking and the lights newly lit; and this same dear picture over the mantel. She remembered the blue curtains hanging at her windows—hadn't she put them in this trunk? Searching, she found them and pulled them out—a bright cascade of chintz. Surveying the bedroom windows she decided they wouldn't fit, but weren't there French windows in the drawing-room? And then her unexpected laughter caught her again. Why, here she was—hanging curtains and making herself at home as though she really liked the place! She lifted her chin just a little to keep her smile steady, and went gaily out to the pantry, a picture of yellow morning-glories under her arm, to ask the maids for a hammer.

*Eleanor Wells, '36*

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## My Silver Lamp

When I was young I made a lamp  
Of silver, fashioned it with care.  
I made the wick out of a corner of my heart,  
The handle was made of my two arms entwined.  
The lamp is my soul; it is dark,  
For the wick has not been lighted with the flame of love.  
I tend my lamp and polish it:—  
Let no one who cannot light the wick tarnish the lamp.

*Eleanor Wells, '36*



## A Ramble

When anyone says, "I just love your name—so quaint and foreign sounding," I just smile wanly and say to myself, "True, too true." By that time the enthusiast has gone on to ask, "Let me see—it's Portuguese, isn't it?" As I sweetly explain, "No, it's Spanish. Spelled with a 'z,' you know." I steel myself for the next inevitable question: "But it ought to be 'Lootheea,' oughtn't it?" Alas, I can still see myself writhing in unutterable agony before several elderly spinsters, would-be students of language, who tortured me with such queries as: "Why weren't you called 'Lootheea?' Don't you know that's the proper pronunciation? Why, I had a cousin—or was it a second cousin—who always called herself 'Lootheea.'"

To be Lucia is bad, but to be Nunez as well is infinitely worse. Worst of all, it really is Nuñez—not Nunez. And how we suffer when we dare to be precise about the accent. This is a typical Nunez dialogue, rendered more exasperating because of the telephone:

"Munez, did you say?" inquires the engraver.

"Nunez!" I roar into the transmitter.

"Newmetz?" he roars back.

"N-U-N-E-Z!" I'm getting more annoyed. "No, no! 'n' as in Nellie. 'u' as in—a-er-unicorn! 'n' as in nuisance— (with peculiar emphasis). But what can you say for 'z'? 'z' as in Zanzibar or perhaps Zachariah is better. Yes, that is right. only it has a 'what-you-may-call-it' over the second 'n' a 'zoop' (I gesticulate graphically). It's like 'n' in canyon, with a thing over it like an 's' on its side."

Be it Nunez or Nuñez, it is immaterial to those who write to us; they devise original spellings of their own. We accept letters addressed to Nunes, Nuzem, Nooney, Newts, Enunez, Numez and the like with a calm philosophy born of long suffering. It takes a combination like Nenuz, Newritz, Nusenauff or Noonuts to startle us.

The moral is: name all your daughters Mary Smith, resisting the temptation to distinguish her by making it Mary Wilhelmina Smith. In a very extraordinary instance you might use Mary Jones.

*Lucia Nunez, '35*



## Serena's Choice

The light above Serena Harlowe's bed still burned brightly. Rosamund had left her an hour ago, with the understanding that she would try immediately to compose herself to sleep, as was her custom. But tonight everything was different; tonight she was full of thoughts too deep for words—or even sleep.

She half-sat, half-lay among her thick pillows, a pink woolen bed-jacket that Rosamund had made about her thin shoulders, and her hands in her lap, in her old, familiar, patient attitude of suffering, though tonight she was beyond all physical pain.

Serena was fifty, an incurable cripple, who had thought that no human emotion would touch her again, since that day when she bade a last farewell to health and hope and activity. But tonight the greatest decision of her life lay before her.

She hadn't expected it that morning, when Rosamund had settled her in the great arm-chair, and told her that she was to have a visitor, adding nervously that she was not to let it disturb her. Rather she had laughed with a show of rare good-spirits, and told her daughter that peddlers never bothered her anyway.

She wasn't a peddler. Serena had known that she was a great lady the moment she crossed the threshold. She was Alice Dale Pendleton, the artist. Serena knew her from her pictures and Rosamund's rapturous description of her. She was sympathetic at Serena's plight, but she plainly expected something of her.

What she had to say at first had been no news to Serena. People had long ago begun to recognize that Rosamund had artistic genius. But when she had gone on to say that she was leaving in a week for a two years' stay in Italy, and wanted Rosamund to accompany her as her companion and pupil—that had been different. What must be overcome, Miss Pendleton had said, were Rosamund's scruples. She had refused to leave Serena, and in spite of all the assurances that her mother would be well cared for on their many years' savings the girl would not change her mind. And so the woman had come to Serena. She wanted definite information within three days, and she let Serena understand that everything depended on her.

Of course, Serena reflected now, the woman had no way of knowing what the doctor had said only a week ago; Serena had not told her; neither had she told Rosamund, with whom she shared her dearest secrets. No, Miss Pendleton had no way of knowing that every cool syllable she had uttered had hammered its way into Serena's heart, and remained there. The one year of life which remained for her was just one more year of death, without the fulness that was Rosamund's presence. A great tide of rebellion and self-pity welled in Serena's breast; she fought with it, trying to think of Rosamund and her great opportunity, trying to be impartial, but the ache was intense. If Rosamund had been a less dutiful daughter, it would have been easier to let her go; as it was, she was the dearest possession her mother had, outside of her faith in God.

There was no placating herself by weak attempts to be convinced that, after her death, her daughter could have whatever she might give up now. Chance had smiled on Rosamund, but she was a fickle creature, and her light might be forever withdrawn.

Serena told herself that Rosamund would not go, even if she had her consent. Rosamund loved her. Rosamund was her baby. She would tell Rosamund of that last year left to her. The girl had to stay. Even if her career was wrecked, Serena's need of the moment was too great for her to think of anything else. She twisted her fingers in the fine wool of her jacket, her body an agony of indecision. But that was why she could not do it: Rosamund's eternal willingness. It was her mother's duty to make her think of herself. In weighing Serena's one year and all of Rosamund's, the balance was too uneven. Though nearly all of Serena's life had been emptiness, she was old now and Rosamund was young. She knew what her daughter wanted above all else, and she must not wish that horrible emptiness on Rosamund, too!

She opened the little Bible which she kept always by her side with a hand cold as death, and found a childish consolation in reading it. After a while her hand shook less, and the pain in her heart melted half away. She would have to start planning for Rosamund tomorrow. She had become so used to letting the girl do everything for her! She reached up and turned out the light, unaware of the benediction of the moonlight that streamed in through her open window.

*Cathleen Burns, '35*

## Ladyslipper

Warmth has cracked the winter's crystal flask  
The small grey seeds, grown confident, unmask.  
Stones glisten in the brook's embrace,  
A fern regrets his bearded face  
And, bending thus, stares from above.  
All is restlessness and love!  
The forest has a rapid heart—but one  
Remains. She is quite cool . . . aloof, alone.

You loiter in a dim aisle all your own  
Sweet ladyslipper. Light has rarely shone  
On this pale stem, these velvet lobes  
So faintly yellow. A beetle probes  
His way, shifting a varnished wing,  
(He's always nervous in the spring)  
Then bumps against you. Beetle, are you cowed?  
Why, 'fore this lady May himself has bowed!

*Margit Thöny*



## Tennis-Tea: Jamaican Style

The Jamaican Tennis-Tea is a perfected institution, varying only slightly from its first cousin, the English Tennis-Tea, but very distantly related to the black sheep of the Tea family—the American Tea-Dance. Also it must never be confused with its Aunt, the Formal Tea, its informality being one of its most outstanding characteristics.

A Jamaican Tennis-Tea presents a combination of strong tea and heavy cake seldom equalled and never excelled. Tea-drinking, however, is not the important issue. Several other occupations are to be expected.

First, the tennis. It is performed with remarkable abandon by ordinarily pompous lawyers, doctors, school-teachers and ecclesiasts, who never can remember the score, lose balls continually and scowl dreadfully when they lose a set or even a point.

Second, the sewing—usually for a church-bazaar. Embroidered tea-cloths are especially opportune, but handkerchiefs to be hemmed, needle-pointed tea-caddies and knitting are allowable.

Perhaps the most indulged in dissipation is small-talk. The health of a public invalid, the minister's sermon last Sunday, the latest behaviorism of a remarkably unintelligent native-servant are discussed and rediscussed. One can see how "truly dreadful, my dear" it must be to have one's butleress drop the fruit jello onto an ant-infested floor, scrape it up, and serve it to guests, or to be mistaken for the Princess Alexandria (who lately visited this island) by an entire troop of Boy Scouts.

Teas of this sort usually begin around four o'clock, and continue until sunset, which comes at six o'clock or seven, depending on the season of the year. When it is time to go, some one, experienced in the art of departures, picks up his tennis-racquet, clears his throat guiltily, and with a set smile and a clammy hand bids farewell to his hostess.

*Eleanor Wells, '36*

## Dupont Circle

Dupont Circle, the same yesterday, today, tomorrow. Every afternoon at three it awakens to welcome the children who arrive in small groups to pass the afternoon. Be it autumn, winter, spring or summer it makes no difference. They arrive bright-eyed and fresh from afternoon naps, clinging to the hands of hurried guardians, the one place in the busy city where they reign supreme, where they are free for a few short hours. There it awaits: the sandpiles where hands become grubby, the walks, when many a knee is skinned, the green grass, scene of so many games of green light, and the fountain, which always holds a fascination.

The joy when the last street is crossed and they are free from the ever present restraining hand! The nurses, smartly-dressed and self-possessed, take their regular seats around the park, some stopping to place heavy lumbering carriages under the shady trees. Then they are settled for the afternoon. Sooner or later all the regular occupants of old Dupont Circle have arrived for their afternoon of bliss. It is a time-old gathering, with only the faces changing from year to year.

Nowhere but in Washington could such a group be found—small representatives of all nationalities playing in unison. If only the world were as happy and gay as this gathering. There are the two little beedy-eyed daughters of the newly-arrived Japanese ambassador. They know no word of English, and yet their small hands busily help with the shaping of the sand castle. There is Hans, sturdy young son of Germany, skating with young Pierre of France. And little Moira sharing her English dolls with small brown-skinned Rajh. They are both equals in this afternoon paradise.

Suddenly there is a rush for the farther entrance of the circle. What is the cause of this small hurricane, this mad dash of young legs? Forgetful of the all-pressing occupations of a few minutes before, they swarm, as a flock of homing pigeons. Of course it is Tony, the balloon man, lover of small children and dumb animals. On his daily visit, with his handful of rainbow bits, he forms the climax of the afternoon. Tony, short of stature, a typical Italian with his cheerful grin and sparkling black eyes, is an institution of long years' stand-

ing. Slowly he makes his triumphant march from one end of the park to the other. He knows them all by name, small Gretchen, young Pedro, and wee Sing Lee. For payment of pennies presented by tiny hands he delivers his popular wares, which soon give the Circle the effect of a garden. They follow him like the Pied Piper as he makes his way, stopping now to fasten a bubble of color to the handle of a carriage, or then to inquire for a small face that is missing. On the other side of the park the old man takes his merry leave, teasing this one, or consoling that one. They speed him onward with the familiar chant, "Goodbye Tony, until tomorrow." Slowly the small figures migrate back to forgotten pleasures, and Tony is only a memory until tomorrow.

Until tomorrow? How long it will be. For as Tony waits at the curb for a red light a small yellow cur darts forward among the unheeding cars. Forgetful of old limbs and unsteady feet, the old balloon vender rushes to the aid of the poor terrified lonely mutt. A screech of brakes, a woman's scream and it is all over. The little dog reaches the other side in safety and a small fleet of brilliantly colored balloons float slowly to the heavens.

One by one the children leave the park for early supper. Clinging to the hands of impatient grown-ups they say good-night to their paradise. And the old circle goes back to sleep. Dupont Circle the same yesterday, today, tomorrow. But no, not the same, for death visited the park this afternoon. Tomorrow there will be no Tony.

*Betty Chandler, '35*



## The Elopers

It was a tense moment, that sultry late July afternoon as the family sat silent and thoughtful in the dark sitting-room of a New York apartment far above the sweltering city streets. It had been an unlooked-for event in the family saga that had drawn them from cool seashore and pleasant hills to the stifling city at that time of year. All had happened the day before. Buzz, the oldest boy, had telephoned and calmly informed the family that he had been married that afternoon. The family had hastened to New York to meet the girl and welcome her. Buzz had met her Christmas night. No one else really knew her. Therefore we sat together with varied feelings that hot afternoon, every ear nervously awaiting the sound of the elevator.

As father had always objected strongly to elopements, the idea of his oldest son having done such a thing had set him up terribly and he sat in a dark corner with a sour and hurt expression on his face. Whenever he spoke it was with something against the girl. He blamed her for the marriage, saying that Buzz never would have thought of such a thing. Then he said, "If she calls me 'Daddy' I shall surely scream!"

Dickie, the youngest in the family, thought that the whole thing was a pretty good idea. He already had two sisters but he didn't really mind having a third—"Besides," he said, "she won't be a real sister." Dickie is crazy about aviation and spends all his money flying. Buzz had told him Kay had actually taken lessons, so Dick was convinced that Kay was perfectly all right; he even visualized many flights with her.

Mimi, who was the oldest in the family, sat in another dark corner with an expression almost as gloomy and far more disagreeable than father's. To begin with she was furious at the thought that Buzz, who is more than a year her junior, should be married before she was. Having copied father's views and opinions all her life, she was sharing similar grievances against Kay. Now she kept saying,

"Oh, she's probably nothing but a little thing without a thought in her head. Who knows about her family?"



I was terribly amused at the whole affair. Father's and Mimi's fear seemed perfectly ridiculous to me. Mimi and I are apt to disagree, so I was glad to have another sister.—perhaps I wouldn't fight with her. I have always respected Buzz's taste in everything. . . he would only marry a very nice girl. Nevertheless I was a little worried. I worried as to what they were going to live on, whether father and Mimi would like her. It was in their power to make her perfectly miserable.

We sat in silent expectation for what seemed a long time. Suddenly the elevator door was heard to open. We all sat erect. Then the door bell rang. We stood up. We heard Buzz's voice and he came into the room, followed closely by a pretty girl with dark curly hair. She was dressed simply but in excellent taste, and on her face was a frightened expression. We all stood looking at each other for the longest few seconds that I have ever known. Suddenly the tension loosened—I went forward to greet her, Mimi followed me, and to the relief of all when she spoke to father she called him "Mr. Dodge." It didn't take long to discover that all our fears were groundless—Buzz had married as sweet a girl as it was possible to find.

*Anne Dodge, '36*

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## Reverie on Nobska

Washing waves whisked in on Nobska beach,  
A chirping sand piper tripped along that sandy shore,  
Sky and sea met in deep tints of painter's palette  
And fresh wafts of wind brushed through my hair.

Some old rusty tankers steamed slowly past the point—  
Centuries later. . .  
Her white jockeyed waves dashed at my feet;  
Beating the rocks with roar of tumultuous thunder.  
I was alone. . . . .  
My thoughts had vanished into spray.

*Alice Cooper, '36*

## The Foreigner

It was cold. Every housetop had October written overhead. Mist, chestnut carts, the gendarme's military cloak had come. Above all, the entire nation of chrysanthemums was there—little white ones, tawny ones, with the royal family—red and gold—in its midst.

Antoinette, hurriedly making bouquets, wondered why business rushed so at evening.

"I must be tired...are my chrysanthemums too dear? Nobody's buying them..."

"No, madame, only roses."

"And four of these? Yes, monsieur."

"I want two dozen chrysanthemums."

Ah, that was a customer! She reached for them but paused:

"Yellow or russet, monsieur?" He could not seem to make up his mind. The candlelight fell on his great coat and undecided face—a foreigner's.

"I wish you would choose for me," he said gravely. "Russet." A few minutes later the lamps were lit. A short gentleman came up.

"Mademoiselle Vigny—I want some sweet peas."

"You, Monsieur Durand! But—this is not the season—"

"I know, I know. How to get your attention otherwise? Tell me if you are busy this evening."

"Monsieur, you are too kind, but I am very tired."

"I'm a bore, in other words—no, no, you are quite right. Good-night, my dear. You are always charming." She was. Her dark dress and shawl were those of a "vendeuse," her figure diminutive as all of that obscure race. She took her candle and shut the booth.

The following day she recognized the foreigner among her customers. He seemed a gay young man who paid her too much and said he would come often. The promise was kept. He was an Englishman on a holiday, shepherding relatives at the hotel in Passy. Paris was a beautiful city, but it seemed to him empty.

"You must know this city like an open book. My, it's superb! I want to talk about it with someone...not with tourists or those frozen hotel people. Do you know that you're a person...I say, I don't want to offend you, but Paris would be more real if you talked of it."

"I have not much time, Monsieur."

"You're afraid I'll bother you. Why do French people never tell me anything? I'm frightfully interested—"

"Madame, the last carnations have been sold."

"—interested in your opinion."

And finally she was persuaded. She told him of French views, things he missed in Baedeker. His silence was flattering; she opened her own life a little, and he would listen, tracing with his cane, and tell her in turn of Somerset.

It had cleared that afternoon. The ironwork of the gates hung with brilliant drops. Though mild, there was a breeze abroad that blew against the fountains, pressing them forward. On looking up Antoinette saw the Englishman coming across the square. She tied her flowers absently, for this sensation of warmth was disturbing. She felt it should be suppressed.

"I've discovered some charming gardens, Mlle Vigny—les Jardins Bagatelles. Do you remember the white house, rather an aristocratic one? Come for a drive tomorrow. You don't work Sundays, I hope? Good."

Early that evening she closed the booth and made her way over the square. A wind had risen and she walked against it, feeling excited and strange. Was not the city agitated too? Cabs went whirling down the avenue and fallen leaves danced as they passed. There stood the moon, a little whiter and stronger than before. Coolness and detachment were suggested there—things she felt she had lost.

"Oh—I beg your pardon—"

"Why, Antoinette!"

"André—I've knocked your bread in the gutter—no—let me pick it up. Now give me a hug."

"Hair all blown about—yet you look radiant. What is it?" It struck seven as they talked.

"So you see, amie, he asked me to go for a drive. But what...?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say anything—only you seem foolish. What do you know of this man? He's a foreigner. He'd forget, passing from country to country. Don't you suppose he'd take a blond German girl driving? My dear, you are a blond Parisienne. We're cold to foreigners. I'm still content with the boys of this country—though you may not be."

It was dark when Antoinette reached her door. She fumbled with



the key, marvelling how it escaped her. As she unpinned her shawl a voice called out—

“Antoinette, the cousins come tomorrow. Are you going out?”

“I will be in all day Sunday, mother.”

\* \* \*

In the spring she would sell flowers in another quarter of the city. The view had no life in it. . .

“Antoinette, you have no life in you,” thought the little flower vendor.

She looked listlessly at the square, just sprung into light.

“Not the view—something is wrong with me. I have blundered somewhere.”

\* \* \*

She worked now at the other end of the city. Business did not go well that day and darkness came on quickly. The counter was dim and it was with difficulty that she made out her change.

“Fifteen—twenty francs. No profit at all. What ails my flowers? The air cannot be cold enough for them—water, perhaps.” She lifted her head and burst into tears. “Oh, heavens, have I not seen your faces all the year? My memory is sick—I must cure it—I must do something.” The chimes had begun to strike. They fell from the upper air, startling, for the fog had muffled distances. She had not realized the church was so near. The doors resisted, but once they swung behind her there was a sensation of numbness, an assurance of protection against invisible foes. For they had been terrible. In this cold hallowed atmosphere they kept their distance, growing clear. She tiptoed forward. Love, then? Ah, how one must avoid it! She knelt, but let the beads hang from her fingers.

“Dear Virgin,” she began. How quiet it was here. There was nothing one could say;—only—“Make life merciful to me.” And looking up she gazed on this favorite saint above a bank of agitated light. One could but see the pale sculpture of her hands and knees.

“Nothing will come to trouble me,” thought the girl. A great blue circle burned away the gloom where mediaeval architects had planned. Occasional people passed under it. “They all have their troubles, poor French,” whispered Antoinette. Even now someone was standing opposite—a young man with head bent. Having turned

away he came slowly down the aisle, looking at the windows, at the vault overhead.

What ailed those candles? They rose and fell crazily and took on all colors.

"No," murmured Antoinette,—“it is not possible. He could not have seen me.” And she bent forward, eagerly telling her beads. Footsteps paused behind her and she remained huddled there.

How she got home she never quite knew, but discovered Monsieur Durand measuring his steps to hers. After a time, with his defeated little smile,

“Mlle. Vigny, are you busy this evening?”

No, she was at leisure. It overwhelmed him.

“Why, in that case dinner—yes—dear me—and a drive in the Bois afterwards.”

The fog had lifted. There was a strip of powdered firmament above the little side street, very black indeed except for M. Durand, who was still blacker. Even as he waited a light broke, vanished, and Antoinette came down the steps. He raised her hand gently to his lips.

“Always charming—but . . . are you quite happy?”

“Very happy—a little disillusioned, perhaps.”

“Ah, I lost my illusions long ago—but not my delightful persistence, eh, Mlle. Vigny?”

They laughed, and passed over the square.

*Margit Thöny, '35*



## Maple Walk

RETURNING sleepily from church I thought  
Of dull, prosaic, daily things until  
I could no more. My pace slowed from a trot  
Into a stroll. I hummed a tune uphill—  
Before me Sabbath leisure waited. "What  
Is better than to read and sleep in turn?"  
I wondered as I turned a corner. That  
Was answered, and I found I'd much to learn  
Of all the golden beauty hung about—  
That glorious saffron hue of maple leaves,  
Like tangible sunshine, the same shade throughout.  
Into this light a spreading pattern weaves;  
Black boughs, as dark as after sudden rain,  
Lace through the pure clear yellow in a chain.

*Helen Cary, '35*

## To Act or Not to Act

Huddled into the corner of the room, he awaited his chance. There was greed and hunger in his eyes, but there was also a glint of something else—something that showed he knew it was the wrong thing to do. There were too many people in the room, but he knew if he waited long enough he would have his chance. At this thought, he receded farther into the corner. He would wait, for in the end it would be worth it. He sat quietly in his haven of refuge, and for a time he kept his composure. But soon the desire came seeping back into his mind. He was dizzy from the effect. Should he do it, or shouldn't he? He knew he shouldn't, but he wanted to—desperately. The thought grew and grew in his mind. He became almost crazy with the turmoil that was raging within his head.

He unconsciously moved out of his corner. He forgot the people in the room, he forgot his plan to wait until he was alone. He was so obsessed with his mad desire that he crept nearer and nearer. No one seemed to notice him. The desire in his eyes gradually overshadowed the small glint of virtue that had once been there. Finally he could no longer stand it—he leapt! There was a crash, a loud crash! And in the midst of all the ensuing commotion, one voice could be heard saying, “Ah, Frisky, you bad, bad cat, will you never learn that goldfish are to be seen and not to be eaten?”

*Frances McTernan, '36*



## The Awakening

No one really knew Ging Doma except Ging Doma, and sometimes Ging Doma wondered about herself. To all her associates she was the charmingly simple, venerable old lady of Nanking, too simple and too austere to change her old Chinese beliefs, highly disapproving of the ugly, unbound feet of the "modern" women of China, heartily condemning the presence of any foreigners. At least she said as much herself, but it was noted with amusement by many that no matter how politely anyone else treated foreigners, she was more polite; no matter how considerate others were, she was more considerate and more friendly.

Now as the blistering sun was giving way slightly to a cool, fanning breeze, her tightly-bound, tottering feet bore her up the dusty path towards the home of a missionary's little family. As she entered the big gate and started up the path, she hesitated, glancing at the house.

Then, although she tried to suppress the thoughts, the unquenchable hatred for foreigners slowly began to rise within her. Like the burning of a straw hut the flames of this hatred spread wider and higher through her mind, crushing every kindness, demolishing every thought except this overwhelming hostility, until at last her feeble, tottering steps had to stop.

The true self of her past presented itself before her. Yes, she was confident there was no one who knew her for what she really was. She had never revealed her true inner feelings. Her mother and father dead at the hands of foreigners, her three older brothers killed in uprisings—she was justified in her hatred; she was too utterly human to allow herself to forgive. The same state of mind had influenced her, in a spasm of rage, to murder her too-greatly westernized husband. But who knew it was murder? It has been a poisoned preparation that she was confident no one but herself knew of.

Yet what was it that drew her to this particular house? There were just the American mother and father and their two daughters, the two little girls whom she never tired of seeing, and to whom she had always delighted in taking small gifts. But, no, she hated them.

Suddenly her eyes shone with fear. Did she remember right? Had she actually given the American mother those poisoned sweet-meats for her daughters? She seemed to remember the whole incident so clearly, and yet she loved the little girls.

Some irresistible force put her feet in motion again, and she hobbled on along the walk to the house. Laboriously she climbed the few steps. At her timid touch of the bell, she found she was impatient for the door to be opened so that she could be inside the calm actuality of this American home again.

Mrs. Bowman opened the door herself.

"Ah Ging Doma!" she exclaimed warmly, and conducted the fine, little old Chinese lady in. Ging Doma found herself speechless with content for a few minutes.

It was a very short stay this time, but after she had seen and kissed the little girls again, Ging Doma was satisfied. She felt an inward urge to hold counsel with herself. The poison would have had its effects long before this. It was never to be revealed to her that, in truth, she had presented the poisoned sweet-meats. Mrs. Bowman, however, had not once considered allowing her children to eat them. It was not poison she suspected. Merely she was uncertain about the conditions under which the food had been prepared.

Ging Doma lay awake that night trying to find an explanation. One had unexpectedly come to her, for she had reasoned that her own daughters, had she not heartlessly killed them at birth, would have been women like Mrs. Bowman, now with perhaps daughters of their own. Now she knew how completely revolutionized was one old belief of hers, for no longer did she esteem daughters worthless.

Slowly, as she thought, a light seemed to come before her. She knew! For all these years she had been blind, blinded with jealousy and stubborn hate towards other people, who seemed to have everything they wanted. Why, she really had all she had wanted, only she had never accepted it. Other people loved her for what she seemed to be, the kind and generous, smiling and respected old lady of Nanking, who was just amusingly slow in changing her old ideas, but who was welcomed wherever she went. No, no one knew of her intimate past. There was only one thing for her to do: to actually live the life she had before only outwardly appeared to live.

*Miriam Hamilton, '36*



## Escape

HEN, in the prison of my heart's discord,  
Sweet thoughts, restricted, know not where to seek,  
Then friendly fancy proves the only ford  
To half-forgotten magic. Spirits speak;  
My dungeon crumbles; and I see the night,  
Dark like a weeping widow, at my feet.  
The star dust of her teardrops are my light;  
She comes to kiss me, and the touch is sweet.  
If I could find a breeze to bear my weight  
Beyond the top-most spires of the town,  
And near the promise that is heaven's gate,  
Upon the moon's milk ledge to set me down,  
    There with the ghost of Silence I would stand,  
    And sift the stars like pebbles through my hand.

*Cathleen Burns, '35*



## The Birch Tree

When I came back from supper one night I found that it was snowing. As I walked through the pine trees, the silent falling of the snow reminded me of part of a Christmas carol.

“How silently,  
How silently  
The wondrous gift is given.”

The next morning when I awoke... I saw a beautiful vision. It seemed as if The Birch Tree were celebrating her confirmation. The pine trees heavy with snow bowed their heads in reverent prayer.

The large oak tree was the bishop dressed in a white mantle; the two cedar trees, one on each side of the oak were the altar boys. The blue sky was the altar, and the sun the one ever-burning candle. The white snow was the soft velvet carpet on the floor of nature's chapel.

*Sally B. Davis, '38*

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## The Top of the Year

Within a week it will be Christmas time.  
Amongst those aunts who give bright orange ties—  
That youthful note, you know—a child his dime  
Is spending; and a mother asks for size.  
Fourteen, “she's small and just loves red or green.”  
Yes, red and green, the colors of Noël,  
The scent of pine, the scurrying, the sheen  
Of silver ribbon, an o'erjoyous bell,  
The plans for parties, secrets in the air,  
The, “Oh, tomorrow Bill comes home from Yale.”  
The “Are you going? Tell me, what'll I wear?”  
The greeting cards and boxes in the mail,  
These things and more the glow of Christmas shed.  
*But, oh! there's still a week of school ahead!*

*Jane Rice, '36*



## A Sentimental Journey

It was one hot morning in July that we sat on our front porch, Kate, Lucia, Eleanor, and I. The casual observer would have at once deduced that a serious discussion was in progress, for all faces wore expressions of extreme concentration.

"Girls," said Kate solemnly, "I think we should do something to improve ourselves this summer."

Eleanor looked distinctly annoyed. "Do you," she inquired caustically, "suggest taking up eighteenth century literature for a pastime?" (This being one of Kate's foibles to which the rest of us could never accustom ourselves.)

Kate looked slightly taken aback. "Well," she began hesitantly, "I *was* going to suggest reading *A Sentimental Journey* together; it does illustrate Sternes's style to perfection. Still if we were to read. . ."

"Must we read?" said Eleanor with a rising accent of protest. "Isn't there anything else we can do but read?"

There was a momentary silence while with wrinkled brows we applied our minds to the problem. Finally Lucia leaped up beaming. "Moses!" she chortled. "I have it! Just the thing!"

"What!" we chorused. "Tell us, Lucia!"

"Well," said Lucia, with provoking slowness. "You remember seeing Fred Tawn and his dancers last winter, don't you?"

"Could we ever forget it?" we sighed rapturously, all, that is, save Kate who mimicked our adoring tones, "How could we *e—ever* forget it?", adding venomously, "I only wish I could! Such rubbish!"

"Tush!" I said shortly. "Go on, Lucia."

"I saw an advertisement saying that owing to financial reverses Mr. Tawn has been temporarily forced to give up his troupe, and is going to give interpretive dancing lessons for a reasonable price. Furthermore his camp is only about fifteen miles from here."

"Say!" I ejaculated. "That is an opportunity for four such elephants as we are. Now if we were to acquire a little grace this summer, that would be an improvement."

"Humph!" said Kate, drawing herself up. "Don't think for a mad moment that I'm going to flit and prance about before any man! Why I never heard of anything so ridic. . ."

Her voice was lost in a deluge of scornful argument, the outcome of which was that the very next day, bright and early in the morning, we were climbing into my topless and dilapidated Ford. Kate had the appearance of a martyr going to the stake, but we paid no attention to her, knowing that this stage would pass if left severely alone.

"Oh dear, I don't approve of it!" said Kate looking at us with reproachful eyes. "I have a premonition that it won't come to any good."

"Tut! tut! child," I admonished briskly. "It will improve you in mind, body, and point of view."

As we drove into the camp half an hour later, we beheld two large trucks parked squarely across the drive. We stopped abruptly and gazed around to see if we could perceive any signs of life. Nobody was visible, and we stared doubtfully at each other till a raucous voice, issuing from one of the trucks, bawled, "Climb in that right hand truck and get your duds. I'll be right with you."

"Oh," said Eleanor in relieved tones, "then he *has* got clothes for us." (We had been a little doubtful on this point.)

Joyfully hopping out of the "Erg," we bounded as gracefully as possible toward the truck indicated. It was dark inside, and for a moment we looked in vain for the promised outfits. Then Lucia spied a heap in the corner. She bent over to examine it, then straightened slowly, her shoulders shaking.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

Lucia turned around. "Look!" she said, stepping aside to let us see.

There was a moment's startled silence, while we all looked a little wildly at each other and then back at the little pile of bathing trunks which lay there on the floor. Moved by the same impulse we turned and rushed in a body for the door, tumbling down the steps and racing with more speed than grace to our beloved "Erg." Not a word was spoken until we had put at least a mile between ourselves and the scene of our adventure. By that time we could hold out no longer. I stopped the car and leaning weakly against the steering wheel myself we laughed and laughed till we ached all over.

"See here," said Kate indignantly when we had recovered a measure of calmness. "What do you think he meant by telling us to 'go and get our duds?' That's not my idea of a joke!"

A light dawned slowly on Lucia's empurpled countenance, and suspicion gleamed in her eye. "Do you suppose," she queried, "that we got in the wrong place? He didn't sound to me as if he were joking."

A hail interrupted our meditations, and we looked up to perceive a group of about fifteen CCC boys bearing down upon us. "Hey!" one called out.

"Hay's for horses, not for me!" muttered Lucia, quoting an old rhyme with which we were all familiar.

"Hey!" continued the lad, all unconscious of the unfavorable reception his expletive was receiving. "Did you happen to see two big trucks parked somewhere around here? One of 'em has our bathing er-er trun-er suits in it."

"We did!" said Eleanor in a still small voice. "They're about a mile back that way." She pointed with a limp and wobbly arm in the general direction of our recent flight, and the boys departed, shouting thanks in voices lusty, if a trifle hoarse.

We looked at each other in silence, shining noses, hair strongly resembling birds-nests, eyes still wet from over-much laughter.

"Well, girls," said Eleanor in the tone of one who sadly forsakes the weary world for the peace and serenity of the cloister, "we might just as well go home and start 'A Sentimental Journey' as soon as possible."

*Ann Cutler, '35*



Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER

Katharine Scudder	93
Ann Cutler, Cathleen Burns, Joan Henry, Mary Gallon, Margit Thöny	91
Lucia Nunez, Eleanor Wells	89
Evelyn Ward	88

High Lights

“THE QUEEN OF KINGDOM CORNERS”

Fortunate are those who are privileged to see history made, as we were on the eventful night of the Faculty Play! Those who were lucky enough to see our talented faculty disporting themselves in heavy “mellerdramer” will pass the enchanted memory thereof down to their envious grandchildren, and so on down the admiring ages to come. Special mention might be made of the work of each and every one of our handsome heroes, snooping sheriffs, sneering villains, slinking sirens, and dazzling heroines, but space does not permit. Our admiration goes particularly to Miss Friskin, who put over a long hard part without a slip of any kind. This evening will remain the big event of the year, and we want to extend our heartiest appreciation to Miss Grimes, the manager, and to the rest of our dramatic faculty; we’re proud of them!

The cast follows:

MARY ELLEN POTTER . . . . .	Helen D. Bean
MARTIN DUSENBURY, M.D. . . . .	M. Carpenter
AUNT MARY LOTT . . . . .	Kate Friskin
MRS. TILLIE THAYER . . . . .	Bertha A. Grimes
EB ROUNDTREE . . . . .	R. S. Baker
GEORGE EDMUND LASTONE . . . . .	E. Comegys
VINCENT BOYD . . . . .	M. Snow
CONSTANCE ROWLAND . . . . .	Evelyn Rumney
JOHN SYMMS . . . . .	J. H. Baynes



The A.D.S. plays whirled us through laughter, suspense and melodrama to a climax of admiration. We were first shipped off to the Russia of Anton Tchekoff's "The Boor," where the swash-buckling Grigoti Stepanovitch Smirnov, was demanding payment from his creditor's widow, Helena Ivanovna Popov. For a few moments while the mortgage-holding Cossack strode across the stage to wails of "Please, sir" from the family retainer, we were rather afraid that the good-looking gentleman was the villain, but instead he turned out to be an unusually bombastic hero.

The next drama had characters with more pronounceable names—two ladies who were in love with the same gentleman, and who drove us to desperation by eating chocolates! "For Distinguished Service"—named in honor of the lady who surrendered in this battle of the affections—contained splendid dialogue, and splendid acting.

"A Toast We All Can Drink" transported us into the fury of the French Revolution, from which we emerged with the dying groans of "La Torche," the incendiary, still chilling our bones and nervous systems. Little shrieks from the audience heightened the terrifying effects of a darkened stage, and a story of murder and sabotage.

Congratulations are due to Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray, who directed the plays, and to the members of A.D.S. Cast.

### "THE BOOR"

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

ANTON TCHEKOFF

Translated by Hilmar Bankhage

HELENA IVANOVNA POPOV . . . . .	Ruth Pratt
GRIGOTI STEPANOVITCH SMIRNOV . . . . .	Harriott Cole
LUKA . . . . .	Rosamund Taylor

Time: The present

### "FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE"

FLORENCE CLAY KNOX

KATHARINE BURTON . . . . .	Anne Hurlburt
MRS. JAMES HARDING . . . . .	Phyllis Brown
MARY, a Maid . . . . .	Barbara Reinhart

Time: The present

### "A TOAST WE ALL CAN DRINK"

STOKES McCUNE

MADAME RAMOUGNET . . . . .	Barbara Reinhart
TOINETTE . . . . .	Frances Mahoney
LA TORCHE . . . . .	Jean Palmer
LOUISE . . . . .	Rosamund Taylor

Scene: Eastern France

Time: The present

MRS. BERTHA MORGAN GRAY, *Director*

Tuesday concerts might be bound in one great nosegay—but one we have kept quite apart. That was Miss Margaret Settig's violin recital. Her playing was exceptional; there was no fatal boundary between classic and lighter pieces—she put too much life in both. Brahms headed the programme, followed by Bruch and other selections. The sparkling "Sierra Morena" was marked as a closing piece—so, at least, printers may have thought, but not the audience.

In November Miss Gertrude Tingley, our new singing teacher, gave a recital, assisted by Miss Friskin and Mr. Howe. Miss Tingley has a lovely voice, and we enjoyed all her selections, especially "The Toad's Wooing," a humorous song with weird little croakings between the verses. Miss Friskin, at the piano, and Mr. Howe, at the organ, played a Prelude, Fugue and Variation by Franck, and the Notturmo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Bonjour, Mesdemoiselles!" Our most recent chapel was as French as could be, from the singing of the hymn to Ann Cutler's peasant costume with its blue smock and scarlet socks. Ann vowed attachment to her "Boeux Blancs" in true provincial fashion. Other skits were no less delightful—we wonder if all French tots have the imagination to make a fantastic tour of the world on chairs? "Robin M'aime" was sweetly sung by Elizabeth Kennedy and Elizabeth Murphy, and Elaine Eaton gave an amusing dialogue from "Don Juan." Everything was there—even a French horn. Vive la France!

Wasn't that a real "Tigger" bouncing across the screen? All "Untamed Africa" lay in his wake... The Hubbards, true types of hunters, shot their wild life with a camera. They brought back a splendid trophy—an animal pageant, fields, mists and rivers free of all domestic flavour. Mrs. Hubbard spoke gaily of her African retinue, hypocritical native boys, a witch doctor, Binkie the leopard cub. The evening was a tense one—from the opening glimpse of muddy expedition wheels to the closing shot—natives celebrating a lion capture.

Field Day, November 14, was as cold as last year or colder, although we had vowed it wasn't possible. But we wrapped up in socks and boots and mittens and ear-muffs and went out to cheer our hard-working Gargoyles and Griffins on to victory. In the tennis matches, which were first, the Griffins took the singles and the Gargoyles the two doubles matches. We then progressed to the most ex-

citing game of hockey possible, which finally ended in favor of the Gargoyles, 3-2. Although basketball had to be postponed until the following Monday because of muddy courts, the excitement then ran as high as on Field Day itself. The Gargoyle first and second teams fought long and hard to win. Even though the Gargoyles took the honors, Field Day was a great success from everyone's stand point.

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### NEWS FROM THE ALUMNAE

The *International Relations Club* of Smith has two new members, Judy Wilhelmi and Barbara Worth. Barbara, of the inquiring mind, is also a member of the *Why Club*.

A couple of tuneful additions to the Smith Freshman choir are Ruthie Stott and Frannie Heffernan. We saw Ruthie back in Andover the other day but we couldn't persuade her to sing to us.

Ruth Tyler has been chosen on her class hockey team at Smith. Is it Abbot training that produces these athletic stars?

Abbot names swell the honor lists everywhere. Alice Schultz was on the Freshman Honor List at Smith. At Wellesley Mariatta Tower is on the Sophomore Honor Roll. Mariatta's talent, it appears, is not limited to getting good marks, for she had a part in a recent Barnswallow play, Carl Kopek's "Rossum's Universal Robots." and again in January the part of Miss Budd in "Postal Orders." And Florence Dunbar, who used to write so much for *Courant* combines honors and plays. She was on the Dean's List at Mt. Holyoke and was co-editor of the Junior Class Show, "Gone to the Cats."

One of our former *COURANT* editors, Dorothy Rockwell has been elected to the staff of the Smith publication, "The Tatler," an unofficial humor magazine. And she's on the Dean's List as well!

Georgia Thomson and Fran McGarry have been made assistant business managers of the *Wellesley College News*.

Remember Betty Flanders in "The Importance of Being Earnest?" Then picture her as the suave sophisticated "friend of the lover" in "The Affairs of Anatole," or as Macbeth in the Freshman Entertainment. Besides winning high praise for her acting ability, Betts is on



one of the Freshman crews and is doing a thriving business in portrait sketches.

In the Christmas play given in chapel at Wellesley, Ellen Willard gave the prologue and Chichi Clos had the important part of Lucifer.

COURANT certainly misses Dee Hall's grand woodcuts, but we're pleased to hear that Dee is continuing work in the artistic field. She was on the Freshman Committee of costume design for Greek games at Barnard. She is head of Freshman archery as well.

"Bev" Sutherland has left Barnard but is ambitiously planning to write a novel based on the COURANT-famous Sutherland family, and she is doing her first oil painting of "Nephel."

"Peg" Estes, who is at Oberlin this year, had what sounds like an interesting Christmas vacation. She was one of the four representatives of the Cosmopolitan club at the national convention of the Corda Fratre association of cosmopolitan clubs held at the University of Kansas.

We have here a very laudatory and impressive notice advertising a concert of an Abbot prima donna: "Theodate Johnson first gained the notice of American music-lovers when she sang...with the Cleveland Symphony orchestra two years ago. Shortly after, she left for Italy, where she appeared in opera, varying that with concert appearances in leading cities. Miss Johnson was also heard in recitals in England." Do come to Boston, Theodate, so that we can hear you!

A letter to the COURANT from Mrs. Darling of Hampton, Virginia, speaks of her planning an Abbot "get together."

Charlotte Chase was married here in Andover to Homer Warren Hanscom on December 29, at Christ Church. Charlotte, you know, went to Katharine Gibbs, and Mr. Hanscom graduated from Harvard Law school and is now located in New York. May you live happily ever after, Charlotte!

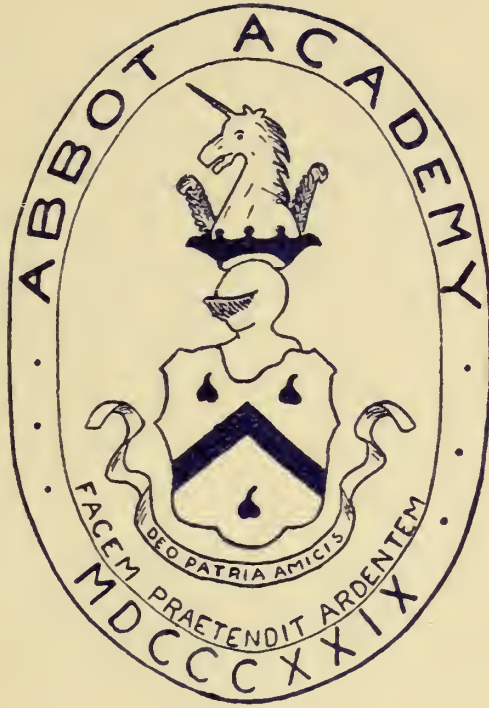
Anne Cleveland has been making the most delightful Christmas cards from linoleum blocks. She had them printed up in gay Christmas colors and did quite a business.

We have just got the news that Ann Cole has been elected President of the Sophomore Class at Vassar.









# The Abbot Courant

June, 1935

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXI

JUNE, 1935

NUMBER 2

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Editor-in-Chief*

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ELEANOR WELLS '36

LUCIA NUNEZ '35

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ALICE COOPER, '35

*Assistant Business Editors*

ELINOR ROBINSON, '36

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## Farewell to March

Hence, wild, deceiving March,  
    You trail the wind's proud banners in the snow,  
You bid the winter go,  
    You bend the birches from their frozen arch,  
And snap them back again;  
    On frenzied feet you scamper through the sky,  
Twisting the air awry;  
    With wilful hands you whip the wandering clouds,  
And tear the melting shrouds  
    That bind the ghost of springtime with a chain.

*Eleanor Wells '36*



## The Fond Aunt

Time was when all babies were to me drooling, red-faced creatures with a fiendish propensity for bursting into screams of rage at the mere sight of my face. Their mothers usually looked at me askance, and instead of apologizing for the really unspeakable behavior of their children, actually sympathized with the horrid little things. Hence I avoided these unpropitious meetings and in particular did I shun that dreadful tribe known as "fond aunts."

Oh the perfectly indescribable lack of tact of these people! Seeing that you are obviously in a hurry, they grasp you by the arm, fix you with a doting eye, and in positively sugary tones relate how little Jackie said, "Have Daddy's hat," and thereafter dropped it out the window. "Too cute for words, my dear!" As you nod and murmur "Wonderful!" hoping they will catch the sarcasm—but alas! they never do—there is a new outburst about Jackie in his winter pyjamas with the feet in them, and how like a little angel he looked the other morning—except, of course, that his face was red from screaming to be taken up—and—Grr! You break away none too gently, muttering maledictions on poor well-meaning auntie's head.

It was in this frame of mind that I first viewed my nephew. Yes, I had become an aunt, but it wasn't my fault, and I had sworn by all the saints in the calendar that no one should suffer through me what I had suffered from other aunts. Experience was a good teacher, I thought philosophically, as I looked with unmoved eye upon my delightfully ugly nephew, and heard its father, whom I had hitherto esteemed as a man of sense, rave about the child's being "really quite good-looking for his age." My nephew for his part regarded me with suspicion and half opened his mouth. I held my breath and smiled desperately. After a moment's owl-eyed thought he closed it again; I heaved a sigh of relief. At least the creature had more sense than the majority of his brethren. I felt a faint stirring of pride and hastily steeled myself against it, but destiny had willed that my pride in my unsentimental aunthood should be humbled.

My nephew and I sojourned in the same house for six weeks that summer. At first I was true to my stern resolve, but the fatal day came when the young rascal positively beamed as I came into the



room, held out his arms and squealed delightedly, "Ann-tan!" Vanity, vanity, all' is vanity! From then on my subjugation was rapid and complete. I lost all sense of the proprieties of life, crawled recklessly about the floor squeaking, "Pee-eek!" from around corners, and was even to be heard—I blush to confess it—talking baby-talk at all hours of the day. The upshot of the matter is that although I sometimes see a hunted look in my friends' eyes as I approach, I am impervious to their discomfort. I babble on with unconcerned enthusiasm; I have, in short, become a "fond aunt."

*Ann Cutler*

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## What's to Name the Babe, Mike?

What's to name the babe, Mike,  
Say, Bridget, Moira, Jane?  
Cunnin' how she's laid, Mike,  
Jes' watch her raisin' Cain.

Jes' you watch her tiny toes  
Kickin' back those hot ole clothes,  
Bet yer life she alus knows  
It's more fun to kick than doze.

Ain't she just so swate, Mike,  
A' lyin' there so cute—  
What yer think she ate, Mike?  
Some milk and spinach root.

Brush them ashes off the grate,  
Grab them clothes or't be too late!  
Hush, don't cry, my little swate.  
Mike, what think will be her fate?

Think, with all she's awful new,  
The cunning little tyke.  
Sure, she'll grow like small Jim grew,  
Sure, what's to name her, Mike?

*Elizabeth Kennedy, '35*

## Adventure in the Raw

"I have something of a most embarrassing nature to confess to you, my dear," said young Lord Hockenbury to the girl who was gazing trustfully into his serious eyes. "In fact," he added, "it is of an exceedingly embarrassing nature." Young Lord Hockenbury felt himself blushing and, because he had known all his life how awkward and ungainly he appeared when he blushed, he only blushed the more. It was a terrible thing to be so sensitive, but after the events of this day he would never again be timid! But suppose I tell you the history of young Lord Hockenbury's love affair, as I heard it.

It was a broiling summer day, a real dog day in July, when young Charles Hockenbury (not Lord Hockenbury then) trudged up a long gravel drive which wound around through a grove of firs to arrive at a large stone house. His eyes lighted with pleasure when he finally glimpsed his destination through the trees, and the great suitcase of brushes seemed pounds lighter. A big place like that one certainly needed some brushes. "If only I weren't so sensitive," he thought, adjusting his glasses on his nose. "If only I dared assert myself, go to the front door instead of the back, and with a compelling personality force them to buy brush after brush." Either the sun had gone to his head or he was developing a new sense of self reliance, but he marched up to the formidable front door, and let the knocker drop with a clang that resounded in a hollow tone. The door swung slowly back and a most butlery-looking butler stood glaring down upon our poor "Hocky." It must have been the sun, because his recently developed self-reliance could never have prompted Charles to ask in an assured tone for the lady of the house. The butler drew himself up even more haughtily and asked his name. Charles drew forth one of his personal cards and presented it to the butler. Without even asking him to step inside, the butler withdrew into the cavern of a hall, but came hurrying back with shaken poise to apologize profusely for leaving him outside. Charles entered the house, and handed his suitcase to the butler. Down the hall came a tall stately woman dressed in flowing pink chiffon. The butler bowed to her and addressing her in respectful tones said, "Madame Rumsey, this is the young gentleman you

were expecting." Charles became conscious of the word "expecting." What in the world! He began his sales talk immediately.

"Madam Rumsey, I am very sorry to inconvenience you in this manner—." She interrupted him graciously, and taking his hand said, "My dear Lord Hockenbury, I am only too glad to have you arrive early. I have been looking forward to your visit for so long, and it is a pleasant thing for us all that you are here. We have a number of friends here, and I wanted you to meet them, but I didn't expect you until tomorrow."

Hocky was flabbergasted. His head was spinning around and around. What kind of a mad house had he walked into? The young man had been in a number of embarrassing situations, but never overwhelmed by unlooked-for hospitality. By the time Charles had collected his scattered wits the butler had taken his bag of brushes upstairs. What should Hocky do? He had always led a prosaic life, and had always yearned for something new and different. While working his way through college he had expected something to happen, but it never had. Just yesterday he had found a good job, but it required a deposit of fifty dollars, which was as far from his resources as adventure. Suddenly he made up his mind if he was ever to have an exciting time here was the chance. Why not pretend to be the person they thought he was! Evidently the unknown had the same name, or Madam Rumsey would never have received him so.

The butler showed him a comfortable bed-room, and deposited the bag. Hocky walked back downstairs wondering what he should do next. Madam Rumsey met him and escorted him to a big living-room where there were several people making conversation. Charles' stomach sank to his feet. He had always had a weak stomach anyway, and never could eat pie. He was to meet all these people, and perhaps one of them knew Lord Hockenbury. There were seven people in the room, four women and three men. The women were all attractive, but one impressed him particularly. She was plainly dressed, with a sweet mouse-like face and a pleasant smile. Her name



a lot for young Lord Hockenbury now, unless they started talking relations. Oh well, even then he could still control the situation by cleaning his glasses. Relief came when the suggestion appeared to walk in the gardens. As they paired off, young Lord Hockenbury found himself walking with the Sweet Gertrude. She placed her arm trustingly in his, and they sauntered along through paths banked by roses, until they reached a cosy bench under a linden tree.

Looking coyly up into his eyes Gertrude softly whispered, "You are so big and strong and handsome." For the first time in his life the soul of Charles was thrilled by tender words.

He was startled out of his reverie by a booming voice back of him, thanking the good heavens that he had finally found someone in this forsaken place. Turning quickly around, Gertie and Hocky saw a well-built man of ample proportions striding towards them. He bellowed in a kindly way, and introduced himself as Lord Hockenbury, which would have been surprising enough in itself, but he went on to add that he had arrived a day earlier for his visit than he was expected. Hocky's head began to spin again, for here was a calamity quite unexpected. An explanation was obviously necessary, so Charles took his life in his hands and told his story. At the end he held his breath, wondering from which listener the first outburst would come. Surprisingly it was an outburst of laughter from the real Lord Hockenbury. "Young man," he said, slapping Hocky on the back so hard that Charles lacked wind for several minutes, "young man, you deserve a reward for such integrity. A reward, too, for making an unpleasant visit for me. I will send you a telegram calling you away on urgent business in about half an hour. And here is a payment for your most welcome services." The speech ended, Lord Hockenbury vanished into the shrubbery, leaving behind him five ten-dollar bills.

Fifty dollars! What an unheard-of sum of money! Really it was enough to get married on. So, sitting down again on that cozy bench, Hocky blushing made his embarrassing confession of love.

*Martha Elizabeth Ransom, '36*



## Sonnets Written in Class

## THE LOVE OF GLORY

The love of glory is a great expense.  
It costs the owner more than first he planned.  
Soon from his soul all modesty is banned,  
Transforming with the lure of things immense  
That grain of right and wrong, intelligence.  
The flash of glory makes his virtues lower,  
He climbs by those who help him more and more  
Till there no longer rests the least good sense  
In all his strivings, and there on the roof  
Of lurid aim to be up high he sells  
His friendships for a staircase, till he dwells  
Far up, alone, unloved, unmourned, to die  
With glory, maybe, but with not much proof  
That glory gives man immortality!

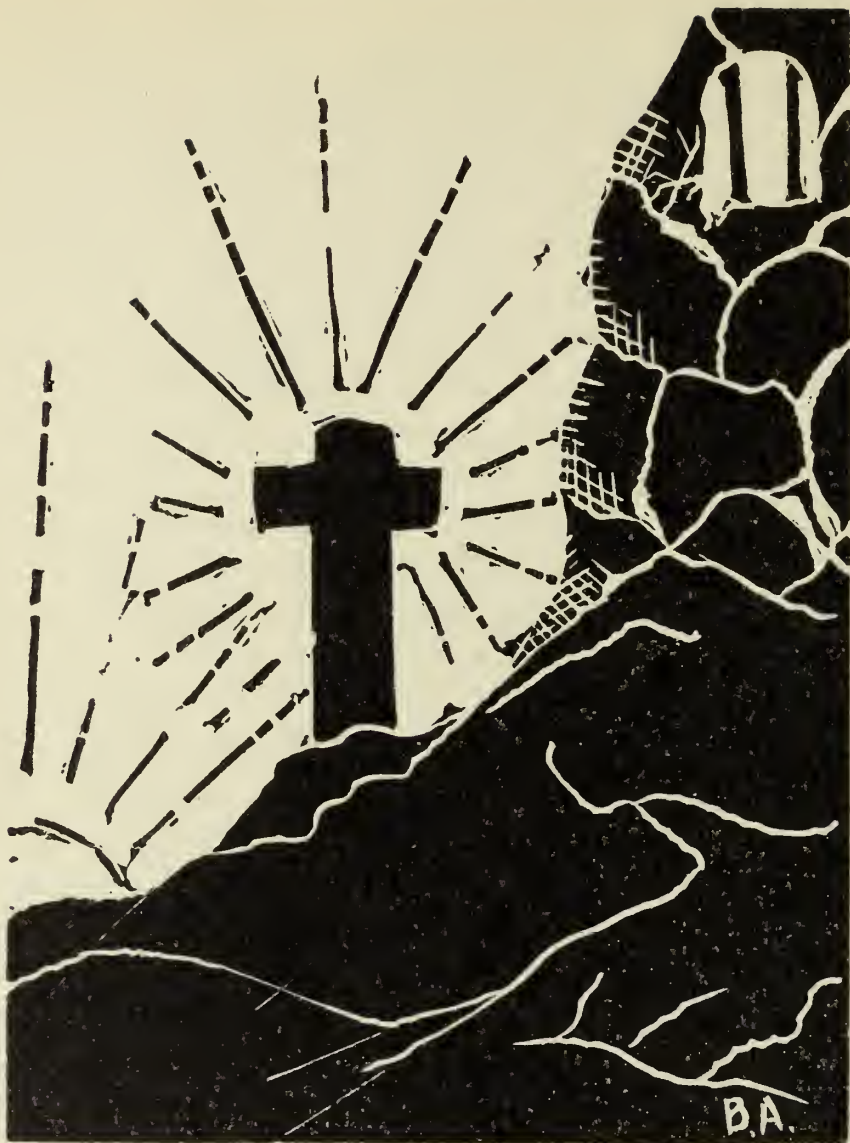
*Betsey Armington, '35*

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THE LADY BUG

One day as I a grasshopper pursued,  
And wriggled through the tall grass all unseen,  
Where buzzing gnats flew the warm stalks between  
And quizzically the strange intruder viewed,  
A lady-bug with all her scampering brood  
Marched o'er my foot with pricking step and keen  
And, hesitating, sought her native green,  
And panicky drew close her multitude.  
"O Lady Bug," I said, "you make small gains  
In clambering o'er. I would not spoil your joys—  
Besides, your footsteps leave wee grassy stains,  
So go your way and take these baby boys  
Who stumble on my toe." Without a noise  
Away she stalked. But there's a drop. It rains!

*Lucia Nunez, '35*



## The Monastery on Monte Taureau

We rose early one beautiful morning before the blazing sun, now only heralded by rose-tinted shadows in a deep azure sky, could bake away the moist, cool night air that was still perfumed by odorous herbs and delicate white lilies that spring up with the night and die of thirst before noon has come.

Slowly we wandered along the burrow paths of yellow dirt that lead from all the farms to the nearest little white-washed and palm-tree-shaded village and which are worn smooth by the thousands of little hoofs, as their owners carry overpowering loads of peppers, melons and chicken crates. Now and then the sheep which invade these trails scattered wildly at our approach. Through the village of

Northern Minorca we passed and, to the tune of creaking carts on their way to market, started to ascend what on a flat island was called a mountain, the goal, visible from miles around, toward which we had traveled on foot. Monte Taureau is made entirely of a blood-red dirt and huge jagged rocks. Still following a winding path up through the now thick blanket of heat that enveloped the little village, we arrived at the top, which was only large enough to support a charming and ancient monastery, the mended cracks in its walls showing through the immaculate covering of white-wash, its ceilings painted salmon pink, in contrast with the blue-green sky. Beside this old building crumbled the remains of a still older monastery long since deserted, which stood there in all its rough gray stone beauty, as the monument of a once isolated retreat for those to whom life no longer held any joy and to whom the yearning for seclusion had been answered. Such parts of the ruined structure as were still intact had been accepted by the later monastery and formed a part of it, contrasting sharply the new and the old. Here today men come, old and young, to spend the remainder of their lives looking out upon the vast blue Mediterranean.

This monastery has opened its portals to young men and those very few visitors who find their way to such a secluded spot. There we found in the quaint dirt and tile court with its covered walk around the quadrangle, a young Spaniard, who had sold us some kerchiefs on the other side of the island a week ago. He had, like many others, come to this place of rest and prayer temporarily. This mountain top seemed so peaceful and so clean . . . A little peasant boy for a "peseta" led us up the circular stone stairs, polished by the feet of many pilgrims, to the top of the tower with its old tiled roof looking out over the foaming water, torn by the reefs.

That we were welcome to intrude upon this retreat is typical of the hospitality of the smiling white-toothed Spanish peasants, to whom life holds both hard labor and little play, the reward for which will be peace and solitude mingled with prayer.

*Betsey Armington, '35*



## Over Three

He sat crying at the window,  
His nose against the pane,  
As he saw the boys out splashing  
In puddles in the rain.

He was angry with his mother,  
He couldn't go out, you see,  
And play with boys much bigger,  
'Cause he was only three.

He cried, "When I am older  
And when I'm over three,  
I'll stay outside all night time,  
If you aren't nice to me."

One day when it was raining,  
And he was over three,  
His mother forbade his wading,  
In puddles 'neath the tree.

He stamped his foot in anger,  
"You haven't been nice to me,  
I'll stay outside all night time,  
Because I'm over three."

The night was very scarey  
So, terrified he fled,  
Tip-toed up the stairway,  
And jumped into his bed.

And now, he's learned his lesson,  
And surely he can see  
That She watches what he's doing  
Although he's over three.

*Gerry Peck, '37*



## Annals of a Rose

### FIRST EVENING



HAT vulgar larvae family must move at once. Their remarks—"It's time she budded out!" My time has not come yet. I'm worried about the bed curtains. The right one has a great tear in it . . . this morning the light came flooding in and took me unaware.

### SECOND EVENING

The sun has broken up my house. It had to go—but to see the little green rugs being rolled away was all I could bear. They had just presented a trellis rose—one of those emancipated red ones—when my turn came. How they leaned forth from their boxes—the young ones in tight jackets and rolled collars put me out of countenance. I might have faced them alone; but all the aunts with wrinkled cloaks and faded cheeks were there—one was directly overhead, staring down in dejected silence. She kept unpinning one cloak after another until they made a little heap far below—very disconcerting. I'm glad that Bee came by. He was a Representative of the Garden, it seems. All those on the Summer Council wear black vests and hose—but they suit his melancholy make-up especially well. It doesn't seem possible being in the Garden—not a sound anywhere. The sun has gone . . . I can see its empty silver pod from here. Perhaps the Bee will call again.

### THIRD EVENING

I don't know how it all happened. They had just arranged some dew when I heard his voice. It made me jump. The crown went leaping into the grass—everything was spoiled. Then and there he made his declaration. He said I was the only Rose he cared about . . . the yellow face powder on his coat wasn't all mine, though.

### FOURTH EVENING

Still have a sharp pain in my side. There have been too many events—I have no longer health nor strength. This morning the Garden was white with mist. All the other Rose-houses were shut,

but I came out on the balcony (keeping the rime about my shoulders) to see everything. It was then I saw the Garden Lady coming (they warned me of her). She stepped close and that was all. The Garden is gone. There is quite a crush here—bluegrass and violets. The violets take it very hard, being pure rustics at heart. I think we are in a Vase.

#### FIFTH EVENING

From here I can just touch the Candle Baron. A strange young man—tall, with a bright mobile face and white ruffles on his chest. Seeing that I had been chosen as an Ornamental Rose he kindly explained the Banquet. Few Roses ever come here—it is such an unnatural Garden—all white and silver, with no pleasant sun. The Garden Lady is bobbing on her stem—the brightest flower here—“And the dark blossoms, my dear, are gentlemen.” The Candle Baron does know a great deal, but his eloquence is a little troubling—it seems I gave my promise to another.

#### SIXTH EVENING

Old age shouldn't be hard for Roses—I might have been caretaker of some preface—title page—or boarded in a jar . . . but that's impossible now. To think I endured such a morning—to think of the Candle Baron's frozen indifference! A gentleman carried me off—and by the feet at that. He seemed to say—

“Cook—a posy for you!” She has the thickest stem I ever saw—perhaps she was misplanted. Anyway, I pricked her. She saw I needed soothing and provided me with water and a place on the sill—it was already occupied. I was in no mood for strangers; they introduced themselves—“Turnovers, one of the oldest and best known families!”

They weary me, as does everything else.

#### SEVENTH EVENING

I'm glad the Fern is here. He says we are in a Waste-basket, but mustn't think of that . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Whom did I give my promise to—a long time ago? Oh—I know—to a Bee.

*Margit Thöny, '35*

## White City

White city, dusty in the white sunlight,  
Laugh through the latticed windows and the dark doorways,  
Breathe the hot spice of your liquors,  
Reach your fingers into the green hair of the hills,  
Drink from the bitter blue of your harbor.

White city, where the shadows fall black and purple,  
Where morning flashes swift like a dream, and afternoon delays in  
the sweat of a drugged siesta;  
City of tiny songs—the macabre melody of palm tree fronds  
Clashing like castanets in the evening trades:—

City of two rhythms, city of the South,  
Hide your stained and pointed teeth behind the grinning plaster lips  
of your insolence.

*Eleanor Wells, '36*

## “Roger Knows Best”

The sun beat down mercilessly on the wide Santa Clara valley. The air quivered with the intensity of the heat, and in the west heavy thunder clouds gathered. High in the blue a black speck hung poised for a moment, then tilted downwards and slanted back across the valley toward the wide landing field of the Santa Clara Gliding Club. As it slid to a stop the pilot pushed back the heavy helmet she wore and ran slim fingers through her tawny hair. Then, ignoring the proffered hand of one of the mechanics, she sprang lightly out of the cockpit and strode up toward the club. As she mounted the steps to the broad veranda a tanned face appeared grinning at her elbow.

“Diane,” a pleading voice murmured, “won’t you take pity on a lonesome man and have dinner with him?”

“Sorry, Rodj,” Diane answered. “I’m afraid you’ll just have to be lonesome. I promised to have dinner with the Baron and—.”

“Are you going out with that brute again?” Roger’s gray eyes darkened angrily and involuntarily he clenched a fist. As Diane, viewing these symptoms with silent amusement, prepared to continue on her way, he broke out, “Look here, Di, what do you know about this man anyway? He’s been here a week, keeps pretty well to himself, and nobody knows where he comes from. How do you know he’s not a-a-an escaped lunatic or something? One is loose around here, you know, escaped a couple of weeks ago.”

Diane laughed outright. “Rodj, how can you be so childish? The Baron is a noble and a gentleman.”

“I suppose he kisses your hand and you fall for it like any other foolish woman!” Roger had hoped for better things from her, as his tone showed plainly.

“Furthermore, he’s a wonderful glider,” Diane chose to ignore Roger’s last remark, “and that’s enough for me. He flew in the World War, which is more than you did.” With that Parthian shot she turned and entered the club. Half an hour later the unhappy Roger glowered unnoticed in the corner, while Diane swept out and drove away in the Baron’s expensive roadster.

As the afternoon wore away the thunder clouds gathered thicker on the horizon, and an ominous rumbling made itself heard. Roger,



trying in vain to read, hoped miserably that Diane was safely out of it. In a way it was fortunate that she was not there at the club. It would be just like her to go up in front of the storm, a dangerous proceeding at best, and this storm was going to be a big one. With a sigh he leaned back in his chair, and though an indefinable sense of impending calamity oppressed him, managed to center his attention on the book. He had succeeded in burying himself quite completely in it when the door opened and slammed to again hastily, admitting a gust of wind. He looked up, startled, to see Diane, panting, precipitate herself across the room into his eager arms.

"Rodj!" she cried. "Call the asylum quickly! You were right, he is crazy! Don't look so stupid, do something!" Roger had dropped the book and was staring down at her in amazement.

"Now, just a minute," he said in that reasonable tone in which one addresses a stubborn child. "Where would he get the car, the credentials, the skill as a pilot? Aren't you a little excited?"

Diane stamped her foot. "Do you think I don't know a maniac when I see one?" she almost screamed. "He told me how he stole the car with the credentials in it from the real Baron von Neuberg, after he had escaped from the asylum. He locked him up in an old barn after stunning him. As for his skill as a pilot, he did fly in the war. It was shell-shock that drove him mad, but he never lost his skill. Yes, he told me all this and gloated over it. He kept asking me if I didn't think him clever and edging nearer and nearer till I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped out of the car and ran. We weren't far from Santa Clara and I got a car there and came here as fast as I could. Oh, Rodj, now will you do something?"

"I'll go upstairs and phone the asylum and the police," said Roger, now thoroughly aroused. He vanished up the stairs and Diane, somewhat recovered from her fright, strolled down to one end of the great curved drive leading up to the club. Nothing was to be seen, but as she turned back she saw the gleam of headlights coming around the curve. Too late she saw it was between her and the club. It pulled up with a jerk and the figure of the Baron sprang out. He looked quite composed until one saw his eyes, but they were blazing strangely and his hands clenched and unclenched nervously on nothing. He took one step forward; Diane cast a rapid glance behind her. No help there, but at the right on the brow of the hill she could

dimly make out the outlines of her glider, mounted on a catapult. Measuring the distance with her eye she turned suddenly and darted toward it. For a moment the madman made no move, as if uncomprehending her purpose, then he, too, wheeled and ran in pursuit.

Scarcely ten feet ahead Diane reached the glider and clambered in. Just as the Baron reached the catapult she pulled the lever, shot suddenly forward and with the familiar vibrating hum to reassure her tilted upward on a thermal toward the small patch of black clouds, skimming just before the rapidly approaching storm. As she reached her goal a sudden blast of wind shot her forward and upward at tremendous speed. Holding the glider on an even keel by main force, she exulted in this riding of the elements, when above the howling of the wind she thought she heard a cry, "Diane, oh Diane!" and looking back she gasped to see the Baron's black glider rising swiftly toward the very center of the storm cloud. Her eyes half shut against the pressure of the wind, Diane followed the plane with her glance until it lost itself in the blackness of the clouds, then devoted her entire attention to skillfully tilting her plane down out of the path of the storm. Gliding back across the valley she noticed that the landing field was all lighted up. Roger must have had the floodlights turned on for her, she surmised, volplaning smoothly to a landing, but the big field was entirely deserted. Where could everyone be? As she turned Roger was running across the field toward her.

"Di, are you all right?" he called.

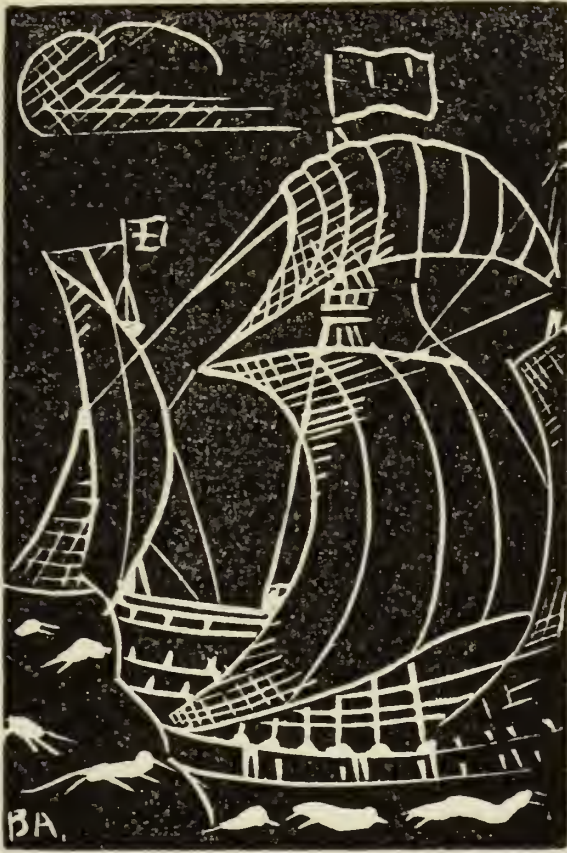
"Never better!" Diane was beginning cheerfully, when she caught sight of his face. Then in quick anxiety, "Has anything happened?"

Roger said nothing, but Diane followed his glance toward one side of the field where a little knot of men had gathered about a shapeless mass which might once have been a glider. Diane caught her breath quickly, and Roger nodded, answering the unspoken question in her eyes. "He lost control in the storm and crashed."

Diane whitened. "Anything I can do?" she asked unsteadily. Roger shook his head. "He's quite past anything we can do, poor chap. I tried to stop him from going up, but he wouldn't listen. I knew he was taking off too late to do what you did."

A ghost of a smile flickered over Diane's pale face. "Roger knows best," she recited, little-girl fashion.

*Ann Cutler, '35*



## Outward Bound

The very lisp of the ruffled sea  
Seems to sing that melody,  
Outward Bound!

Fragrant breezes on our lee,  
Our spars a dainty filigree  
Against the moon.

With wind-filled sails like silver wings  
Our wind-blown tackle gently sings  
A murmurous tune.

Our sparkling wake a silver trail,  
Smoothly, swiftly, do we sail  
Into the dawn . . .

The very lisp of the ruffled sea  
Seems to sing that melody,  
Outward bound!

*Diana Greene, '39*



## Flight to Heaven



VELINA had had no supper. She sat on the doorstep of the hut, and cried as the moon came up behind the cacti hedge. Long black shadows fell across the empty yard, and hid the friendliness of the road. Inside, the bed creaked as her father stirred in his sleep. At any moment he might awake from his sleep, and come out, and Evelina shivered in her worn-out shoes, remembering the clutch of his drugged fingers on her little brown arm. She could hear the occasional chatter of market-women coming up from Papine, and she crept to the gate to be nearer their voices. Two of them were squatted on the ground outside. Their donkeys breathed loud, and one of them brayed so suddenly that Evelina sat down under the poinsettia. She huddled herself into a small brown mass, yawned and went to sleep.

Hours later, she awoke, stiff and trembling. There were muffled trampings on the roadway, and scattered bits of song. Through the cracks in the gate Evelina saw the flash of torches. She pulled open the gate and crept out, crouching in the high grass. The Bedwardites, chanting their strange hymns, filed slowly past her. A tall man on the edge of the crowd was carrying a machee. Evelina's eyes blinked sleepily. It was her father, dressed in the white robes of the religious order. She followed the procession along the side of the road, her little brown body shaking with terror lest he see her.

They did not go far. At the brow of the hill they knelt while three priests came forward between the trees. Evelina sank back among the underbrush, and listened to the droning of the white-robed worshippers. Then the eldest of the three priests raised his hands and began to speak. Evelina could not understand the connection of his words. "The end of the world . . . the light of Heaven . . . fly on, white wings . . ." There was a very vague color in the east. The white figures rose and began to climb into the low branches of the *lignum-vitae* trees. Evelina stared at them—flapping among the blue flowers of the trees. As the first sunlight jumped up behind the hills she screamed. The white birds perched on the branches had begun to fly—but, with a strange irony, to earth instead of heaven.



Evelina stumbled down the road to the quiet hut. She threw a little paper box of ganja into the empty yard, and locking the door, went to sleep.

*Eleanor Wells, '35*

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## Finis

Come, little dog, we must go home;  
It's very late, you know. We've had  
A jolly time today, and we can roam  
Again. Why do you look so sad?

I loved that little shiny train,  
I thought the shops were all so gay,  
The roller skates, the aeroplane  
With wings. Home's not far away.

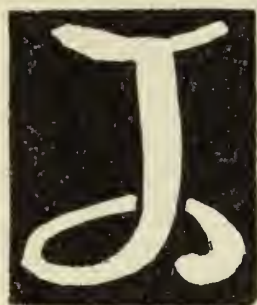
We'd better start 'cause night's quite near.  
You thought the bandman's music fun?  
His coat was blue. But don't you hear  
The chimes? It's late! Come on, let's run!

I know that that car knocked you over,  
But I will help you on the way.  
Boy! Jimmy found a four-leaf clover,  
What luck! Puppy, we mustn't stay.

My Doggy, can't you understand  
It's late? We must go home to bed.  
You lie so still. There's no more band  
Today. Oh sir, is—is he dead?

*Helen Tower, '35*

## Ebenezer



JOHN packed tobacco into his old pipe with a horny grooved thumb, and sat thoughtful watching Ebenezer, the unlit pipe clamped between his teeth. Ebenezer washed his face meticulously. "Washing behind your ears, are you? Well, sure sign of rain. No wonder my sciatica is bothering me again. Hey, Puss, get out of that!" Ebenezer was grooming his claws on the purple plush of the sofa. John waved his cane at him. Pretty chipper old fellow, Ebenezer. Fifteen years was a long time for a cat, nine lives or not.

It was just about fifteen years ago that they had been dressing for dinner, John and Florence. Rather important affair, that dinner, in honor of John, chief engineer on the new dam; quite a celebration because the dam was finally done. The President's wife would open it tomorrow. Florence was beautiful tonight in black velvet. She wore her years with a serene dignity that belied them. They were both very happy; it was a triumph for John—the completed dam. They danced around the room together like a couple of kids. Suddenly she came to him, and put her arms around him. "I'm so proud, John," she whispered. "There's something in the ice-box for you," he said.

"Dearest, you shouldn't!" She was gone in a wink scuttling downstairs like a girl. There was a startled yowl and sharp thud. Ebenezer brushed past him, attic-bound. Strange irony, that the first time he had sent her flowers they had arrived in time for her funeral.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Johnnie and Grandad were fast friends in a minute. No one had dreamed that John would have such a knack with children—he had seemed so unapproachable since Florence died. But he and Johnnie played and whispered together like the pair of rogues they were as though one were not five and the other fifty. Ebenezer was John's only rival in his grandson's affections. He had a strange fascination for little Johnnie. He was never one to be patted and mauled, but Johnnie sat and watched him. Once in a great while, when Ebenezer deigned, they played and wrangled over a piece of string.

It was the day before Johnnie was to have gone home. They were a little bit sad, naturally, but they had planned one good last romp, after Johnnie's nap. Old John sometimes caught himself dozing after a good dinner, himself, especially on warm days like this. He was awakened by the shrill screech of automobile brakes. Ebenezer scooted back across the street, and wriggled under the piazza. Little Johnnie, they said, had run right out in front of the car after the big gray cat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ebenezer rubbed against John's knee and meowed plaintively. It was on the supper side of afternoon. "Hungry, you old scamp?" John asked knowingly. Painfully he rose and limped off to the kitchen, his cane tap-tapping on the hard floor. Ebenezer followed jauntily, his striped tail proudly erect.

*Lucia Nunez, '35*

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## Fantasy

Creeping, crawling, dark, foreboding,  
Cramming, stuffing, overloading,  
Looms the Monster, Education!  
Whipping with his conjugations.

Massive form of dull declensions,  
Hairy, huge, of great dimensions.  
Clad in sullen, somber mantle,  
Face, an unworked, long example.

In each hand a dictionary,  
Filled with words extraordinary.  
This that odd hallucination  
Dreamt before examination.

*D. Greene, '39*

## Siesta

Old Benita settled down in front of her adobe hut with a sigh. The dilapidated wooden bench, painted a Virgin blue when the door and windows had received their last coating, creaked protestingly and settled an inch or two nearer the ground. Nothing had disturbed the peaceful haze of her existence since José left, ten years ago.

Benita's thoughts dwelt lovingly on the reckless lad on whom she had lavished her meagre savings. Always he had been handsome, that boy. Benita had never been able to refuse him anything. She could almost see him before her—an impudent, grinning youngster with melting brown eyes. Since the time he nearly broke his neck riding an untamed pony she had not known what to expect next. Every year he seemed to grow wilder. He dreamed of going to a large city and acquiring riches and fame, but Benita had not enough money to send him. Then came the frightening night when José had not returned home. Sick with anxiety, Benita had watched by the window, her eyes fastened on the road. The brilliant moonlight flooded the country-side. At eleven o'clock the steady clop-clop of hoof-beats shattered the stillness and three riders whirled up to the door. Benita ran to open it and stepped back in dismay as José came in between two men. Then she heard that her son had robbed and killed a stranger, that he was being taken away, to the penitentiary. In vain she pleaded with the men to let him remain. They went out again soon, disappearing down the lonely road with a rush, leaving the echoes to surge back in a staccato roar.

The sun had reached its customary noonday position and was beating down in a subdued flood of light that lacked the glare and intensity which it displayed elsewhere. Near the door-way a lizard sunned himself warily, and Benita's nodding head came to rest.

*Alice Robinson, '35*



## The Ancestors

Among my ancestors are certain ones  
Who seem, at times, to distant council hold  
Against me. Are they blond, sea-loving sons  
Of Norway? Fjords, eternal day and cold  
Were theirs. I have three uncles who are old  
And they may die; but their Norwegian blood  
Is without price. Yet, losing human mould,  
They too may stand where others long have stood.  
*Dear distant cousins, are we foreigners?*

The air is spring-like and I walk with friends  
And all the while my heart is in discord . . .  
The sky's too narrow. There are no amends  
The lovely world can make, for it is scored  
Against me, my inheritance. Toward  
Future peace they have willed restlessness,  
Moods, some passion, and of dreams a hoard  
Such as I would not part with. Sweet distress!  
*Dear distant cousins, are we foreigners?*

My fathers knew a splendid discontent,  
Their ships were built to part the taller waves . . .  
Thus half of life must be in yearning spent.  
Perhaps that redder romance heart does crave  
Had source in medieval Tristan. Save  
I knew of that faint bond the Vikings hold  
Perplexity were master. But I'm slave,  
I know, to that great North—forever sold.  
*Dear distant cousins, are we foreigners?*

Evelyn, you love the Latin sun and air,  
And yet you, too, shall find strange barriers.  
A little Spanish head is rarely fair . . .  
*Dear distant cousins, are we foreigners?*

Margit Thöny, '35



## Ibn Sa'ud

Miles away, in the center of a dangerous, blistering desert, is Riyadh, the capital of Arabia, governed by a handsome Arab king, who years ago was in exile and was considered harmless. In thirty years this remarkable Arab (Abdul Aziz ibn Abdul Rahmon ibn Faisal ibn Sa'ud) captured Riyadh, set up a democratic government and united most of the Arabian peninsula under one flag. He treats his subjects with justice and kindness, being rewarded by the unfailing loyalty and love of his Bedouins. A striking figure, six feet four with a handsome face and regal bearing, he is master of politics and love, having had one hundred and fifty wives during his career. But because of his winning personality none of his divorced wives has left in anger. A great compliment to an Arab! Modern in a way, he has imported one thousand cars for his personal household, his eldest son owning a seven-seater Ford with a radio. Telephones are installed in the city, and although he thinks airplanes rather expensive, he owns several.

Two years ago Ibn Sa'ud's favorite wife became seriously ill and none of the "quack" doctors among the Mohammedans could help her. Frantically, Ibn Sa'ud suggested sending for the American missionary doctor known for his skill and kindness, but his wife was horrified at the very idea of a white man. So Ibn Sa'ud had to swallow his pride and send for my mother, who is a nurse but a *woman* and a *Christian swine*. You can imagine the thrills we had when the king's messenger arrived with the urgent invitation, for never before had a white woman been allowed to penetrate to the interior, much less be invited.

So with the doctor and his wife Mother left civilization for the heart of Arabia. They traveled through the worst desert of Arabia in the hottest time of year, ran out of water and endured many other hardships. When they finally arrived, they were greeted with true Oriental hospitality, and instead of staying only six weeks as planned they stayed three months, performing about six hundred operations, using sometimes the running board of a car, sometimes the very ground for an operating table. By saving the queen's life Mother gained the respect and firm friendship of the king, and it was with difficulty that she gained permission to return to the coast for a well-earned rest. With her she took the beautiful gifts Ibn Sa'ud had given her—gorgeous Arab clothes embroidered with gold, a long sword for my father, and two pearl bracelets for the two daughters in America, Gertrud and myself. Also while she was there she was asked by the crown prince for her two daughters! He said that he would cover us with jewels and give us anything we wanted if we would only become his wives.

Last February Ibn Sa'ud sent another invitation to Mother, but she replied that she would rather not leave Dad alone, and she wanted to be with my little brother, who was to leave for America in a little while. Imagine her surprise and joy when he wrote back telling her to bring the whole family and plan to stay a long time. In Riyadh Ibn Sa'ud rented a house for Mother to use as a dispensary, and gave her a car to drive back and forth in. She opens the dispensary at seven o'clock and closes it at one o'clock, seeing about two hundred sick women and children in that time who have never before received medical attention. In the afternoons she makes calls, medical and social, and in the evenings she enjoys the company of her



"healthy" American companions. As the king has planned a trip through the northern desert for them, they won't return to the coast (Bahrein) until June. Letters from them take from three to seven weeks to get here but are immensely appreciated when they finally arrive.

*Cécile Van Peursem, '35*

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On Hearing Miss Friskin Play  
"Jardins sous la pluie"  
by Debussy

Sous l'averse qui ruisselle,  
La terre détrempée  
Découle dans les allées.  
Belles fleurs à peine écloses,  
Vous voilà toutes courbées  
Sous la furieuse ondée;  
Et nos âmes attristées  
Par cette journée morose,  
Cherchent en vain un abri  
Aux "Jardins sous la Pluie."

Mais ta musique, ô Maître!  
Qui nous offre l'image  
De l'impétueux orage,  
Nous émeut, nous bouleverse;  
Car dans cette folle averse,  
La divine, étincelle  
De ton génie sonore,  
Eclate dans le déluge  
Qui inonde sans refuge  
Les "Jardins sous la Pluie."

M. C.



## The Expectations

"Hello? Mrs. M—? Do you know, I never asked you the address—right opposite the Park? About quarter to eleven—yes."

Of course one would not appear until eleven. Tardiness is fashionable and this was my first New Year's Party. One goes to bed—for there *are* extra tapers in the eyes—one rests to light them, to get an enviable calm. But though the shades were drawn I could not sleep. Another hour brought taffeta, perfumery, confusion—lesser events, yet in themselves the party. The doorman hastened forward; it was lovely to flatten his entire order underfoot with a sandal, to ride in heavy traffic and see the snow. We stopped continually. Cabs pressed on every side. I looked into the one opposite, loaded with theatergoers. Those fascinating toppers! Their cockishness, blackness cut by a gleam, gave the evening's spirit. Columbus Circle seemed vast at night—windswept and blazing with light. I crossed it safely, but dropped my festivity in the snow. It never came back that evening.

"Take it as medicine, dear." Mother had said that, and now the door opened to us, letting out laughter and music and a glimpse of people with their backs turned. There stood the host, smiling, treading a little over our heads. Tonight was his birthday and he had a right. My turn came too, to smile and bow, but I had lost the way. One danced, sipped, and blew condescendingly on a horn—but where was the party? Had that girl with a scrap of courtplaster on her cheek found it? Apparently. Perhaps twelve o'clock would bring it . . . a cake arrived, all red and white, a great deal of noise and probably the New Year too. But it was growing late.

The traffic had melted away and New York seemed subdued. It was pleasant to skid a little on the quiet streets and lurch apologetically against one's escort. Pleasant again, to say "good night" with the doorman holding a great umbrella overhead.

"L'Heure Bleue" is a perfumery of which I am very fond. That too had been my first. The case has little silver fountains on it. Everything faery is suggested in that design and scent . . . a polished floor, reflected chandeliers and violins. The party essence clings but to outer things—such as these.

*Margit Thöny, '35*

## The Dancing Master

One, two; one, two.  
I look at you  
With all your charm  
Upon my arm,  
Your rumpled draperies at my shoe,  
Your clinging hands,  
Your wilful eyes,  
Blue danger washed  
In shy surprise,  
And know my heart must dance to you.

One, two; one, two.  
'Tis here we do  
That tricky skip.  
Ah, do not slip!  
But, oh, pray do, for, darling, then  
My arm may go  
About your waist  
More close, and you,  
Sweet poppy-faced,  
May raise your lids, and smile again.

One, two; one, two.  
Ah, say, would you  
Face life with pride  
Here at my side?  
I feel your heart; I see your smile  
Like truant light,  
Unknown before,  
And know I need  
Say nothing more,  
That this brief dance was well worth while.

One, two; one, two.  
I never knew  
A dance could be  
A symphony,  
A rhapsody in gold and green  
With you, my shade,  
My long-dreamt dream,  
Playing my soul  
The central theme.  
Oh, pshaw, the major. Look, he's seen!

One, two; one, two.  
He'll come for you,  
And we must part.  
But leave your heart,  
And I will leave my joy with you,  
For just one reel,  
Since now I know  
Your love, where'er  
Your feet may go,  
Is at my heart. One, two; one, two.

*Cathleen Burns, '35*

## On Autographing Classbooks

Classbooks themselves bring on a certain frame of mind. This was set to smoldering by mysterious chance remarks of Seniors and even more secret whisperings by girls on "the Board," and burst into flame at the news that "they" would be here tomorrow. Soon a mad rush, the diningroom deserted in record time, and Scud valiantly barricading her door against intruders usher in the classbooks. We neglect our impending English and Chemistry tests for lengthy and repeated perusal of all the literature in it we prefer. We argue rabidly over the respective merits of this pun or that incident. At table, in classes, even in Fidelio and chapel the classbook finds its way. We confer solemnly with Miss Comegys about college plans and find we cannot concentrate because someone outside in the hall is whispering, "Did you know the dedication was written by Katie Burns? She . . ."

And sometime in the midst of these events appear the autograph-seekers. They completely surround the doors of our most famed and beloved and stop almost all traffic before the radiator. Going into the Senior Parlor for an assignment is a perilous undertaking and we nearly give it up, for assembled there with pens and books are thirty or forty girls eagerly writing or seeking for material to write about.

Everything is grist to our mill. Humorous incidents recur most frequently; we strive to give a laugh and be a bit clever and subtle. Excitement and competition for neat phrases run high. Common experiences, kind deeds and advice are recalled in association with one name or another. So we try blindly to jot down the essence of that particular friendship in short space without undue sentimentality either in written word or thought over the end in June. And all these things bound up in one small autograph or two!

*Helen Cary, '35*



## Abbot Rhythms

- I    Mondays and Thursdays bring  
         rhythms and dancing,  
The girls in their scanties  
         cavort on the floor,  
With music in time girlish  
         figures are prancing.  
Some like it, some skip it,  
         some think it a bore.
- II    The hoops are a favorite for  
         tumbling and running,  
While grace is expressed with  
         a wiggle and turn.  
Here's a pink one, a blue one,  
         they all look so cunning,  
Everyone's faces seem eager  
         to learn.
- III    While flat on the floor we  
         express our emotions,  
Or show how we feel  
         with a country dance fling,  
Though what we are doing we  
         haven't much notion,  
We hope for good marks  
         from our teacher, Miss Ling.

*Margaret Plunkett, '37*

## Overture to Spring

March is a graceless tyrant who puts on  
His muddiest mail to welcome in the Spring,  
And lies resentful when the snow is gone  
Amongst the valleys, a usurping king.  
The sky reflects his pallor and the stars  
Muffle their light in terror while he sleeps,  
And evening, shiv'ring on the sunset bars,  
Draws her cloak tighter, but descends the steeps.  
But all life whispers where you thought it slain:  
"Spring is a wily woman and her wit  
Will rout you from the drab earth where you've lain,  
And undisputed win the rule of it.  
Then shall the thrush that cowered and was still  
Sing out his aves and be glad at will."

*Cathleen Burns*

## On the Campus

One does not ordinarily associate George V's Silver Jubilee with Abbot, but as it happens if it were not for the afore-mentioned celebration the very brightest spot of Abbot Birthday would not have been there. The explanation is simple: Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason were up early that morning, listening to the King's broadcast and so it came about that they thought of coming to chapel, where Miss Kelsey talked to us in a way we shall all remember as we remember her, with admiration and affection.

With time on the wing, what turn shall we take? There is but one, leading into Miss Bailey's garden. Only the Initiate are here—a single trillium and some white violets stencilled blue. And one grows nonchalant; merely the fountain is working hard, juggling drops for absent-minded bluebells by its edge. They are not fed by the soil wholly but by a spirit brooding in the garden. That is why the moss, the buds, the patter are so touching. They were given in common gratitude, and we pay unconscious tribute, watching them.

It's a provincial time. Abbot lies deep in the lap of New England—especially now, for there is dandelion dictatorship and genteel flowers choose the backwoods.

Yet beneath it all is a mysterious current—Abbot's cosmopolitanism. Araby, the Orient—those have long been our choice possessions. Yet every fall term brings somebody with a new background. We hobnob together, but suddenly "You're from Germany? So am I", and on the other hand—"Apple pie in Jamaica, Jane, is made with cho-chos." You see there's always a fresh foreign source welling up. Spring, which has no nationality, unites us spontaneously. But there's a foreign bond beneath that. Through ancestors, perhaps, or some European summer we come together. Delightful, isn't it?

If Abbot were equipped with a cannon for giving salutes to extra special occasions it would certainly have been made use of early in April when eight lucky Abbot girls actually entered the sacred precincts of P. A. as the dinner guests of the P. A. French Club.

Although we surmise that conversation was not quite as sprightly as it might have been if conducted in our mother tongue, still the occasion was a grand success and, we feel, surely warrants further attempts at strengthening the bond between Abbot and her oh so desirable brother on the hill.

We are an advanced race at Abbot. No longer do we conceal with shame our very early ancestry. No indeed! We have gladly acknowledged the monkey since we found how many million years it took to develop him and how many countless millions more it took to develop our even remoter ancestor the cell. All this enlightened point of view is due to Mr. William Morris, who gave us such an amusing, attractive and instructive evening when he furnished us with the inside story on "From Sun to Cell."

We were taken far away from Davis Hall one Sunday evening by the capable and charming Father Hoffman into the realms of the sanctuary whose portals are open only to those men who take the three solemn vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience and who devote their lives to the welfare of religion and the uplifting of a down-trodden world. His talk was not only enlightening but fascinating to those to whom a monastery seemed a horrible and dismal place. Father Hoffman succeeded in putting into his talk concerning the sacrifice of possessions for the sake of one's faith a part of his own eager and inspired personality, showing us clearly and interestingly the beauty and the value of the calm and useful life led by the followers of our Lord.

Would that Sir James Barrie himself might have seen the Seniors present *Dear Brutus*. Surely his merry old heart would have found new laughter tucked in with the old tears of his bewitched and bewitching characters; surely the magic forest of Might Have Been would have draped itself in a new enchantment. For we're proud as can be of our actors and actresses, and full of admiration for Mrs. Gray, who coached them. We're also grateful to the Seniors for the new scenery which they have given to the school. Let us hope that it will pass on to other (Abbot) plays the charm and delight of *Dear Brutus*.



"Music . . is the art of arts," so one writer said. Mr. Howe confirmed that in March with a program of organ music with a very modern flavour by the English composer, Edward Elgar. Abbot would be a foreign place without Miss Friskin and her interpretations of Chopin. Among varied selections on her program was a prelude of Mr. Howe's—artists are indeed a lovely fraternity. In April Mr. Howe, Miss Friskin and Miss Tingley joined hands to make a final bow. Mr. Howe's Psalm, and Miss Tingley's song from "Pelleas and Melisande" tested our modern appreciation. Miss Friskin brought out Debussy's melody pictures as only she knows how. This year, if ever, laurels to our music department!

And then we had the pleasure of hearing one of Miss Tingley's pupils, Miss Jackson, a young negress who sang beautifully. As is always the case, the outstanding numbers were negro spirituals, which so well suited her low, soft voice. As a special treat Miss Jackson performed two funeral prayers. I say performed because she both spoke and sang in a weird and fascinating key, putting such feeling into it that we were all greatly moved.

It was not entirely delight at seeing a "real live poet" that made Professor Robert Hillyer's lecture so entertaining, for he read us selections from leading contemporary poets with helpful notes and keen comment, and then we heard a few of his own poems, interpreted as only their author could interpret them. We made him come back again and again to read another of his humorous, friendly poems in that understanding and serene way of his, and then mobbed him backstage, eager to meet a speaker endowed not only with a reputation as an outstanding poet but a vivid personality.

The Senior-Mids started a theatrical evening with Rachel Field's whimsical play, *Three Pills in a Bottle*, and gave us an insight into the souls of a miserly old gentleman, a scissors-grinder and a scrub-woman. Then they let us eavesdrop as King Henry and his sixth wife, Catherine Parr, had breakfast—and argued. With a miraculous leap back to the twentieth century, we watched Sir James Barrie's *Rosalind* shift the weight of her years before our very eyes. Another breath, and we were in Ireland, being shown *The Spreading of the*

*News* that Jack Smith was dead, when he really wasn't, and that Bartley Fallon had killed him, when he really hadn't.

Mrs. Gray coached these rollicking plays, and we thank both her and the Senior-Mid Class for a very pleasant evening.

Davis Hall became "Olivia's Garden" one Saturday afternoon while the Juniors gave the rest of us a glimpse of their English work. Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria and Malvolio made our sides ache with their antics, and gracious Olivia charmed everyone.

Then the first year girls dramatized *Penrod* in the act of reading his sister's love letter in school. Poor Penrod! Luckily the consequences were hidden by the fall of the curtain.

Miss Rumney deserves a great deal of credit for coaching these two plays, and we look forward to seeing these actresses in more and more plays as the years go on.

Punch's Puppets—the very name suggested dear old Albion and penny greens and children . . . the children certainly were there, wriggling and whispering. Something in the red curtains of the stage had that effect.

Messrs. John Ralph Geddes and François Martin chose for their program "The Legend of the Two Beans," "Trained Seals" and "The Blue Danube Waltz." They are artists; and as such, have set the scale of humour, color and mysteriousness for puppet-drama. It is quite perfect; a little wooden magpie can support everything. Thanks are due to the Bryn Mawr Anniversary Fund Committee for entertainment both naïve and rare.

## FRENCH PLAY

"L'Arriviste," students of the French language tell us, means a "go-getter," but it is also the name of a very amusing French play, which may be easily understood by Americans. At least, we understood it. (That might have been the fault of the English summary.) The story of a doctor who usurped his rival's practice for one afternoon and won thereby a clientele and a wife, was richly humorous, and its presentation was thoroughly delightful. Madame Craig and the distinguished cast deserved all our applause.

The cast follows:

ERNEST, <i>Domestique du Dr. Letornu, personnage invisible</i>	Katharine Scudder
GEORGE, <i>L'Arriviste</i>	Elizabeth Murphy
M. JULET, <i>Jeune Clubman sentimental</i>	Anne Sawyer
M. MAILLART, <i>lui dominé par sa femme</i>	Priscilla Hartman
MME. MAILLART, <i>elle tâtillonne et autoritaire</i>	Elizabeth Kennedy
MME. BERNARDIN, <i>L'éternel féminin parisien</i>	Betsey Armington
Explication de la pièce par Ann Cutler	

We are transported to some place of interest every Friday morning, but Aeolian actually undertook to take us back in time. In this they succeeded extraordinarily well, giving us old English songs to the accompaniment of real recorders such as, the Seniors wisely recalled, were used in *Hamlet*. These recorders, which they made themselves out of bamboo, furnished a real touch of sixteenth century England which we all enjoyed immensely. Congratulations, Aeolian!

It has become an accepted fact that bad spelling means illiteracy, and could Abbot countenance such a thing among her scholars? Obviously not! A drive against the demon of misspelled words was launched, culminating in an exciting Gargoyle-Griffin match, which was finally won by Lucia Nunez, who proved her right to the victory by spelling "stereopticon", which had mowed down about ten of us and "tamable", which proved the Waterloo of Phil Brown, her one remaining opponent. The winner of the drive was Mickey Barlow, who performed the remarkable feat of misspelling only three words in ten weeks.

Miss Hart of Wellesley in an interesting talk on modern drama, which seemed peculiarly suited to commemorate Abbot's 106th birthday, told us how we could go beyond our "town pump horizons" by living vicariously with the characters in books. She spoke of several modern plays and in her charming manner connected the moral of their plots with life. Oh, that we could acquire a vocabulary such as hers!

A delightful success was the concert "up on the hill" which was made up of our Fidelio and the Phillips Choir, not to mention the octet who sang three spirituals to perfection. A rare treat, a great honor, and a lot of fun, the concert has swelled us up with pride over



the wonderful singing done by the Fidelio. Under the excellent direction of Mr. Pfatteicher and Mr. Howe, and last, and equally important, Miss Friskin, both academics performed nobly, without a single wrong note!

### SPRING FIELD DAY

Spring Field Day, that last and most tense struggle of the year, was more exciting than ever this year, because the teams were so evenly matched. So large groups of enthusiastic Gargoyles and Griffins donned sun-glasses and went to watch the three close matches of tennis doubles, which the Gargoyles finally won, two out of three. In baseball, however, the tables were turned, and the Griffins administered a sound beating, 17-8. Now everything depended on track! The Griffins fought desperately; Martha Elizabeth Ransom broke the school record in the high jump, made last year by Sarah Dean, but finally the Gargoyles won. Then came free-for-alls, teetering on tin cans, feverish threading of needles and scrambling under tennis nets, and last of all, a big heave-ho in a tug-of-war.

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There has been a change in the date for Commencement this year—instead of saying “good-bye” on the usual Tuesday, we are leaving Abbot on June 10th. The Baccalaureate speaker is to be Harmon Rockwell Potter, D.D., of Hartford Theological Seminary.

The Commencement address is to be given by Mr. Stanley High, and we are looking forward to them both.



## Honor Roll

### THIRD SEMESTER

Ann Cutler	94
Cathleen Burns, Katharine Scudder	92
Joan Henry, Lucia Nunez, Margit Thöny	91
Phronsie Vibberts	90
Mary Gallon, Helen Tower, Eleanor Wells	89
Nancy Burns, Diana Greene, Frances McTernen, Polly Spear	88

### CUM LAUDE

Ann Cutler, Cathleen Burns, Joan Henry, Lucia Nunez, Katharine Scudder, Margit Thöny, Helen Tower.

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## News from the Alumnae

We have the happy news of a wedding and several engagements to start our news. Marjorie Prest was recently married to Richard H. Olney of Lowell. Ginny Prest, at Abbot last year, was her sister's only attendant. After a honeymoon in Bermuda, Marjorie is coming up to live near us in Lowell. Virginia Lillard is the fiancée of Evan Collins, and Betty Bigler is marrying Robert Redner de Mase. Ann Miller married Benjamin Harrison Ludlow, Jr., in May.

We are ever so proud of the Abbot girls who are prominent at Smith just now. Elizabeth Dean graduates in June, as does Emily Bullock. It must be the Fidelio influence, we claim, but both have been members of the class choir and glee club. Elizabeth was also on the freshman crew and house representative to the college Christian Association. Em is in the Physics Club. Nancy Carr, also graduating from Smith this year, has been majoring in French and spent her Junior year in France.

Seven Abbot girls will serve as Junior ushers, positions of considerable importance, based on their contribution to college life as a whole, at the Commencement Exercises at Smith. They are: Helen Allen, Dorothy Rockwell, Ruth Tyler, Atossa Wells, Judy Wilhelmi. Elizabeth Holihan is to be President of Capen House next year.

Helen Allen will be crew representative on the Athletic Association and senior member of the judiciary board.

Other girls graduating in June are Mary Henderson from Wellesley, Frances Scudder from Mt. Holyoke, Dorothy Hunt from Pembroke, Evelyn Folk from Boston University and Charlotte Marland from Tufts. Charlotte has been a member of the Jackson Glee Club and of the Intercollegiate Archery team all four years.

Gertrud Van Peurse is graduating from Hope College, Mt. Hope, Michigan.

Another distinguished graduate is Abby Castle, who will receive honors in History at Hollins.

Hilda Lynde has been taking an interesting course in contemporary drama at Vassar under President McCracken. We confess ignorance of prompt-books, but she wrote an excellent one for this class.

Barbara Lord has been given a scholarship at Yale to continue graduate work in History. We see envious glances being cast in her direction.

There certainly should be a boom in Boston business with such attractive sales-girls as these! Mary Elizabeth Dix is working at Crawford-Hollidge, and Faith Chipman will sell you a blouse at Stearns.

Mary Angus is doing what sounds like interesting work, as a teacher of feeble-minded children at the state institution in Tewksbury.

Betty Flanders, our star actress at Wellesley, recently took part in two plays, one French, the other Italian. She is also out for crew this spring.

Alice Hill is also athletically inclined, being number three player on the newly organized women's golf team at Swarthmore.

We have all sorts of interesting news from the Ripleys. Helen graduates from Bryn Mawr this year and took the part of the pirate king in *The Pirates of Penzance* in May. She is planning to teach at the Briggs-Allen school here in Andover, which surely means we are going to have some fine young Day Scholars in years to come. Susan Ripley has just returned with her father from a visit at the Manse in Alyth, Perthshire, Scotland. Her engagement to the Reverend J. Sibbald Clark, minister of the High Parish Church of Alyth and graduate of St. Andrew's University, has been announced.



## Boners

Strange translations from the French:

"He had a strong fox in one hand to examine the man's lungs." (loupe—magnifying glass)

And the German:

"He had a pocketful of churches." (Kirche—churches; Kirschen—cherries)

And the Latin:

"Caesar est omnes divisa in partes tres." (Rather hard on Caesar!)

"She studied the analogy of her husband." (Strange proceeding!)

"The flag was enhanced up the pole." (We question the possibility of this.)

"Wolf had a flagrant gleam in his eye." (He must be really quite a dreadful dog.)

"I remember that Queen Victoria was an English queen reigning two centuries ago." (Can we really be living in the twenty-first century?)

"In a certain polygon the sum of the interior angles is 1980 degrees. How many sides has the polygon? One answer: Five and one-half. Another: *Approximately* thirteen. (Can there really be that much room for doubt?)

"This left her mother without money enough to eat." (This *would* be a strange diet.)







# The Abbot Courant

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## Guiding Us Onward

Guiding us onward,  
Toward beautiful visions and true,  
For strength and wisdom,  
Miss Bailey, we turn to you;  
And, when we leave you,  
Treading strange pathways and new,  
We will be loyal,  
Miss Bailey, to you.



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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*Business Editor*

PAULINE SPEAR '36

*Assistant Business Editors*

ELINOR ROBINSON '36

RUTH ROSE '37

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## To Her Dear Memory

The constant missing keeps her ever here.  
A step? An opening door? Will it be she  
Whose presence brought a touch of alchemy  
And quickening life whenever she drew near?  
She—who was centre of our little sphere  
Gone?—yet the pattern, held for us to see,  
Of gracious living, friendship, loyalty,  
She's left with us, to keep our vision clear.  
Firm-woven in our souls that pattern still  
Can shape our lives, worthy of her high aim  
And loving consecration. Blessed she  
Who, from deep springs of strength, drew a rare skill  
To understand, and kindled youth's fine flame!  
She wrought in lives her immortality.

*Ruth S. Baker*

November 17, 1935

Miss Bailey left Abbot Academy on November 1, for a six months' holiday, leaving Miss Jenks, the registrar, and Miss Comegys, the dean, in charge of the school. She was visiting her niece, Mrs. Henry Jones, in Coeymans, New York, when she contracted pneumonia, and died on November 16.

The funeral was held on Tuesday, November 19, in the South Church in Andover, of which Miss Bailey was a member. Rev. Mr. Stackpole, assisted by Rev. Mr. Noss, was in charge of the service. The committal service was at the Spring Grove Cemetery.

Our sympathy is extended to Miss Bailey's family, especially to Mrs. Jones, whose mother, Mrs. Large, died a very few days after Miss Bailey, and to Joan Todd, Miss Bailey's grand-niece, who is a student at Abbot this year.

The Editors wish to thank Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Myron H. Clark of Reading, Pennsylvania, for permitting a recent photograph of Miss Bailey to be reproduced in the COURANT. The poem "Guiding Us Onward" was written by Emily Gage, '26.

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Miss Bailey has left Abbot Academy a heritage so rich in spiritual and mental qualities that we have no words by which to measure it. Her character is so much a part of the school that she can never die while there are Abbot girls to share in her great gifts of understanding and fullness of life.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about her was the way she gave us all confidence in the goodness of life, and the splendid thing it is to live abundantly. Under her guidance we found wisdom and beauty in unexpected places; we developed poise and self-confidence; we lived freely and joyously, making each day count.

Having lost her amused smile, her kindness, and her quiet face, we discover the deeper things: her strength and her courage. Now that she has gone we find her anew in Chapel, in every class room, in Draper Hall, in her own Garden of Memory, for Miss Bailey gave something fundamental in herself to Abbot that it can never lose.

*Eleanor Wells, '36*

## The Fall Term

In the center of our school life we had Miss Bailey—glad when we did well, sorry when we did wrong, smiling, patient, always ready to give us all the help in her power. Our first chapel service made us all feel at home. The warm smile with which Miss Bailey always accompanied her "Good morning, young ladies," dispelled any qualms of home-sickness we might have had.

That same afternoon we were all invited to Miss Bailey's "getting acquainted" tea. New girls met old girls, and we were all united as Miss Bailey's family of real Abbot girls.

In the longer chapel Saturday morning we were introduced to the school's governing system, organized and influenced by Miss Bailey. She had thought that girls should help in governing Abbot pleasantly and well. So we have our Student Government, which brings every girl into full coöperation with our principal and faculty.

Our first Abbot Sunday dawned clear and calm. The atmosphere in the dormitory was quiet and pleasant. Our first Sunday night chapel was led by Miss Bailey herself. Her great interest in and appreciation of the Bible as beautiful literature has inspired us since we have known her. Each Sunday morning and evening we recited two of her favorite Psalms. Her prayers in morning chapel were expressive and beautiful. Her prayers against war showed us her ardent desire to have America a peaceful and God-loving country.

An Abbot girl, still upholding the lovely Abbot traditions since she was graduated in 1878, is Miss Chadbourne, who spoke to us at our third evening chapel. Miss Bailey went back into the past with Miss Chadbourne with great enthusiasm. We were introduced to the fine spirits of principals before our own, whose love and loyalty Miss Bailey carried on.

Rev. Mr. Stackpole, an old friend and admirer of Abbot, spoke on the fourth Sunday; and on the fifth Miss Bailey again gave an address. Her text was that well-known story of Jesus feeding the five thousand hungry followers with only five loaves and two tiny fishes, given by a little boy who wished to give all he had as a help for the rest of the world. She gave us the desire to develop the gifts we had, and to make the very best of the talents God has given us.



The next Tuesday morning in chapel another Abbot friend returned with a delightful talk on manners. This was Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, who gave us charming quotations from famous people on the importance of manners, and tucked in spicy little ideas of his own. Miss Bailey chuckled often. She too felt that good manners were essential for a real lady.

On October twenty-ninth Miss Butterfield gave us all an extra special Hallowe'en dinner, which was combined with Miss Bailey's going-away party. The crowning event of the dinner was borne in at dessert. A huge white cake with pink spun-sugar flowers wished Miss Bailey a pleasant trip. She held it up, to let us feast our eyes on its epicurean splendor created by Miss Tingley.

We said goodbye to Miss Bailey that evening with sorrowful hearts because she would not be with us this year. But we said goodbye, knowing that her years of hard work and loving care, her fineness and strong guidance had instilled within us the power to carry our school on as true Abbot girls.

*Martha Elizabeth Ransom, '36*

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## Miss Bailey's Garden

A garden knows many secrets.  
It understands the magic of the seasons;  
Spring and summer are its playmates,  
Autumn and winter its kindly friends—  
And her heart that loved a garden knew its secrets also—  
Secrets that the birds sang as they perched on the fountain's edge,  
Secrets that the wind carried like pollen from other gardens—  
Secrets that the passers-by whispered in their hearts—  
All these the garden knew—and told,  
For the garden understood—and remembers—

*Eleanor Wells, '36*



## Good-bye, Miss Bailey

When I think of Miss Bailey I shall always look back on the farewell party for her. We didn't know she was going on such a long journey from us, but I feel so glad now to think that one of her last remembrances of Abbot, our school into which she put so much love and work, was the party. From this she must have realized that the girls appreciated her and all that she has done. At times I suppose we can be a little trying, and this fact would be hard for her to believe.

The party in the McKeen rooms was a real Abbot one. Mr. Howe and Miss Friskin played beautifully. Mrs. Gray amused us with her readings. Fidelio sang. Then the whole school sang Abbot songs and the Alma Mater, which are dear to all Abbot girls and must be doubly dear to Miss Bailey, who has heard so many girls sing the same words. Abbot is her school even more than ours. She put the best part of her life into making it the lovely place that it is.

Miss Bailey's song, "Guiding us onward toward beautiful visions and true," was the climax of the evening. The school realized that we were losing Miss Bailey, our principal. There would be a gap in the school without her, even for a time. At the end of this song girls were surreptitiously wiping their eyes, seniors and new girls alike. Then I see Miss Bailey so clearly, standing there in the McKeen rooms. I even remember her dress of black lace and that she was holding a bouquet of flowers. But it was the expression on her face. She was so proud of us that we shall have to live up to her belief. Her eyes were shining with tears as she thanked us and said, "I think I'm going to cry." She didn't lose control of herself though; Miss Bailey was too dignified for that. Over her whole face was written her love for Abbot, its girls, and all it stands for.

At the close of the party we have a nice picture, Miss Bailey smiling and shaking hands with the girls as they filed past. They said, "Good-bye, Miss Bailey. I hope you'll have a nice vacation." We hope that she is, although we know she will never come back to us.

*Elinor Robinson, '36*

There was little opportunity this fall for a new girl to come into direct contact with Miss Bailey, and if she did there was always a self-constructed barrier of awe and embarrassment which the engrossing effort to overcome only increased. But nevertheless I feel that every new girl at Abbot has the mark of Miss Bailey's influence impressed upon her, though she may not be aware of it now.

It was not until the evening of her farewell party that I felt it strongly. As she shook hands with me and said good-bye, I felt a wave of indefinable emotion sweep over me. I cannot find words to explain it. I only know that every time I think of her fine eyes looking into mine, I feel a renewed desire to make something worthwhile of my life. I shall never forget that moment, in which I seemed to gain a small substance of her courage and ideals in life, a trust which I cannot easily put aside. Every girl who has been under her guidance even a few short weeks cannot help sensing the same thing.

*Grace Nichols, '36*

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After dinner on Miss Bailey's last day at Abbot, as I was the senior at her table I walked up to her room with her. At the door I said, "Good-bye, Miss Bailey." I shall always remember her standing there, with Star's cream and plate of chicken in her hand, saying, "Au revoir but not good-bye."

I saw her from my window. She drove slowly around the Circle, blew her horn in front of Draper and again in front of McKeen. Then she went out of the Abbot gate for the last time, and as she went down School Street she looked back and waved. A flurry of leaves and she was gone, her life's work behind her and a well-earned rest ahead.

*Marion Mooney, '36*

Sitting in Church last Tuesday listening to the soft music of the organ I thought of my years at Abbot and of how Miss Bailey dominated all of them. I remembered that day four years ago when I first came to Abbot. I thought of how sweet Miss Bailey was when I was feeling rather depressed at the thought of being left alone in a strange place. I remembered the times she read stories to us during silent-time, and the afternoon of the blizzard when we popped corn in the "rec" room. I thought of how jolly and full of fun she had been at the society and senior-mid banquets. I remembered how wonderful she was to me when I was called home because of my mother's death and how sweet she was when I came back. I thought of all the scoldings that I had received from her; I only wished I hadn't deserved them so much. I thought of the tea she had for the seniors and of the senior picnic, where she was as merry as the rest of us, sitting around the fire, eating hamburgers. Then I remembered her, as I always shall, standing in the McKean Rooms with a large bouquet of flowers in her arms, listening to us sing her song at her going-away party.

*Anne-Laurence Dodge, '36*

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## Somewhere

Somewhere there must be a clear, bright ray,  
Somewhere a glow in a darkened cloud,  
Somewhere a radiance lighting the way  
Up the stern staircase of eternal day,  
Into the kingdom of love sublime.

Somewhere a soul now finds dreamless peace,  
Somewhere a glory glows on her hair,  
Somewhere she rests in a city divine  
Freed from the strife and worry of time,  
Finding the destiny sought in her life.

*Joan Todd, '37*



"To form the immortal mind to habits suited to an immortal being, and to instill principles of conduct and form the character for an immortal destiny." Carrying on this high purpose of the early trustees of Abbot Academy, who could better exemplify the ideals sought than Miss Bailey herself? In her own life, she so typified this high purpose that her influence will affect forever the lives of those who have known her, and of countless others through those to whom she has given so much.

To talk over a problem with her, to watch her deft handling of a difficult situation, to feel her courage, her gay spirit and her great faith,—these, and countless other opportunities spread over all too short a time, were ever a source of new inspiration.

To see her going about the school grounds or buildings, noticing this little thing and that little thing, was to know that she loved every inch of Abbot. To hear her talk of her own little home in Whitehouse, of Coeymans, of the many other places she had been, was to realize that that same love reached out to many spots and to many people. To see her great love for her family, her friends, and her school was to realize that a spirit that could give so generously of such a precious gift could not die.

Having completed her immortal destiny, an immortal being has left us. But, she has left us richer and better able to carry on because she was what she was—a source of strength and inspiration for all.

*Esther Comegys*

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These are some of the pictures which come to my mind as I think of Miss Bailey:

- ...arranging flowers for the Faculty reception.
- ...driving the Buick down Ballardvale way to see the oaks in their autumn coloring.
- ...keeping pussy-willows for months because some one of whom she was fond had given them to her.
- ...going to see Joe Russell in his last illness.
- ...sitting at her desk reading an appreciative letter from some old girl—her whole face lighted up.

*Fanny Bigelow Jenks*



## Our Tribute to Miss Bailey

What can one say that has not been said before? As for us, her faculty, in the bewilderment of our so recent loss, we are like children groping in the dark, seeking to grasp the almost incomprehensible fact that our leader, our counsellor, our guide, the very center of our lives, is no longer among us. The bleak outlook, the mere thought of facing the strange innumerable days to come, in a world bereft of her presence, seems almost not to be borne, until suddenly in the midst of this chaotic unrest there comes to us, faintly at first, then more and more clearly, these words:

"Ours not to choose, ours not the way to see,  
Only we ask that we may faithful be."

Her own words, the expression of her strong faith lived in her daily life, and with them a little tender yet strength-giving comfort comes to us and we remember. We remember all our days with her, our admiration for her efficient mastery of all phases of the scholastic, disciplinary and social work connected with the Abbot of which she was the principal. We remember our faith in her, and hers in us; her never-failing courage in the face of difficulties physical, mental or moral which must of necessity arise in any school; her uncompromising and honest dealing with them; her loyalty to all the duties which she had assumed, compelling our own loyalty in return, and yet ever understanding and sympathetic if for any reason we would seem to falter at times.

We remember and we love her and the spirit of her which remains with us ever to inspire us whatever we do, wherever we are, and so, loving and remembering, we will keep the flame which she lighted in our hearts ever burning, so that we too, in a small measure, may continue to uphold the ideals that were hers throughout her beautiful life of loving service.

*Mme. Marie Craig  
For the Faculty*

## A Vignette

"Thank you for a very beautiful service, Mr. Howe." These have been the commonplace, conventional words that Miss Bailey has said so often; but what a sense of exaltation the writer of this thumb-nail sketch felt every time they were said, for Miss Bailey felt deeply the beauty of music, and though the actual words were simple enough, the spirit behind them radiated in her countenance. Yes, Miss Bailey was formidable and could be severe. She could make one feel like a naughty little boy or girl, but that was a shell hardened by many years of responsibility. Beneath it there dwelt a large spirit, one that was at peace with God.

She had a rather unsuspected talent for expression in verse. Concealed in her desk drawer was "Abbot Beautiful." No one knows how long it had lain there, but when the need for an intimate school song was felt—one that should always mean Abbot Academy to Abbot girls—this beautiful verse came to light. "Look it over and see if you think it is worth anything"—this from Miss Bailey. And how perfect was the ideal she expressed, and how completely did it reveal her aspirations for her school. Could there be a more perfect epitaph for this great crusader for truth and wisdom and beauty? There was no weakness in the armor of her righteousness. Her "Hymn of Praise" breathes of purpose that culminates in a pledge of life itself to the way of the Almighty. She wrote an "Ode to Youth" that was, to my mind, her finest expression of all. This is her charge to the youth she so well understood and loved:

"Lift on high your standards as you forward go,  
Achieve new conquests with a courage high;  
And Nobleness claim as your heritage;  
And those whose lives fulfill themselves in yours."

And her reward, probably the only reward she sought, was the respect, admiration and devotion of her faculty and the host of youth whom she had so ably fitted for life and clothed with character.

*Walter E. Howe*

## Faith—Hope—Love

When Bertha Bailey became Principal of Abbot in September, 1912, she came to Andover a stranger, eager and anxious to know, serve and guide the school. She brought with her three outstanding traits, Faith, Hope and Love, and "these three" have been the soul of Miss Bailey in Abbot.

Faith in Abbot's unbroken tradition in training girls for useful womanhood, developing latent powers, always faith in the quiet influence of daily discipline and spiritual guidance.

Hope she had, that these young lives would grow to be of useful service to themselves and to Abbot, and she saw her hopes more than justified and fulfilled.

Love she had for all. The alumnae whom from the first she warmly welcomed at all times. The girls under her care, who, at first in awe of her reserve and dignity as Principal, were unaware of the love which understood their crudities and difficulties, and the sense of humor which helped her bear them. Her love never failed, but followed them after school through success or failure, joy or sorrow. Abbot girls, old and young, are increasingly conscious of her loss and realize that a dear friend has gone.

But she is not gone. Bertha Bailey is a strong, vital part of Abbot's life and growth, and will live always in the hearts of her girls.

*Constance P. Chipman, '06,  
For the Trustees of Abbot Academy*

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No one who worked with Miss Bailey as long as I did could fail to be impressed by her deep religious faith, her strength of character, her kindly sympathy.

She demanded a minimum of service for herself while giving generously of her time and strength to others. Miss Bailey kept us up to our best, and the inspiration of her life will live on in our hearts.

*Mary E. Bancroft*



It is impossible to give in a few words an adequate appreciation of Miss Bailey, so varied were her interests and so far-reaching was her influence. I think of her as she impressed one in the intimate relationships of work. My thoughts go back to the early days of her life in Abbot Academy.

Even before there was any personal contact with her she began to impress her personality upon us by her letters. She was an unusually charming letter-writer and her letters made one ready to like her. Later acquaintance showed what care and patience were used to give not only the exact meaning she wished to convey but also to put the expression of her thought into the most agreeable form. Her artistic feeling governed both the expression and the appearance of her letters.

Some of us who saw her at her first morning chapel service in September, 1912, have a vivid picture of her strong, quiet, modest personality as she stood at the desk in Abbot Hall. She did not wish to have any trustee there to present her to the school, but she came in naturally as if she had long been a part of the school life. Already at that early day her veneration and love for the past had begun and she felt its power—a power which grew constantly as long as she lived.

Veneration for the past, for its people and the work which they had accomplished, for the traditions of school life, is a quality in her for which Abbot girls are profoundly grateful. It was this love that inspired the warm welcome that was always given to every old girl who came back to visit her school, perhaps after many years of absence, and it was a strong factor in helping to preserve the loyalty of these girls.

Combined with this deep feeling for the past was an intense love of change, a desire for progress, a constant searching for something better, but never did she desire change for its own sake; the new idea must fit in harmoniously with present conditions, and so changes were quietly made every year as experience showed the need of better adaptation to the requirements of making ready for college life, or for the going out into the world to meet the conditions of this 20th century. Over and over again the lapse of time has shown the clearness of her vision and the wisdom of her decisions in dealing with the increasingly perplexing problems of these later years.



She had a prodigious ability for hard work and yet she seldom seemed hurried and always had time for a friendly talk with a lonesome girl. Her sympathetic understanding was of inestimable help to all who came in contact with her.

She also loved to play, especially out-of-doors. A picnic in the woods with the girls was hailed with delight and she was ready to walk or climb or camp wherever they wished to go.

But it was the spiritual life of Miss Bailey which made the most lasting impression on her girls. To study the teachings of Jesus as Miss Bailey applied them to daily life made membership in her Bible class a privilege desired by all. The precious influence of the depth and all pervasive quality of her religious faith is measureless and everlasting.

*Katherine R. Kelsey*

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Two things, I think, especially bound us to Miss Bailey: her sympathy with us in sorrow, and her vision. One year late in May, I told her that Death had come to my family, and she at once planned for my going home. I protested that I had just been at home, and that it would not be fair to leave the girls in their preparation for their final examinations. To this she gently, humorously replied, "If you have taught them nothing all the year, you can't do much for them in the remaining week." She left the room; and in a few moments returned with money for my journey and a memorandum of my train reservation. One does not forget such action.

When she took the leadership of our school, she had many forward steps in mind, but she did nothing in haste, preferring to grow a part of the school and let her changes come out of the old. Never did we feel her power of vision more than at Commencement, when her simple address to the graduating class gave them—gave us all—a profound awareness of the high purpose of life, the potentialities of each one, and the essential dependence on divine contact for an integrated life.

She was a true friend, a fine Christian leader.

*Martha M. Howey*

When one is suddenly overwhelmed with sorrow the mind reaches out for something which will make the loss bearable. Just today I came across words which stay in my mind as I think of Miss Bailey—"Thankfulness brings courage." To everyone who knew her there must come a profound thankfulness for her life and with it courage which challenges us to face our loss, strengthened by her own high courage. Her spirit, a rare combination of sympathy and righteousness, will abide with me always. She will live on triumphantly in unnumbered lives because through her "our purpose we renew."

*Olive G. Runner*

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### From Heads of Other Schools

I did not know Miss Bailey very well. She was too shy a person for people who had only casual contacts with her to know well. But I had great confidence in her steadiness, her thoroughness, her kindness and her good-will. Very quietly and very surely she did what had to be done in the way she thought fitting. There were no loose ends or vagaries in a job which she had put through. She was never concerned with whether she herself was producing an effect; she was concerned simply that the job should be done as well as she could do it. The jobs were often very heavy, and she carried them without agitation and without murmur.

She was a very patient person. At the Board meetings where I saw her most often she was never restless or critical even after long and trying hours, and never for one moment egotistical. I felt other people could be trusted to her; she had an inherent respect for another's personality and she would make a sane and considered decision which could be carried out.

In the midst of the turmoil of the present Miss Bailey's quality came as a relief. It was the quality of a disciplined person, poised, modest, ready to face difficulty squarely. She should have died very happy that she could have done her work up to the end, independently, coöperatively, faithfully, with no weakening of spirit.

*Katharine Lord of The Winsor School*



I first knew Miss Bailey as a fellow member of the Headmistresses Association; a rather silent member, but one who somehow inspired confidence, for she was nominated and then elected to the office of treasurer. I was at that time secretary, and my first insight into her real self was when we began to work together and I discovered that within a few weeks of taking office she had quietly mastered every detail of her job so that she could answer accurately and at once anything with regard to the finances of the Association that anyone needed to know. Soon after she became treasurer she invited us to have our spring meeting at Abbot, and in preparation she asked me to spend a week-end to go over her arrangements. Never did a secretary have less to worry about! She had thought of everything and had planned it with such apparent ease that there was nothing more for me to do. Indeed, instead of asking me to move chairs or write cards, as I had expected, she carried me off for a long ride into the country! A tiny incident showed me, however, that things did not just happen of themselves. On the morning of the meeting, as we opened the door of the room where the group was to gather, I saw her cast a look at the mass of forsythia on the piano: "Oh, not like that," she cried, "long pieces!", and sure enough when the company arrived, the short ends had been replaced by long graceful sprays that exactly fitted the room and the occasion.

After that I always looked forward to seeing her at the Association meetings, and I always hoped that the time would come when I might have the privilege of knowing her better.

*Frances Lee of The Lee School*

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I was a warm admirer of Miss Bailey for many years. I did not know her well, but I always felt the warmth of her presence and of her personality in our Headmistresses' meetings.

She was an able headmistress, and made us all admire Abbot Academy. I shall miss her very much—more than she would have guessed.

*Lucy Madeira Wing of The Madeira School*

## From Wellesley

In India there is a proverb, "It is not what you say, but the unspoken emanation of your whole being which I hear and feel." So it was with Miss Bailey. She always seemed to reveal to me in some strangely eloquent way a quality of being which far transcended anything she put into words. She made me vividly aware of an inner serenity and poise of spirit, of aspiration, of a love for what is sensitive and fine in living that interpreted to me what steadfast and noble womanhood means, touched, as it was in her case, with a merry spirit quietly gay underneath. Some little whimsical remark of Miss Bailey would often turn the tables and flash light on a side of a subject that had been overlooked, and in the laugh that followed wisdom took on a very winning guise. In Miss Bailey's presence, things just naturally fell into their normal right proportions!

I still see Miss Bailey as she spoke to the school last May on the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the founding of the school. Her fine presence, her gracious way of reminding students of today of the high tradition of the past, of the pride they might feel in being part of it, quickened the pulse with loyalty and challenge. The personal beauty of her younger days came back as she stood there, her face all alight, and the tones of her voice so rich and mellow. She brought to us all a gift of spiritual integrity and vision, which will renew itself in memory as we recall her as leader, as beloved teacher, as one who wrought harmony out of living.

*Sophie Chantal Hart,  
Professor of English Composition and  
Rhetoric at Wellesley College*



## The Teacher

She was primarily a teacher of girls. She loved them and understood their needs. It was as a girl I came to know her, for she was the aunt of a dear friend. But she was rarely at home. Study, teaching, travel filled her busy life. There were only short, flying visits when her family might claim her. On these home-returns I visited her, to leave enriched and inspired.

Strolling along the village street, she would greet the trees: speaking to one of its heavy foliage, to another of a broken limb, as though they were personal friends. She said they were!

Driving along the country roads, she observed beauty everywhere: the sky, cloud-shadows on distant hills, blooming weeds against the roadside. Entranced, I followed where her appreciation led.

One evening she took me into a cornfield, "to look at the stars." She was sure I'd never seen them! Indignantly I affirmed I had, but she went right on into the soft, dark night where stars blazed overhead.

"How bright they are!" I murmured.

"You've never seen them. . . no town-girl has!" She softly began to recite, "The heavens declare the glory of God" on to the end, then some of Isaiah, "He calleth them all by name. . ." On our return, lo! the Bible had revealed new beauty; the stars were a glorious possession!

So through many years she taught me, opening doors of new delight whenever we met. Ah, she helped countless! Throughout this country, women wear concealed in their hearts marks she set on them as girls.

*Elizabeth V. F. Vosseller*

## From Old Courants

As I look over the files of the COURANT from 1912, the early years of Miss Bailey at Abbot come vividly back to me. I see her making warm friends of the old friends of Abbot, welcoming Professor Taylor to breakfast, sitting by the window with Mrs. Draper and helping her observe her ninetieth birthday, entertaining so graciously an old girl, Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs, when she came in the fall of 1913 to read to the other Abbot girls the "New Chronicles of Rebecca." I can see the new faces that came with her to speak to the school in these years—Miss Pendleton from Wellesley, Professor George Woodberry, Alfred Noyes and Robert Frost, Helen Keller, Professor Tyler of Amherst (whose daughter Elizabeth came in 1914 for one brief year of teaching at Abbot), the Rann Kennedys, Miss Helen Fraser of London, and in 1915 Lady Gregory, brought to lunch by Mrs. Towle, talking to us in the McKeen Rooms after lunch. I remember very clearly Miss Bailey's dear friend, Miss Anne Elizabeth Morse, giving a charming lecture on Welsh castles with pictures of her own taking.

It is interesting to note the beginning of many things. The cornerstone of "our new infirmary" was laid in October, 1913, and in that same year we read of a "new exercise system," and the joining of the academic and college seniors in one senior class organization—and the "first dance for Phillips Academy boys and Abbot girls, given in the Borden Gymnasium by the ladies of the Chapel." Then soon there is the new system of banking, and in 1914 the complete change in the dining-room—the doing away with the old long tables—and in this year the establishment of the course in domestic science.

As the years go on still the word *new*. Beginning with the Odeon and ending with Les Beaux Arts, the new societies take the place of the old secret societies, abolished by Miss Bailey in her first year. The course in "rhythmic expression" was introduced in 1917, but it was as early as June, 1914, that the lovely May-Day Pageant, "The Masque of the Flowers," was held on Davis Green. In athletics we read of the separation (in 1917) of the department of gymnastics from that of elocution, the new field for basketball, the establishment of the Honor A's, the new hockey field, the new skating pond,

and in 1927 the organization of the school into Gargoyles and Grifins. In 1917 "Miss Bailey entrusted into our own hands certain powers of self-government," presenting to the school a gavel made from a piece of the printing press used for many years by Mr. Draper. The Abbot chapter of the Cum Laude Society was formed in 1926. Courses in art and music appreciation go back to 1923, but it was only in the last few years that the Business Principles courses were introduced.

Miss Bailey had been here only two years when the Great War broke out. With what courage and steadfastness she carried us through the hard war years. Very early in the war Miss Bailey organized the school into units, groups of ten girls, each group with a particular aim, some knitting, some making surgical dressings under the guidance of Miss Mason. When the United States joined the Allies, the Abbot Patriotic League was formed—the purpose "To do our best that we may give our best to our country." (Undoubtedly Miss Bailey's words.) "Every afternoon when classes are over for the day, groups of girls may be seen cutting the grass on the circle or starting out valiantly for the potato patch." Then there was the military drill, the officers' training class, the Abbot Battalion, trained by Major Davy. All through these years with wise words and calm judgment Miss Bailey helped us keep our vision clear. In January after the Armistice she spoke at a meeting of the New England Association of Schools and Colleges on the subject "After Victory What?", when she stressed the importance of the spiritual side in education.

The guiding principle in all her years as head of Abbot Academy she expressed in an editorial written at the time of the ninetieth anniversary of the school:

"The work of the school today has not outgrown, nor can it outgrow, the inspired vision of its founders. Still the thought in extending the material equipment is permanence, adequacy, dignity and beauty; still the keynote of the school life is simplicity, courtesy and gracious friendliness; still the purpose of those who teach is to inform the immortal mind and to form the character for an immortal destiny."

R. M. C.



## Hymn of Praise

*Written by Bertha Bailey*

We lift to Thee our joyous hymn of praise  
Who art the light and joy of all our days,  
Who through the years hast guided all our ways.  
Alleluia!

We praise thy name for all thy servants true,  
Who loved thy will, sought here thy work to do,  
Through their brave lives, our purpose we renew.  
Alleluia!

For homes we love, for friendship's glowing light,  
For future paths that stretch before us bright,  
We lift our praises ever, day and night!  
Alleluia!

For cares that daily give to life its zest,  
For work that calls us ever to our best,  
We thank Thee, Lord, our leader in life's quest!  
Alleluia!

O lead us on! We pledge our lives to Thee.  
Ours not to choose, ours not the way to see.  
Only we ask that we may faithful be.  
Alleluia!



## Abbot Memories

It was thought that a tribute to Miss Bailey would be published most appropriately on her birthday, December 17. Therefore, owing to lack of time, it has been impossible to make these recollections as complete as might have been wished. Each of Miss Bailey's graduating classes has been represented, however, and any further contributions will be welcomed by Miss Jane Carpenter for publication in the *Bulletin*.

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The death of Miss Bailey has brought sorrow to a wide circle outside Abbot Academy. Her responsibilities at the school did not prevent her being a kind neighbor, a sympathetic friend and a wise counsellor in church and club. Her responsibilities were lightened by a sense of fun and a pleasure in adventure that those who knew her slightly might not suspect. But every one must have felt her delight in beauty, both in art and nature. Her exceptional skill in arranging flowers has lent grace to many an Abbot function. She was never too busy to enjoy a lovely thing.

But what was a matter of wonder and admiration to us all was the serenity and poise with which she met heavy cares and mountains of work. Her steadfast faith in God and in her fellow-men grew with her experience and the discipline of solving difficult problems. It was an inspiration to see how firm her trust in human goodness was. One could always think with courage and confidence of the future after a talk with her. Her years of work for Abbot will bear fruit for a long time to come, and her wise and loving spirit will rest there and among all who knew her as a blessing.

Mabel Bacon Ripley

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We were Seniors when Miss Bailey came to Abbot Academy. I know we all felt almost as if a stepmother was about to come into our midst. We had known Miss Means and Miss Kelsey so long, and felt they understood us so well.

But Miss Bailey with infinite patience and understanding won over our friendship and loyalty, and we were always so proud to say that we were her first graduating class.

I remember once there was the question of changing the graduating exercises and having them in McKeen Hall. How upset we all were! Something that represented tradition would be taken away. As anyone who has been to school will know, excitement ran high, and at last a committee was chosen to go to talk with Miss Bailey. With great understanding of our feeling of wanting to keep the things that "always have been done"—traditions, customs, she said, "Of course the change will not be made." As you all know, it never has been changed. Rain or shine we march to the Old South Church to graduate. It is part of our graduating from Abbot Academy.

In 1919 Miss Bailey half in fun suggested that I come back as her assistant secretary, and I was very happy. My one year as secretary forged more links to the chain that bound me to Abbot Academy, and Miss Bailey. Coming back five years after graduating I could know that she had kept the faith, and the traditions of Abbot Academy still remained with only the necessary changes that would keep Abbot abreast with the times.

Miss Bailey never seemed any older to me, and her interest and pleasure in our pleasures was unfailing, even after twenty-three years. Her leadership, her vital personality will live on, and will influence her own girls and the Abbot Academy girls to come.

*Margaret C. Wilkins, '13*

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I entered the school as a pupil the year Miss Bailey came to Abbot, and it happened that I was back at school as a teacher this year of her death. Thus I feel that I have known very fully the range of her influence and that I have been remarkably fortunate to have had so varied a contact with her.

She was always kind and calm and strong. What I remember particularly about her first years in the school was the fact that she abolished secret societies and established the Senior vacation at Intervale. Both these innovations were clearly aimed at unifying the student body. I remember that the immediate benefit I felt from the



change gave me a sense of security and well-being, and the feeling that I gained then of being able to depend on her perception and good judgment has never left me.

She was always accessible, and ready equally to listen to a problem or a joke. She had a very keen sense of humor and always heard with genuine amusement all the funny remarks which inevitably occur in any class-room. She was a good mimic, and often leavened the business of faculty meetings by a fleeting and sympathetic reproduction of the voice or manner of some small culprit who had stood before her.

Others can tell much more accurately than I what she has done for the school through these years. I wish only to say again how glad I am to be one of the long line of girls who went out from Abbot strengthened by their contact with Miss Bailey's wise and generous personality.

*Alice C. Sweeney, '14*

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I still vividly remember my first encounter with Miss Bailey, in the fall of 1913. In my middle teens, I was at that time a most insecure bundle of loose-jointed impulses, sometimes timid, more often rash, forever being blown by the wind, running around in circles, yet fumbling and groping towards some unknown and hidden light. On the occasion of that initial (and I now confess, dreaded) interview, I was invited to sit down on that well-known sofa, and face to face with the ordeal I submitted to a searching appraisal and estimation. If there was anything I had wished to withhold or hide, I soon relinquished all desire to, and presently found myself untensed and with a brand new feeling of security—secure in the knowledge that I had at last found someone who penetratively probed my soul, to whom I was an open book—but it was one who read that book with understanding and love. Some new and secret power was already mine. The obscure light I had been seeking was beginning to glimmer a little—a reflection from that incandescent lamp which Miss Bailey always seemed to carry in her eyes, or somewhere else about her person. Not quite then but some time afterwards I realized the true source of the light which emanated from her—but before that

final realization and illumination, my analytical faculties were occupied with more superficial aspects of her power.

So that she might successfully function in the arduous career of her selection, she had fortunately been endowed with a robust physical vigor. She drew upon this constantly, never sparing nor conserving herself. No petty detail or minor problem, if concerning her girls, was too small for her full and complete attention. We all know how many, many nights she labored so diligently into the "wee sma' hours." Nevertheless, by some miracle after such late sessions, she was invariably cheerful and brisk in the mornings, brightening our whole day with her nod to each of us, as we passed her breakfast-table. On all such occasions her greetings were personal and individual, and one always felt that even in that one split second Miss Bailey had communicated to us a precious spark of her vitality. To me it seemed that she was always doing just this—forever giving of herself she became somehow always more vigorous, herself a perfect object lesson in the secret of remaining vital. I used to treasure the tonic quality of all contacts with her—however small—just a nod from her desk as one passed the open office door, or a chance encounter in the corridor, were somehow mysteriously invigorating. When at last I became a Senior and was looking forward after our Mid-year's exams to three halcyon days of Winter Sports at Intervale, N. H., I found that the biggest part of my anticipation was concerned with being so intimately with Miss Bailey, when her attentions would not be divided as they were at Abbot. Nor were anticipations disappointed. At Intervale we were presented with a *brand new* Miss Bailey. At first we were a trifle disconcerted, because the Miss Bailey we had known came suddenly down from Olympus and transformed herself into a very human playmate—a playmate who not only was able to hold her own in all our strenuousness—but who quite outstripped some of us in the sports of tobogganing and snowshoeing. Moreover, to make the picture complete, once we had accepted her new role, she did not once hold herself aloof from even our indoor revels, becoming a most important and merry part in all our plans, games and pranks. Another source of her power was thereby revealed to me. Of course she could understand girls because, although no one had heretofore suspected it, she was still one herself. In spite of all this opening of doors to us, and I



regret the incident now as keenly as I did then—we failed her. On Sunday morning, at breakfast, she announced that she was going to church, which was several miles away, on snowshoes. She then waited for offers of company, but no one definitely so pledged themselves. After a glorious morning on skis, my happiness was suddenly marred, when I looked up and beheld her sturdy, solitary figure returning from church without companions, trudging along in a great black fur ulster, her rosy cheeks and frosty curls framed by a sealskin cap. At that moment I dimly began to comprehend that great people are often alone and perhaps lonely. I remembered that every now and then she would not be available to us at Abbot. Under some terrific pressure of work, or when some difficult problem was pressing her, she would retreat and lock herself away from us—where she would remain quite alone until she had conquered whatever it was.

I recall at this point some inconsequential pictures and memories. While a student in her class in Psychology we were frequently interrupted, in our modern discussions, by a visitor—Prof. Taylor, one of the oldest living trustees. A character from Thackeray or Dickens, frock-coated, side-burn whiskers and all, he would advance with tottering but courteous steps, bow with a great flourish, and with appropriate and elegant gestures present an enormous crimson peony to our lady principal. She, with lurking twinkles in her eyes, would evince just the right amount of coyness and gratification, and would thank him in such a gracious and appropriate manner that the whole spirit of the unique occasion had been properly preserved.

She had a gift for making even a reproof humorous and picturesque. I wonder how many in school with me remember how she used to pound the bell for silence occasionally at meal times, and rising commence haughtily but so humorously to chide us that there was no sting—"Young ladies, will you *please* not eat your ice-cream in relays!" (For the uninitiated I append that she referred to slowly sipping from the same spoonful).

I think it must have been at one of those dearly cherished Sunday evening services in Draper Hall—when Miss Bailey herself was presiding and speaking—that there came to me the revelation of the secret source, the innermost core of her power. As if it were only yesterday, I see her standing there speaking, some soft-flowing

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drapery of velvet framing her, white lace at the throat, a brooch—a queenly figure crowned by a face the contours of which are etched on all our hearts. I was at last satisfied that I knew her secret. No wonder she had the Gift of Power and kept and increased it, for she never bent it to her own ends, but always steadfastly was the instrument of that Power.

*Charlotte Morris Perot, '15*

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As I write, so many pictures come to my mind in which Miss Bailey is the dominant figure. Especially I think of my first meeting with her. I can see her now, coming through the door into the reception room, dressed all in white, for it was a hot September day, to greet a shy, already homesick girl, but after a few minutes' talk I was completely won over and wholly confident that Abbot was the place for me. Little did I realize then that my life was going to be so much richer because of the privilege of knowing such a noble person. And what a host of others must have come to the same realization!

*Marion M. Brooks, '15*

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It is with an acute sense of loss that we of the class of 1916 will return for our twentieth reunion in June.

We remember our first impression of Miss Bailey as one who was stern but just, and who stood for dignified living. We were awed but not afraid of her because she made us feel that she was interested in each one of us. She showed this by calling us by name the first day we entered Abbot. After graduation she still called us by name, never forgetting anyone.

We like to remember our holiday at Intervale after exams the senior year. For us, though still the principal of our school, Miss Bailey became fun-loving, enthusiastic in sports and so approachable when she knocked on our doors for us to observe the morning sun on Mount Washington. Incidents and impressions began to dovetail, showing us her pattern of life. A headmistress commanding respect, a companion enjoying our pleasures, and a friend. Few women are as great as this.

*Mildred Jenkins Dalrymple, '16*

Abbot has lost a fine, sympathetic, understanding friend as well as an intelligent, forceful leader.

While at all times Miss Bailey commanded our respect, I feel that at no time was she closer to us than when she addressed us on Commencement Day. Then she spoke to us simply, helpfully, affectionately, and gave to us such inspiration as will be to us a lasting influence.

*Cornelia B. Sargent, '17*

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Looking back on my one year at Abbot, I realize that the social adjustments were difficult, coming as I did from living in foreign lands. No one understood my feelings of loneliness and strangeness as did Miss Bailey. Young as I was, I felt her ready sympathy, her strong sense of the finest values in life, her love of beauty and order. I had a reverent admiration for the way she could command our attention: she always seemed so logical, so reasonable, so crystal clear in her thinking. Anyone coming in contact with her must have felt the strength of her moral and religious principles; yet that firmness was tempered by a quick, human understanding and a delicious, quiet sense of humor which made those standards appealing.

Often and often, since 1918, I have thought of Miss Bailey and my Abbot experience with gratitude and affection. I owe her a debt which can never be paid.

Abbot will go on, of course, for it fills a fine place in our lives. I hope some day my own little daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret, may find their way to Andover.

*Emmavail Luce Severinghaus, '18*

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Thank you so much for letting the class president of 1919 know of the death of our beloved Miss Bailey. We all adored and admired her so. What an inspiration she was, and what a rich influence in countless lives!

*Katharine S. Coe, '19*



The honor most desired had been bestowed elsewhere. Five years of trying to live up to the standard of being a true Abbot girl had gone for nothing. Bitter disappointment and a tendency to belittle those who had won the honor was the result.

Deep down, however, was the feeling that Miss Bailey understood and had faith.

Graduation came and went. Problems and troubles of the outside world were met and conquered.

Years later a confession to Miss Bailey of what it had meant to lose that coveted Honor A as a culmination of a school career brought from her the remark: "Much more important are the Honor A's of life, my dear, and I am counting on you."

*Mildred Frost Eaton, '19*

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A chapel service, a call to the office, a concert, where it grew dark early and Leginska played on in the twilight. Restriction, the tense moment of getting a slip signed to go to town; the equally tense moment of not getting it signed. The thrill of winning some coveted small honor; the disappointment of failure. A verse from a Thanksgiving or Christmas service, a psalm, a hymn. They come back to me again and again just as the memory of sunlight or rain slanting across the circle return to me. That is probably a poor way of putting what I am trying to say—the spirit of Miss Bailey as interpreter of chaotic time, preparing us to meet later upheavals with balance, clearness of perspective.

*Ruth Hathaway Morse, '19*

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Perhaps all of us alumnae who are learning now how swiftly the lovely years go by, feel with the news of Miss Bailey's death as though we were school girls again. I do, with gratitude for the sweetness and sanity centered in her headship of Abbot. But as I sit here thinking about her, a later contact comes closer to my mind.

We had been out of school perhaps five or six years when, one cold November, Miss Bailey visited the Detroit Abbot Club. It occurs to me now that probably all Alumnae felt as possessive and proud as I know that Constance Ling and I did then. And we who had spent



those years discovering a larger world, less sweet and sane, less secure, less kindly than that of school, basked thankfully in the peculiar assurance Miss Bailey gave that to her we were each individual and important. I remember intensely the new bravery against the world that I felt, since she found us still ourselves and still of value. And it comes back to me now that even when I was in school, in the days when it never entered our heads that we were not very important, returning alumnae showed in their expressions that same grateful surprise.

*Paula Miller Patrick, '20*

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The loss of Miss Bailey must affect a great many Abbot Alumnae as the blotting out of a fixed star would affect a mariner. She was one of the very few people I have known whose ideals seemed secure in a world of constantly shifting values.

One trivial incident in her office will always be vivid to me. She sent for me because I had been late for breakfast. Instead of the severity I expected, she looked at me with a friendly twinkle in her eyes, and said, "If you wanted to be on time at breakfast, you would be. That's all." I have thought of that remark of hers in a thousand connections since then, and have wondered if Miss Bailey knew how much her way of handling such trivial situations meant to us.

Indeed our navigation will be more difficult without that fixed star.

*Betsey Hawkes Miller, '20*

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Our Miss Bailey gone! It seems incredible, it cannot be. To many of us, long absent from her, our thoughts of Abbot are so closely intertwined with her guiding personality that to remove it is to remove the very essence of our school-girl memories of full and happy days.

No doubt each one has some particular cherished memory, as mine is of the time when I first visited Abbot. Walking beside Miss Bailey, I stumbled and rolled down the circular stairway into the dining-room. As she helped me to my feet, her calm voice and tactful words banished my abject humiliation, "All Abbot girls do that some time.

That makes you one of us." All Abbot girls have some such memory of her because more than her charm and dignity, more than her learning and ability, she understood us individually and collectively.

Out of that understanding comes a beloved picture of her, on Sunday evenings, standing before us, the soft light falling on her serenely glowing face while she spoke to us effortlessly in terms that met our comprehension, with conviction that inspired us, with wisdom that awed us. May the simple faith, the true values of life she taught us in those sheltered days guide us in this uncertain and hectic world of today.

No, we have not lost Miss Bailey. That cannot be, for there are many in whose hearts her spirit ever lives.

*Harriet Edgell Bruce, '21*

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Miss Bailey at breakfast in the morning saying to the girls at her table, "You don't want coffee, do you?"

Miss Bailey leading Sunday night Chapel—the feeling of spiritual uplift—of something strong to tie to—that her talks always gave.

Miss Bailey turning down two gentlemen who were trying to get permission to take their daughters on a drive to Exeter the Sunday during Commencement—the twinkle in her eye and the amused quirk of her mouth when she said "No".

Miss Bailey the night after an Abbot-Bradford Day, giving out the A's—the way she made it so much more important to have been good sports and good hostesses than to have won—even when we had won overwhelmingly.

Miss Bailey at the New York Abbot Club luncheon last spring, looking a little tired, but with the same old quiet determination in her voice, and the faith in the girls and the school and its future as steadfast as ever.

*Elizabeth MacPherran, '22*

To hundreds of alumnae of Abbot Academy, Miss Bailey's passing gives cause for the most sincere sorrow. Every girl who has ever gone out from Abbot has always thought of Miss Bailey as a true friend, and to many this friendship has been a continual inspiration. Her loss is very great to us who were her students and friends. In all my contacts with Miss Bailey, both as a student and later as an alumna, there were always two qualities of which I was deeply aware, her great charm, and her distinction of mind and spirit. She was the most inspiring person I have ever known and the influence of such a truly noble woman can never die, but will continue to carry on throughout the history of the school she loved so much: Abbot, our Alma Mater.

*Miriam Sweeney, '23*

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Everyone with whom Miss Bailey ever came in contact has left to them her precious memory. The fact that she has left us is one of the real sorrows and regrets of life, but our benefits from having lived near her can never be taken away. To me words are inadequate, so deep is our loss. Her high ideals and strong character will always be a pattern for the students, alumnae, and faculty of Abbot Academy. Never did she lack patience, kindness or understanding. May we all in the years to come keep alive her memory by living as we should through the privilege of once having known Miss Bailey.

*Caroline Straehley Reeder, '24*

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One evening, before going home or visiting during the holidays, Miss Bailey sat down in the big chair by the fire-place in the recreation room and most of us sat around on the floor trying to look conscientious while she made various suggestions as to how young ladies should behave away from her restraining glance. Perhaps our faces were unnecessarily solemn, for she stopped suddenly to look us over in silence for a moment and then added, with complete gravity; "Please girls, *don't* polish your shoes with the best guest towels." And she was disgracefully amused when some of us stiffened with indignation at the implied insult.



Then there was Intervale with Miss Bailey breaking the trail on snowshoes, or standing over the campfire cooking hot dogs on the longest, most efficient stick of wood ever seen; or eating peanuts at the movies—a wild film in which the hero failed to be sufficiently heroic to satisfy her.

There was the evening before our Prom, when an ultra-cautious damsel invited two men for safety's sake and both accepted. She flew to Miss Bailey in consternation, and when the girl-in-difficulty retired, an appreciative audience, gathered on the hall radiator, beheld their self-contained principal march up and down the corridor wringing her hands. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she demanded of all and sundry. Suddenly she clasped her brow and declared, "I have it. It's perfect. I'll take the extra man myself."

There are so many little scraps of recollections. I never heard her say, "You must do it." It was always, "You can do it." And when a really horrid epidemic of cattiness was raging she put it to us that an excellent idea would be to ask ourselves: Is it kind? Is it true? Is it necessary? before we made remarks about anyone.

She made us want to go to the Sunday Vespers service and always managed to have someone interesting to speak, but if she were to speak herself her audience was a little more quiet, a little more attentive than at any other time and certainly better pleased.

She urged us all to go to the Northfield conference for girls but once there she advised us not to do too much. "For," she said, "you can't escape getting a great deal and you will go home infinitely richer for this, but don't, my dears, don't get religious indigestion!"

When I climbed my first real mountain there were a great many sensations awaiting me at the top. The world below fell into ordered patterns which previously had been unrelated places; it seemed remote up there, but in perfect harmony with the whole; the air was clean and clear. Knowing Bertha Bailey was very much like that, for there was always about her a serene exhilaration, and it lingers still.

*Elaine Boutwell, '25*

There is one memory of Miss Bailey that has often stood out in my mind whenever I think back across my years at Abbot.

On a December night in 1925, we are assembled at Christmas Chapel, that most moving of all services in the Abbot calendar. Miss Bailey sits on the platform in a soft white dress, with the light falling across her hair. The air is trembling with the full sweet notes of the organ, music that dies away high and lovely on the treble keys. We sit tense and expectant.

Miss Bailey rises with the open Bible in her hand. She smiles at us, a warm melting smile of personal recognition that flows over the whole room down to the last row. Now she begins to read, in a tender quiet voice that makes the words of the Nativity story stir out of the pages, come alive, float before us with all their moving beauty.

As she reads, the expression of her face and of her eyes is glowing with some inner light, a spirituality so rare and lovely that it seems unearthly, out of reach of time. In that one moment she reveals to us everything that she is.

I never knew Miss Bailey closely. I think few of us ever did. I remember walking home through the snow that night with an understanding in my heart. I realized that no individual could penetrate a spirit as great as hers. To have felt its strong and moving influence was what we were all to carry away with us out of Abbot.

*E. G., '26*

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Remember how, in Junes gone past,  
Our loyal friend, the day we left,  
Would start us on our open road  
With fondest wish for our success  
In happiness that we might gain?

Then, surely now, as years go past,  
We, grateful for the strength she left,  
Shall start a new and wider road  
To keep alive her great success—  
Her happiness in Abbot's gain.

*Lois Kimball, '27*

Miss Bailey taking a ride down the toboggan slide—Miss Bailey snowshoeing through the woods with the girls at Intervale, and getting us all up early to see the sunrise on Mt. Washington—Miss Bailey cultivating her flower garden—Miss Bailey drilling the girls for the commencement procession and exercises—Miss Bailey giving a serious talk to the girls.

All who knew her respected her, but those who knew her more closely admired her.

*Susan B. Ripley, '28*

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The news of Miss Bailey's passing comes to me as a great personal shock. It is an irreparable loss to Abbot. On behalf of the class of twenty-nine I wish to convey deepest sympathy. The memory of her noble character, her rich and purposeful life, will remain a steady influence in our lives and a monument to her whom we loved dearly.

*Telegram from Louise J. Anthony, '29*

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One of Miss Bailey's great qualities was her ability and readiness to deal with any situation that arose, even to escorting one of her pupils abroad. We started in June for Europe and my future school in Lausanne. From the moment she set foot on the ship she left all thoughts of school behind and began looking forward as eagerly as I to the adventures ahead. Such things as French plumbing and a three-day bus trip did not daunt her spirit. She was always fresh and ready for the next thing. She never seemed to tire, but joined enthusiastically in any plan for our entertainment. Her knowledge also of the places and things we were seeing made them much more interesting to me. She could always point out some little thing that made the place more interesting or more beautiful, and she succeeded in catching the essential charm of each spot.

And now when I sit in her garden in the grove, as in the Black Forest, I feel again "a right spirit renewed within me" by the consciousness of her care and love for little things in the midst of her great work.

*Helen Ripley, '30*



It is hard to express the certain everlasting thing which she has left with me, something which can never be taken away—mainly, I suppose, the desire to live my life vitally and unashamed as she did, loyal to my beliefs of right and wrong.

She was always so ready to search for and find a good point in someone else's character, so ready to admire the other person. Wasn't this, perhaps, the leading quality that helped to make her the wonderful person that she was?

*Margaret O'Leary White, '31*

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... It is well for us that against the shifting scene and the swift, shallow procession of the life called "modern" there can be placed the memory of one faith-lifted personality, deep in a manner we have not the experience to fathom, and strong with an inner, imponderable permanence. We who know nothing, either of mortality or of its defeat, except through a sense of our own barrenness, cannot think of Miss Bailey as having *ceased*. Perhaps once or twice in a clamor-filled career at school and college, there can, or has, come to us a short, never-retained vision of what life could be if we made it so. But we are always busy, pre-occupied with things we care desperately about—until afterwards. Miss Bailey knew this and knew us; but she saw our lives as we could not or did not care to. She sternly, beautifully, believed in us, and she knew why.

"Dear child," she wrote to one whose mother had recently died, "there are events which it seems as if we could not bear, and times when life seems unyielding and unreasonable: but I am convinced that somewhere, in some manner, there exists a power which knows, and holds, the reason behind these blinding and baffling occurrences ... I cannot express to you this conviction, but I do most sincerely feel that the power is real, almost in a way that we are not."

Of all the facets of Miss Bailey's personality which come so readily to mind, this is surely the most remarkable. Persistently there comes the memory of her scorn for a man who committed suicide at the age of thirty because he had nothing to live for—no satisfaction within himself. To her this was incomprehensible and inexcusable. She was ready at all times to help each one of us see the value of "the inward

life." Admirable in dignity and unswerving in standards, she combined with this a deep tenderness and insight which were felt rather than seen—integral with her rather than overlaid.

To express personal loss is to express that which can never adequately be stated, and to talk about the loss to a school and to a community is to talk in platitudes; but there are times when a platitude can strike you to your knees. . .

*Dorothy Rockwell, '32*

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A sudden snow brings hush and emptiness  
Into familiar land, and seals the lakes.  
The chilly spinning flurry of the flakes  
Leaves summer-haunted corners comfortless.  
The trees, stiffened to cracking, in a dress  
Of frosted mail, keen down a wind that shakes  
Their creaking armoured boughs, till the mind aches  
With thinking of their brittle-limbed distress.  
So down the wind today a crying came,  
Cool as the cool trees' sighing on the height  
Of man's infinity—to tell of snow  
Fallen upon an ever-living name,  
And frost upon a spirit's lovely glow,  
That guides us with the beauty of its light.

*Florence Dunbar, '32*

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"I am glad to have been able to be at the service for Miss Bailey with many other people who have felt Miss Bailey's friendship and enduring influence. We are all like one family, having had the same admiration and respect for one person, who not only encouraged us to give our best to life, but who gave her best and herself to life. It was a sad and yet beautiful service; sad in the thought that Miss Bailey would never again actually be in the halls of Abbot—to lead Chapel, to teach, to solve many puzzling problems, or to show a keen interest in our play; but beautiful in that it was just as a service for Miss Bailey should be, simple and yet full of deep feeling. Everything

in the service typified the spirit of Miss Bailey, the reading of the Psalms, the few words which Mr. Stackpole said about Miss Bailey, the singing of the Abbot Hymn of Praise, the words of which show so well the spirit of their author, Miss Bailey, and the soft strains of "O Abbot Beautiful" on the chimes of the organ as a most fitting close."

*From a letter from Mariatta Tower, '33*

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Although Abbot voices will no longer sing Miss Bailey's song we shall always hear it in our hearts where she lives now. We cannot forget the beautiful visions she revealed, at Christmas, at Easter, at all times. When the sad news reached one of the Circle, she cried,

"It won't be the same without her!"

And then she added,

"It can't be so...she is too real."

Miss Bailey *is* real, and death cannot take her from us; it is only her body that has gone. The strength and wisdom are ours as she gave it to us and many have found the visions. One whose life has ever been "non ministrari sed ministrare" does not die, for he lives in the hearts of all who knew, and knowing loved him. What if her earthly life is over, Miss Bailey lives...immortally.

*Beverly Sutherland, '34*

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My pictures of Miss Bailey are just brief remembrances of everyday things: chapel—surreptitious peeps across the rows of bowed heads to watch Miss Bailey on the platform, a very dignified, somewhat tired figure, saying perhaps the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard. Senior meetings—the scramble to rise when Miss Bailey came in, the plans for Intervale, and her manner that made you feel that you as a Senior were a little bit closer to her than the rest of the school. Intervale itself—talks around a fire, and Miss Bailey for the moment no longer a Principal, but a real friend. Permission for a week-end. A teasing twinkle in her eye when she finds out that it is only for a football game that you want a twelve o'clock excuse.



"Well, I guess your work will stand it." Or the Honor Roll announcement with the wickedly tantalizing suspense she would build up before the climax—"At the top of the list. . ."

There is one memory which is a sort of special one, the most poignant because it is the most recent, my last talk with Miss Bailey. We sat in the McKean Rooms and talked of my going to Wellesley. Then she walked to the door with me, kissed me goodbye, and I rushed down the steps so that she wouldn't see me cry.

I somehow know that I shall remember all these little things long after I have forgotten all my French and Geometry. All my thoughts of Abbot will have Miss Bailey in them. She was too vital a force in the school, and too vigorous and inspiring a personality for me to think of them separately.

*Lucia Nunez, '35*

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As the train wound through fields covered with drifted snow into Intervale station, Miss Bailey smiled at our unrestrained excitement manifested by exclamations and squeals of delight. Everyone was happy, even the four black horses who, with a jingling of bells, trotted along pulling a sleigh-load of laughing girls up to the hotel perched on the side of the hill facing Mt. Washington.

In the twinkling of an eye we were in ski-pants and out in the snow, skiing, sliding, skating, or best of all, just wandering about gazing at the white mountains that smiled down on us there in that "little bit of Heaven." When we came in hungry for supper, Miss Bailey greeted us and listened to our stories of the afternoon's adventures with an enthusiasm that matched our own. She had been working over the intricate twists of a bewildering jig-saw puzzle, which had been all but completed by her natively adept management.

It is impossible to account for all those happy hours. I only know that Miss Bailey played a vital part in making our Intervale trip perfect in every way. In seeing us happy she was happy. There are memories of chats around the open hearth-fire where Miss Bailey joined us and talked as one of us, sharing in our delights, the same delights she had shared with many classes before us; memories of morning chapel led by her as we sat grouped around on the floor of the large living room, and memories of a sleigh ride with Miss

Bailey bundled up in a cozy black fur coat, pointing out places in and around Intervale, places she knew and loved so well.

The happiest and most thrilling experience of all was when early one morning she came quietly into our cold room and shutting the windows awoke us with a cheerful "Good morning" and showed us the splendor of a rose-red dawn tinting the snowy peaks of Mt. Washington. She was happy in helping us to see beauty, although our eyes never caught that finer, deeper meaning of beauty which hers saw clearly revealed in the ever-changing glory of the sunrise.

*Helen Tower, '35*

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This is a truth from which there is no parting.  
We'll come into the Garden silently  
And muse awhile. Ah, now there is no starting  
Forth again. The sky seems tenderly  
Brushed overhead, both mild and blue,  
The eternal seed is merely put to sleep.

Even now the evening wind  
Is dwindling,—not to die but rise anew.  
The fountain murmuring conversation keeps  
With moss and flowers 'round it rimmed.

Now the low violet will be meeker still:  
To mourn is his responsibility. . . .  
And tears may well up on the ruffled sill  
Of iris, seeming dew. Transparency,  
Not wholly spring's, may mark the early leaves  
This coming year. All this is greater proof

We have not lost our own dear Guide.  
Herself the Garden in some way retrieves,  
And in some way our nobler days of youth,  
And takes in Time that outward glides.

*Margit Thöny, '35*







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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## Au Courant

There are some things that can never be adequately expressed by words—usually the things we feel most deeply. One of these is appreciation. The words that would show Miss Comegys and Miss Jenks our appreciation of their guidance during this year are not to be found in the dictionary but in our hearts. And these unspoken words can only be expressed through our loyalty and coöperation. If each one of us shows her appreciation by thoughtfulness and general helpfulness, we shall express ourselves more sincerely than words could ever do.

We are glad to welcome this year two new faculty members. Miss Stone is assisting Mrs. Gray in the Speech Department, and guiding the Seniors through the intricacies of Psychology and Ethics. Miss Humes is always in the office when we need her, ready to send tele-



grams or make appointments with the hairdresser or be generally comforting. It is also pleasant to welcome back Miss Sweeney to the English Department after a year's leave of absence.

We are very happy to learn that Miss Robinson is much better. We have missed her, and are looking forward eagerly to her return. In the meanwhile we are consoled for her absence by Publius Vergilius, Esquire, and Miss Pettingell, who has long been a friend of Abbot. Miss Pettingell was here twelve years ago, and we hope she finds us as punctual and studious as our predecessors.

For the world-weary Senior who craves rest and relaxation Baronial Hall on a Wednesday afternoon is Paradise indeed. Before the fireplace, with a sizzling hamburg in one hand, and *Hamlet* in the other, there is time to talk, and write letters, and listen to the radio. Thank you, Mr. Flagg, for some of our happiest Wednesdays.

When we're all dressed up and ready to go to a lecture or concert at Phillips, we're really quite a good-looking school. It's rather a shame that we can't look as well on walks or downtown. It's not necessary to be a fashion-plate, but it is necessary to be clean and neat. If hats were put on at the proper angle, and coats and stockings straightened, we'd give a much better appearance. Tuesday night is another time when dressing could be improved. When a lecturer in immaculate evening dress comes to talk to us, we should greet him in something other than dirty sport-shoes and an old skirt and sweater. We know that Cuban heels aren't allowed, but at least we can clean our old shoes if we absolutely must wear them, and we can put on a nice-looking dress or suit. Everywhere we go we are leaving some sort of impression. Let's try to make it a good one.

Star no longer serenades us in the early dawn, nor is his perky tail seen fleeing down the corridors. Mrs. Myron Clark has taken him to her home in Bedford. We hope he will be happy there, and enjoy chasing mice and feathers for many years to come.

As you bend the stubborn back of your new COURANT, and turn over the pages with their characteristic smell of printer's ink, we



wonder if you ever try to picture the scene of its birth—a COURANT meeting.

COURANT meetings are by no means grim and austere gatherings. In fact, we have moments of hilarity when our attention wanders far from things literary. While we are deploring the dearth of material—which, by the way, is a hint and we hope you'll take it!—there is a loud knocking at the door and in walks one of our neighbors with a jovial word on her lips. Suddenly our solemnity impresses her to such an extent that she realizes this is no ordinary gathering, and as she glimpses the unexpected and startled countenance of our advisor, she backs out with horrified apologies, and the door closes on our amused chortles.

Eventually we return to the business of discussing and rediscussing, of cutting down and building up, for the putting-together of the COURANT is not all play. We no sooner get it to press than it is back again—proof to be read and corrected and arranged, but at last it is done. Behold—your new COURANT!

## The Storm

The sun was casting its first glowing rays above the Maine hills across Eggemoggen Reach as Marsha heaved herself out of bed. In a few minutes she had put on her ancient and strictly utilitarian garments, safety-pinning her coarse stockings to her bloomers, because since she had fallen through the barn floor it hurt her leg to tie the old shoelace around her stocking, as had been her custom.

She tiptoed out of the room so as not to disturb her loudly sleeping husband. In the kitchen she put on her store teeth with difficulty and ate some bread sopped in milk, then took them off again and set out across the field to milk the cow. She had a great deal ahead of her that day—she must go down to the woods to cut poles for her Kentucky Wonder beans, and there were peas to be picked for the Wilburs' order before the sun got too hot, and eggs to be collected—she hoped there would be enough for the Tuttles' dozen—the carrots needed to be thinned again, and she wanted to get her blueberries canned before they spoiled. The dewless grass and angry sky made her hasten her steps—there would probably be a storm in the afternoon. After a hurried milking she returned to get breakfast for her husband, Gates.

Gates Eaton was the postmaster of Little Deer Isle, and his was the all-absorbing task of rowing over and back the three-quarters of a mile across the Reach to the mainland once a day with the mail. Anything that smacked of duty was entirely against his principles. The only thing that kept him regularly at his job as postmaster was the fact that he was docked for every day he missed. But he would go to infinite pains over useless tasks and spend hours in the barn carefully hammering on old discarded horse-shoes. When the summer people who came to buy Marsha's vegetables, eggs, and milk found him killing flies with a fly-swatter on the outside of the house, he answered their astounded questions, "Wal, Marsha uses this 'ere poison stuff to kill bugs in the peas, and purty soon they's all be goed, so I figgers if I swat flies out 'ere long enough, they'll all be goed, so we won't have none to come in the house."

Gates seemed to be an ageless person—he had never withered because he had never bloomed. His dress was always ceremonious, a



high celluloid collar, black suit, and straw hat, except on the rare occasions when Marsha succeeded in prevailing upon him to help her with the farm, which was their means of support outside of his postman's pittance. His one interest, nay his passion, was his Mormon reunions across the Reach, which seemed to be in constant session and which he attended religiously.

On this day there was to be one which would begin in the morning. Gates felt that his presence was essential to the meeting in the morning, yet to come back in the afternoon for the island's out-going mail and row all the way back to the mainland and then return was out of the question. The natural solution was that Marsha should row over and bring back the island's mail while he was reuning. But this was one of the few times when Marsha hardened her heart and flatly refused to give in, because she had so much to do, so Gates finally left sulkily, obliged to return in the early afternoon.

At noontime while Marsha was cooking herself "a mess of peas," the hot wind quickened and the sky grew more threatening. Marsha began to worry about Gates and his coming back for the mail, and her conscience began to bother her. Yes, she should have said she would take the mail across. It wouldn't have taken much time, and now if he started across he would get caught in the storm, and Gates wasn't a strong rower. Her protective feeling for him arose, and the more she thought the more anxious she grew. Straining her eyes out across the Reach she finally thought she saw a small object set out from shore. Simultaneously there was a loud crash of thunder, and the rain came fiercely pursuing the foam-capped waves down the Reach, and in a moment it was overhead. The boat was some distance from the mainland now, and seemed to be having a hard time.

In a second Marsha had made up her mind. Putting on her rubber boots, so'wester, and an old coat, and seizing the waterproof mail bag which she had collected for Gates earlier in the day, she hurried down the path to the shore.

"It's all my fault—I should have taken over the mail. Now the boat may be upset. Oh God, help me to get to him in time." Over and over these words ran through her head, as she untied the painter, got into the boat and pushed off. A huge wave dashed the boat back against the scow, but after several tries she worked free from it. At every stroke she seemed to be driven back again, the water washed



into the boat, and it tipped precariously on the crest of each wave before plunging madly into the trough. But Marsha kept on, with the same indomitable courage that had carried her through many other crises in her sixty-three years, keeping her eye fixed on the floundering object across the Reach, and constantly reiterating the same prayer, "Oh God, help me to get to him in time."

She struggled, and though her spirit was young, her old body was sorely taxed. But bit by bit she gained on the boat, which, from what she could see of it through the blinding sheets of rain, did not seem to be making any progress. It was a very small boat, too small to be managed in such a sea, by Gates anyway.

Suddenly her heart almost stopped beating—was the boat overturned? She had gotten near enough to see that there was no figure rising above the level of the edge. Her hands relaxed in horror, and one of the oars was dashed out by a great wave and carried away. Too dazed even to notice she stared at the boat, but—*was* it a boat? All at once she realized that she had not been rowing to a boat, but to a large drifting log which her disturbed imagination had pictured as a boat.

A sudden lunging of the boat made her grasp for the oars, and she found her hand closing on but one. There she was in the middle of the heaving Reach, alone, her strength spent, and with one oar! For a moment her courage failed her, but Marsha was not one to give in to anything. With a supreme effort she raised the oar with numb arms and tried to paddle with it. Because Marsha had always been self-sufficient and the one to come to the aid of others, not to be aided, no thought of help from shore occurred to her, and it was to her utter amazement that she suddenly became aware of a boat coming toward her from the mainland. With a sob of incredulity and relief she sank back and waited for it.

Half an hour later she was helped out of her boat onto the scow by indignant fellow reunioners of her husband. Gates stood calmly smoking, sheltered under the porch of a house on the shore. Apparently it was the most natural thing to him that she should row over in the storm with the mail to spare him the trouble.

As they half-carried her up on the porch he remarked, "Wal, Marsha, you jest got here in time—the mail goes in ten minutes." Marsha stood stunned by his indifference and calm. So he didn't

realize—no, of course he wouldn't have. Well, he would never know. Gasping for breath, she replied, "Yes, Gates, I had lots to do before I come—you see, I decided to come to the reunion too, so I thought I'd jest as well bring the mail when I come. Thanks, boys, fer comin' out to help me. It would've taken sech a long time to paddle with one oar."

GRACE NICHOLS '36

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## Nature

I've smelt your incense,  
I've heard your song,  
I've thrilled to your pulsing beat.  
I've fashioned an altar  
Out of my heart,  
And I've worshipped at your feet.

I've buried my head in the perfumed pine;  
I've poured out my soul with the dawn;  
I've patterned my life on the full-grown oak,  
And avoided the sharp-edged thorn.

I've lived with you,  
I've danced with you,  
I've known your every way.  
When the moon steals up,  
And the world's asleep,  
I've seen you laugh while you play.

And yet there's a lonely ache in my heart;  
There's a longing I can't deny;  
You're far from my life,  
You can't be mine,  
Come nearer, come closer, I cry.

JOAN TODD '37

## Building a Dream

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was a little girl, six years old, who didn't spend her time playing dolls or having tea parties. She was an outdoorsy little girl, who liked nothing better than to sit at the very tip-top of a tree to watch the birds and clouds, unless it was to write bed-time stories. Sad to say, no one but her family liked her stories, but they praised them and seemed to love to have her read them out loud.

It was only a few years after the age of six that she started "Poem-trees." And then she wrote little pictures and little stories just to please herself, but always in the back of her mind, hidden far back in a dark corner, was the idea that some day, some far-away day, she would write a novel.

The little idea began to spread until one summer, when she had returned to her family after her first year at boarding-school, she decided that she would really begin to get ready to write her novel.

The first question was—"Where shall I go to write? Families are nice things, but you just can't think when they're around." So she asked her father if he would let her build a house. And he ordered the lumber.

She dug four holes deep and wide, and poured cement in squarish molds for posts to set her house upon. The sun shone down with intense heat, and as she placed the heavy beams she heard around her the heavy tread of camels' feet squashing into the dry sand. There floated to her ears the shrill cries of the Arabian camel boys urging their beasts ahead. The gray mist swirled around her head as she nailed the roof on, and she heard the sound of the foghorn of an English steamer just pushing out from the Thames harbor. She heard the hackney-cab drivers' voices as they proclaimed their rates to waiting customers.

But as she drove the last nail into the window frame, the odor of fresh pine in the clear mountain air penetrated her nostrils. Far away came the joyous shouts of a happy swimmer. Her house was done, finished! And it wasn't many rooms, hung with rich tapestries, the floors covered with soft Arabian rugs; but only one little room, with six windows and unfinished walls made of bare boards. Here and



there was a little chink where a beam of sunlight peeped through. It was built out on a rocky point over the sparkling cool water, and far away twin mountains rose up into the blue sky with impelling bigness. Her house! Her palace! Her very own place where she could think of pleasant things to write—

A novel? Perhaps.

MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM '37

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## Old Burying Hill

Here, in a stillness only sea sounds startle,  
Here, in a lonely place swept by the breeze,  
Where gold and silver moonbeams dance and sparkle  
Upon gray slabs and knotted apple trees;  
Here, on this hill which overlooks the bay,  
Here, where the sea-fog inland roaring pounds,  
And where the storm winds howl and shriek and play  
And hungry seagulls utter mournful sounds;  
Where Death and Life have often started  
To gamble, and Death has won the greater sweep;  
Here, where the souls of men long since departed  
Brood over those who found more recent sleep,  
Lie in their rock-formed beds the sturdy-hearted,  
Simple and brawny fishers of the deep.

PATRICIA SMITH '36

## One Moment Pause

Spring had come in Susan Jeffrey's garden. Pussy willows peeked over the high brick wall; forsythia flung a splotchy shadow over the terrace, and around the moss-grown fountain purple iris stood tall and proud. In the long late afternoon the garden was a place of drowsy ghosts. Something crushed and sweet-smelling lurked behind its shrubbery; the low twitter of unseen swallows echoed in the beech trees; and Susan, in her lavender dimity, walked up and down the flagged garden path, smiling at the forsythia and the fountain and the tiny crocuses along the wall.

There came a twilight when she forgot to smile. Instead she watched the garden-gate, and crumpled her handkerchief in one thin, blue-veined hand. For Christopher was coming home to sleep for a night in the room where he had been born, and with him would return the anger and the pain which for so many years she had banished from her heart.

The garden had not changed in those years—although the beech trees drooped a little more, and forty generations of swallows had come and gone. Had the years changed Christopher?

She saw him again, fighting with Peter Wainwright under the beech trees—his young face savage and strangely cruel; Peter's determined—but not angry. She saw the two standing before her father, old Walter Jeffrey; and she heard Christopher say sullenly, "Pete started it, Father."

She saw them under the beech trees on the night Christopher came home from college and Peter told him that he was going to marry his sister. She had stood there between them, her hand held tightly in Peter's, and listened to Christopher's "Not if I have anything to say about it," and Peter's "Well, you haven't."

And it was under the beech trees that she had been told of Peter's death. Her father had told her—gently—but withholding none of the truth. She could still feel the fierce anger that had burnt away all her tears, and remembering those first hours of agony, her hatred of Christopher rose once more, and she could not bear the thought of seeing him in this garden where she and Peter had been so happy long ago. For Christopher might have spoken in time to save Peter, and he had been silent.

There was a rumble of wheels outside the high brick wall, and the whole garden seemed to hold its breath in expectancy. It was Christopher. Through the pitiless tears that suddenly filled her eyes, Susan saw the arrogant figure that had haunted her for forty years. She went forward to meet her brother, her heart cold and her manner formal.

Christopher's hair was white that had once been black and curly; there were many signs of time and sorrow in the face that forty years before had been young and self-satisfied. The eyes Susan had remembered as mocking and proud now peered at her with the humble apology of old age for an infirmity it could not help. Looking into her brother's face, so changed and so pitiful, Susan saw that he was no longer Christopher. Peter's smile lurked on his face, and his eyes were as tender as Peter's had once been. The cruelty and the stubbornness had been torn away.

"Susan," he said, "have you forgiven me?"

She smiled at him kindly, and the garden drew a long breath of relief as she answered him,

"I forgave you years ago, Christopher."

ELEANOR WELLS '36



## That Leaf

It fell one lovely autumn day  
Into a little brook,  
It started on its journey long  
Without a parting look.  
It drifted far until that stream  
Became a river wide,  
With other leaflets like itself  
It drifted side by side.

It surged along until it reached  
The ever-moving deep,  
It slowly sank until it reached  
The ocean's silent keep.  
Our life like this now goes along  
Its ever-broadening streams,  
Forever striving on to reach  
The sea of which it dreams.

ROSALIE RAPPOPORT '36

## A Different Kind of Courage

Ten months of mud, filth, and starvation. Ten nightmare months of dragging one's weary self like a broken log through slime thick enough to cover a man's body. A ghastly eternity when time meant nothing and self-preservation was the first law. It was the war, a gaping inferno where souls were coarsened to unbelievable brutality, and the only universal thought was kill, kill, kill. Ten months of this and now a reprieve of two weeks. Two weeks to see if anywhere in England there remained a decent spark of humanity, a green field, and a blue sky. Desmond Wellor raised his eyes from the white slip of paper granting him leave of absence, and looked upwards, higher and higher, to where a rift in the gray smoke let a thin glimmer of white shine through. He flung out his arms in a gesture of exultation, and then slid back into the trenches.

Two days later he stepped off a train at Durham, where Peter Alvert's parents lived. Peter had been his companion from the beginning of the war, and although he hadn't been able to get leave at this time, he had made Desmond promise to spend his furlough at his house. Desmond had had no place else to go, so he had accepted.

He stood on the platform and silently looked at the country for several moments, then summoning a cab he directed it to Montvelt, Peter's home. The cab soon drew up below a low, rambling gray house with long green lawns and exquisite gardens. Dusk was settling down in a darkening haze, and the last crimson rays of the sun caught a reflection of itself in all the front windows. The fragrance of honeysuckle and clover mingled with the warm air, and the faint gurgle of water in the distance lent a gay, uneven note to the calm of evening. Desmond drew a deep sigh of contentment, walked slowly up the pebbled path, and rang the doorbell. He had met Peter's father and mother several years before when they had brought their son to the training school. He knew he was expected, and yet he had a queer feeling of apprehension, almost hesitation.

The door was opened by a young maid, and at the same time Peter's mother came quickly out of the drawing-room to meet him. She was still in her early forties, but she looked rather old and weary. Desmond knew that she hadn't had gray hair the last time he had

seen her. Later on, shaking hands with Mr. Alvert he noticed the same expression of weariness and depression, even bitterness. Probably worrying over Peter, he thought.

The days passed swiftly. Peter's father and mother did everything possible to make him comfortable, and yet something was lacking, something vital, something human. The same feeling of apprehension and mystery clung to him. At times his presence was entirely forgotten. His host would sink into a reverie, oblivious of his surroundings. He had an attitude of meditating, almost reminiscing. Once in a great while when he looked at Desmond there would be a faint hostility in his eyes, and Desmond would feel shut out, unwanted.

The weather remained calm and warm, as if trying to do penance for the ugliness of war. Desmond took exhilarating rides and spent long afternoons under a huge spreading tree, sometimes with a book, or sometimes just lying on the cool grass, breathing the fragrant air and dreaming of peace and love. When he returned to Montvelt, he often found Peter's parents talking together, but when he entered they became silent, or asked him politely if he had enjoyed himself. Desmond began to feel almost repugnance against entering the house. He could not analyze the sensation. At times the household seemed to be in perfect unity, but soon the air would become charged with a quivering tension. Once he fancied he caught a glimpse of tears in Mrs. Alvert's eyes, but when he looked at her again she only smiled, rather sadly he thought, and asked if he were going to the dance that night.

His leave was drawing to an end, and although he was ashamed to admit it, he felt rather relieved. He had had a wonderful time. Then—what was the matter? Perhaps the war had done something to his nerves. He imagined he often felt the eyes of Peter's parents fastened on him when he turned away. The trouble was probably inside himself. The eternal noise and clamor of war had made him too sensitive.

The last day arrived, and Desmond cordially thanked Peter's father and mother for their hospitality. Peter's mother kissed him goodbye and blessed his safe return. Peter's father shook his hand and apologized for not being a more genial host. Desmond left with an intangible sensation of secrecy and sadness hanging over him. He wondered why the Alverts had sent no message to Peter. In fact,



now that he really thought of it, they had hardly mentioned his name, and when they had it was in a level, dead tone.

When Desmond rejoined his company the next day, he found several of his companions in the canteen. He immediately asked for Peter. There was a sudden, terrible silence in the noisy room. Heads turned quickly to look at him and then were averted. The air was caught in a still, breathless void. Desmond found himself thinking abstractedly how much the whole scene looked like a clear-cut block-print. Suddenly one of the men broke the stillness, "Haven't you been visiting his family?" "Why, yes," Desmond answered. The men looked at him strangely, then back at each other. The same one spoke again, "Peter was killed the day you left on leave."

JOAN TODD '37

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## The Caravan

Across the wide, gray prairies  
Plod a thousand weary feet,  
Toward the golden land of sunshine—  
Beat—Beat—Beat.

Through the forests, o'er the rivers,  
Through the damp grass, long and sweet,  
Past the hills and through the desert—  
Beat—Beat—Beat.

People, oxen, cattle, surging—  
Count the tramp of weary feet.  
Wagons bump and sway, careening—  
Beat—Beat—Beat.

Toward the land of sun and shadow,  
To the land where life is sweet,  
Ah, at last the miles are covered!—  
Beat—Beat—Beat.

DIANA GREENE '39

## Winter Night

I start home after Fidelio with my lunch-box rattling and bumping against me, and my nose tingling from the cold air. I have refused all offers of a ride home, for if one is to write realistically of a winter night is there any better way than to find out what happens? So I trudge along in the snow, humming a little tune we have been practising and trying to notice something to write about. Mr. Howe, whom I have been following, closes the door of his house with a shudder; evidently I am off key.

The lights are all blazing in the dormitories at Phillips, for there is not one boy who has remembered to turn off his lights when he went to supper. Delicious odors float out from the dining-hall, and I quicken my steps, for I am very hungry.

A car passes me, swerving a little on the icy road. It is fun to watch my shadow from the street-light grow longer and longer until it is an incongruous shape stretched before me.

Now that I am outside the circle of light, darkness envelops me, for there are few houses along this road. The misshapen outline of the old elm stands out grotesquely against the snow. A pale, aloof moon shines on the fields. I wonder if the streaks of gray around the horizon mean more snow tomorrow.

As I reach the top of the hill the lights in the towns toward Boston appear one by one out of the black abyss. I wonder why they are there, what they come from. I know this string of white ones is down on the Reading road, and the red beacon that flashes every minute right on the horizon is from the Custom House tower. But what of all the rest of the lights between them? Does that one light up a merry family sitting around their supper table? Do all those yellow ones light some street where the people are hurrying home? Where does that lonely one come from? Sometime I should like to know.

But here is a light more welcome than any I have seen. It comes from the reading-lamp in my living-room window. I have enjoyed the walk home, but what shall I write about?

MARY ELLIOT '39

## A Self-Satisfied Lady Finds Truth

I gave you my heart to fill with singing,  
I gave my mind to comprehend your speech,  
I gave you gifts like lazy apples swinging  
Green, with faint red to ripen in your reach.

I gave the pass-key of my iron-locked soul,  
I gave you weeping and I gave you mirth;  
I was myself a shining pewter bowl  
Of fruits and spices from the bloom-burnt earth.

I gave you trade-winds and the bitter sea,  
I gave you moonlight on a distant hill;  
I gave you lemon and two sugars in your tea,  
And in your cap I stuck a peacock quill.

—I have not tired of giving, but I see  
That you are tired, unhappily, of me!

ELEANOR WELLS '36



## Winnepesaukee Waves

It certainly was raining! The kitchen couldn't supply enough pots and pans to catch the leaks. The wind blew the rain right through the cracks in the unfinished board wall. Horace looked very funny, with his hair standing up straight, his sleeves rolled up, running from one room to another mopping up the biggest puddles on the floor. But when we gave up the mopping as futile, we found Sally standing by the fire looking really worried.

"Do you two realize that mother and father haven't come back from fishing, and are out in this terrific storm in the rowboat-kicker?"

Horace and I stood aghast. They were out in this ripping wind and pounding rain in that silly little boat without even raincoats! A sudden crash of thunder brought us to our senses, and we dashed to the closet for slickers and hats, and pushed our way out of the door into the woods, crashing with the storm, leaving Sally at the house. Horace and I knew that they had gone to Center Harbor, so we headed our boat out of the channel, around the island, to travel those three miles to find them. *The Little Beaver* was a big boat, and a seaworthy one. She rode the waves with pride, shipping only a little more spray than usual.

The engine sputtered, and almost died under the drenching force of a huge wave. Horace jumped to nurse it along. I was in the bow steering. The rain beat with icy pellets against my face, and into my eyes until tears rolled involuntarily down my cheeks. The wind blew my eyelids closed. It took strength to keep them open. I tried to peer through this blanket of water to see the light buoy at the mouth of Center Harbor bay which marked the reef. But it was impossible. I couldn't make out any landmarks at all, just shadows of black and gray. The wind swept the rain in great clouds across the water, flattening it completely by its force. I suddenly realized the danger of our situation. We must be near the buoy now, and if we should pile up on the rocks in this storm, there would be no saving the boat.

Crash—*The Beaver* trembled under the impact. My thoughts raced wildly. Horace dashed to the bow to see what was the trouble, but strangely enough we seemed to be still going on. And then I saw to

my right, rubbing along the edge of the gunwale, the light buoy. We had bumped into it, and we were on the right side of the rocks. Center Harbor was straight ahead.

The harbor dock was rainswept and deserted—no sign of mother and father, or of their boat. Our hearts sank. Horace turned to me with a look of despair which showed plainly his disappointment and worry. We turned back towards home.

The wind and thunder had stopped now, leaving only the down-pour of rain, which blotted everything from sight. We pushed our way home slowly and carefully, both of us equally worried. We turned into the channel between our island and the one next to ours, which led to the boat-house. We stamped our wet feet on the porch, and slowly opened the door to the house, dreading to break the bad news to Sally. But there in the living-room in front of the blazing fire in the fireplace were mother and father, shrouded in the steam from their dripping clothes. We stood fixed in our tracks. They were home?

How did you get here? Where did we miss you? When? Why? Questions tumbled out one after the other.

Mother answered our questions. "We saw you leave. We came in the back end of the channel just as you left the boathouse, but the wind was too strong for you to hear our calls."

MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM '37

## Evening

Among all the pictures of summer joys, isn't one of peaceful evenings the pleasantest to look back upon? Many times in the future I shall look back to those calm summer evenings in the White Mountains.

It's the late afternoon of a hot summer day. The sun is nearing the peaks of the mountains that cut the horizon into a jagged line. I feel a great contentment stealing over me, although I do feel rather irritated at the heedless raucous noises issuing from the barn behind the house. I should love to get away by myself to think while the sun sets. To think is to act, and I find myself swinging down the shadowy woods road toward the lake. The sun has already left the valley where the road runs, and the night sounds are beginning to creep into the still listening air. Birds peep sleepily in their nests, and toads rustle the leaves at the edge of the road. Even the brook mumbles lazily to itself as it falls over green mossy rocks. After twenty minutes of walking I reach the lake shore of the lake that has no shore. The trees come down to the edge and the rocks repel anyone who might venture to be bold enough to wade. The bottom is soft and muddy between the rocks, result of many years of decaying leaves and water plants. The lake itself is glassy, except where little water bugs skim over the surface. There is no sound of human life. There are no people. Although the lake is in the midst of summer resorts, there are only five cottages at the extreme other end of its six-mile length. The mud and rocks discourage the visitor at this end. The woods run down to the water's edge, the swamp is full of wild life, and the whole scheme of nature lies undisturbed.

There is a boat tied to the alders on the bank, and I get in and thoughtfully row towards the center of the lake. Everything is calm. The thrushes are beginning to sing and the frog is croaking in the marsh. The sun is setting in a halo of orange fire behind the coal black mountains. The lake is molten fire and the clouds reflected in its depths are copper-hued. The woods are black and become blacker as the sun fades from sight and the orange glow on the lake changes to rippling blue, silver, and black. One by one the stars come out, a breeze rises and softly whispers through the pines on the shore. A



cool mist rises from the now black lake and dispels the heat of the day.

It is time to go. Reluctantly I pull the boat to the shore, tie it to the alder and set off up the pitch black path to the road. The woods are inky and the road is a pale blur before my eyes, but above the stars are newly polished and shine in ever-new brilliance. As I slowly walk through the living black world, a great peace comes over me. I have seen the perfect end of another perfect day and Nature has again overwhelmed me with the vitality and living power of its beauty. Tomorrow will be another vivid, sparkling day, but at its end will come another soft purple and gold twilight, so different and yet so like the one that has just passed.

ANNE ROBINS '36

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## Late Again

The bells are ringing, feet are rushing by,  
A thump is heard above, then all is still.  
My head emerges, covers rise up high,  
Then settle down again until the trill  
Of jarring, never-ceasing clang of bells  
Allows no peace until another night.  
A stocking's lost and snarly hair rebels,  
A search through bureau drawers, a hasty fight  
To pull on sweater, straighten skirt, a rush,  
A slide, are all in vain and I am late.  
I sneak around the corner, stammer, flush,  
The teacher frowns immobile, tense, irate.  
Tomorrow morning bells will ring in vain,  
In spite of warnings, I'll be late again.

MARION MOONEY '36

## The Doophloppy and His Capture

The doophloppy is an animal to be found in northern Canada. Its native haunts are the wide open spaces and the thick forests, but sometimes it can be found happily haunting a lake shore in search of its friends the whangpluppies. Of course, before we institute a search for these creatures, we must carefully observe their appearance.

We can always recognize these colorful denizens of the Canadian wilds by their many-toothed smiles. This is only a fake, for all is false (the teeth, at least). You see, every night the doophloppy takes them out and puts them in a glass of  $H_2O$  to cool. He is a very long and slim animal, built along the lines of a dachshund, but being very timid has become so long from running away that if it were not for wings in the center of his back which bear up his nether portions, he would drag along the ground. As he only comes out at sunset, he is camouflaged by pink and green stripes running around to the left. The point in this is that the pink blends with the sunset and the green with his surroundings. Therefore, as one can readily see, he can pass to and fro unobserved. His ears are located at the tip of his corkscrew tail. Being timid this aids him, because if he hears a disturbing sound he does not have to turn to run. Upon studying, I have found that there is a use for everything, no matter how trivial. Investigating the tail, we find that if the tender doophloppy hears something which shocks him, because of the spring-like nature of the tail the full brunt of the blow does not reach him but is absorbed by his caudal appendage.

The doophloppy is a thing of joy and consequently can only be caught on Wednesdays and Sundays. In hunting these elusive beings, one goes armed with several glances similar to those wielded by irate pedagogues when we have failed to pass with a low sixty those tests of knowledge referred to as exams. Along with this it is best to take a package of cheese (preferably Limburger, if you can bear to carry it to the happy hunting grounds) and a polished mirror. Thus if your glance fails to bring down the prey, bring forth the mirror and the cheese. Place them in close proximity, with the mirror's face directly behind the tempting morsel. Then the doophloppy, enticed by the odoriferous bait, will consume it, gurgling with joy. After which,

when he looks up to lick his chops with a sigh of contentment, he will be entranced by his reflection and will remain in this condition until picked up by the hunter. If the animal departs after eating the cheese you will know that it was because of one of two things. Either you did not polish the mirror to a shining brilliancy or else the doophloppy was not conceited. If it was the latter we would not want one of that ilk anyway.

After he is caught the doophloppy is very docile, and as he never eats except on vacation, makes an ideal ornament for picture frames, for he can be tied here and there about the person to make him fit the frame.

However, as the Canadian government has banned doophloopy hunts, perhaps it would be best to hunt their friends, the whang-pluppies, instead.

MARJORIE RUTHERFORD '37

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## What Shall We Do?

They came into the room, sat down on the green couch rather breathlessly, looked at each other, and smiled. The girl was plainly excited and happy. Little flags of color in her cheeks kept coming and going, yet there was an under-current of anxiety in her whole appearance. She twisted an unfamiliar gold band on her third finger as she said:

"Oh, Bill, it's such a shame that we have to do this to her. I hate to do it. I'm so happy, and this is such a wonderful day in our lives—why can't she be happy with us instead of—"

"It's too bad. But when she sees," interrupted Bill modestly, "what a good husband I'll be, she'll change her mind. Don't worry."

"Oh, I know, dear," she replied, laughing a little. And then more seriously, "Do you suppose she'll faint again? She scared me to death when I told her we were engaged. And—do you remember? She had nervous indigestion for weeks afterwards—"

"Yes, and forbidding us to see each other." A little frown appeared between Bill's eyes for a second. "Well, Carol, it's too late for her to do anything now."



"She'll be down any minute. How shall I tell her? Shall I say, 'Grandma, Bill and I were married an hour ago,' just like that? Or shall I tell her gradually? I don't know but what it would be a good idea to call a doctor beforehand." She giggled nervously. "I guess we'd better manoeuver her into a chair first, and have a glass of water at hand. Aren't we awful to make fun like this? She's been so wonderful to me—"

"Yeah, but she certainly doesn't care about me," sighed Bill.

They lapsed into silence. Carol grew more and more serious. She started to speak, hesitated, and finally said with an effort, "Bill, are you sure we have the right to do this to her? It seems so heartless to walk out on her this way."

"Hey, Carrie," cried Bill, in alarm, "Listen here, I thought we'd settled all that!"

The sound of feet was heard slowly descending the stairs. Bill and Carol looked at each other, he very determined, she unhappy and indecisive.

"You let me do the talking," he ordered.

Grandma entered the room. Bill stood up.

"I—we—," he began. Grandma silenced him with a gesture, and stood looking at them. Carol twisted her handkerchief frantically, and Grandma's eyes were caught by the gleam of the wedding-ring. She went over to Carol, took her hand and looked at it silently. Presently she kissed Carol gently, and said, "Well, my dear, if that's what you wish—" And then with a complete change of mood, "Heavens! It's almost one o'clock, and probably you children haven't eaten yet! Put on your hats, and we'll see what can be done to honor this occasion!"

JANE RICE '37

## Blue Mountains

Blue mountains—you are too friendly with the sky—  
You mock the green plain and the brown foot-hills.  
You make dignified love to the painted clouds.  
You look proudly over the tree-tops to some strange horizon,  
But have you ever seen a poinsianna  
Stabbing its brilliance against a dusty road?  
Have you heard the crying of the tree-toads in the night,  
Or the talk of young people under the moon?  
Blue mountains—have you ever laughed at yourselves,  
Or are you too interested in the view?

ELEANOR WELLS '36

## Honor Roll

### FIRST HALF

Mary Lindley Murray, Jane Rice	91
Anne Robins, Ruth Rose, Joan Todd	90
Grace Nichols, Barbara Pierpoint, Pauline Spear	89
Eliese Duncan, Lois Holmes, Anne Sawyer, Jeanne Sawyer, Ruth Wittig	88

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## Calendar

### *November*

The second quarter of the year was begun very interestingly by Dr. Pillsbury, who told us all sorts of things we never knew before about plants. His lecture was illustrated by colored motion-pictures of growing plants and microscopic studies.

The next day social teas were held for the South Church girls at the home of Mrs. Ripley, and for the Christ Church girls at the home of Mrs. Henry.

The following Saturday Dr. Meserve gave the third of her talks to the girls on mental hygiene.

On Armistice Day the English Department had charge of a special chapel, in which they attempted to explain the work of the League of Nations, especially in the Ethiopian dispute.

Tuesday evening, Joseph Knitzer, the violinist, gave us a charming recital. We appreciated his great ability, and were glad to see our own Miss Friskin accompanying him at the piano.

Wednesday was Gargoyle-Griffin Field Day, and the school turned out in full force to watch the tennis, basketball and hockey. The teams were very evenly matched, and the day was a great success, ending with the Griffins slightly ahead.

Philomathia directed the special chapel on Friday. They showed us interesting movies on how motion-picture film is made.



On Saturday we heard of Miss Bailey's passing. Her funeral was held the afternoon of the 19th of November, in the South Church. The triumphant sunset watched over our tribute to a glorious life.

After the A. C. A. chapel we all felt willing and anxious to give to those less fortunate than ourselves, and to make their Christmas a happy one.

Miss Friskin's recital on Tuesday evening gave us a chance to appreciate her playing, as we often fail to do when engrossed in counting time and paying attention to crescendos and diminuendos in choir and music lessons.

The long-awaited hour finally arrived. On the 27th, after the joyous Thanksgiving service, we left for the Thanksgiving Recess.

The vesper speakers for November were Bishop W. W. Anderson, Dr. Henry Hallam Tweedy, Rev. Raymond Clapp, Rev. A. Graham Baldwin, and Dr. Clarence A. Barbour.

## December

A. D. S. gave us an hilarious evening, presenting three short plays, *Suppressed Desires*, a Freudian comedy; *The Maker of Dreams*, a fantasy of Pierrot and Pierrette; and another comedy, *The Man Who Thought of Everything*. We thank both the society and Mrs. Gray who coached them, for these very enjoyable plays.

### THE MAN WHO THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING

E. W. Taylor

IRENE . . . . .	Rosalie Rappoport
ERNEST . . . . .	Martha Sweeney
PHYLLIS . . . . .	Patricia Burdine

### THE MAKER OF DREAMS

Oliphant Down

PIERROT . . . . .	Frances Mahoney
PIERRETTE . . . . .	Mary Toohey
THE MANUFACTURER . . . . .	Elizabeth Sargent

### SUPPRESSED DESIRES

George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell

HENRIETTA BREWSTER . . . . .	Barbara Reinhart
STEPHEN BREWSTER . . . . .	Harriott Cole
MABEL . . . . .	Carol Stillwell
MAID . . . . .	Joan Brown

Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray, *Director*

The Pupils' Recital disclosed the cause of all the strains of music which we hear echoing from the practice rooms. We are prouder than ever of our schoolmates, and hope that they may someday be as successful in the world as they are at Abbot.

Rev. Carl Hopf from the Mt. Vernon Street Church of Boston in a most inspiring talk on Sunday evening urged us to make ourselves indispensable to others.

One of the most important events of the year—the Faculty Play! We discovered that our faculty is wonderfully talented, not only in the ways of kings and French verbs and Psychology, but in the ways of the stage. We are prouder than ever of them.

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK

LUSH . . . . .	M. Snow
POPPY FAIRE . . . . .	Helen Bean
MRS. AGATHA WHATCOMBE . . . . .	Marie Craig
AMBROSE APPLEJOHN . . . . .	C. Stone
ANNA VALESKA . . . . .	Evelyn Rumney
MRS. PENGARD . . . . .	Kate Friskin
HORACE PENGARD . . . . .	B. Humes
IVAN BOROLSKY . . . . .	M. Carpenter
PALMER . . . . .	Eunice Campbell
DENNET . . . . .	J. H. Baynes
JOHNNY JASON . . . . .	R. Baker

PIRATES  
J. H. Baynes, R. Hughes, A. Sweeney, N. Sweeney, H. Duncan, F. Butterfield,  
H. Chickering, R. Baker, P. Minard  
Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray, *Director*

January

After a long and refreshing Christmas vacation, we returned to the task of preparing for Mid-years. The first important social event after our return was the Gargoyle-Griffin party which the Griffins gave in the form of a minstrel show. The Gargoyles enjoyed it all, from first to last.

Our next special Chapel was under the direction of the Department of Physical Education. It featured thrilling motion-pictures of ski technique and skiing in the White Mountains. At least we know how it should be done.

The following Tuesday evening Sydna White, a former Abbot girl, gave a demonstration and informal talk on the music of India, taking us many miles from Abbot on an exciting journey to the Orient.

The School Tea Dance was held the next day. Nearly everyone went. It created great excitement in the more or less tranquil life of Abbot.

At Hall Exercises that week Earle Spicer, a baritone, gave a most enjoyable concert of ballads, ranging from one composed by King Henry VIII of England to "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," when the whole school joined in on the chorus.

The Tuesday evening before mid-years, many girls went to a concert at Phillips given by Lotte Lehmann, who came up to our highest expectations of a great singer.

Mid-years cut short the list of social events of the month of January.

## *February*

After mid-years we celebrated by going in to Boston to see the Lunts in *The Taming of the Shrew*. That evening Mr. John Angel spoke to us about his sculpture, which is so beautifully placed in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

The Seniors went to Intervale the next week, but the week after life settled down to normality again.

Miss Tingley gave us a delightful recital on Tuesday evening, ending with "The Toad's Wooing", which was our favorite last year. Thank you, Miss Tingley.

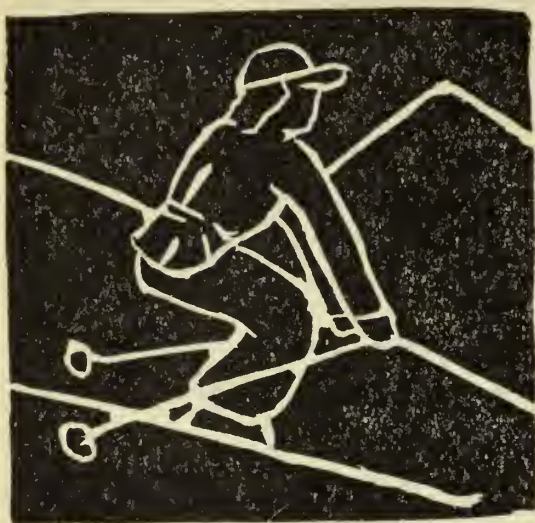
We had an unexpected and very welcome week-end in celebration of February 22nd. It was a great success from everyone's point of view.

We had the great privilege of having Mr. Kohn of Smith College speak to us one evening on the possibilities of a European war, and what the League of Nations could do to prevent war.

The last Friday morning in February the Latin Department was in charge of a special chapel held in memory of the great Latin poet, Horace. We were very glad to have the opportunity of hearing Dr. Chase from Phillips Academy speak on many interesting and charming characteristics of Horace.

The Sunday evening speakers for February were Rev. M. W. Stackpole, Rev. C. W. Henry, and Rev. J. Edgar Park.





## Athletic News

I wonder what species the little bug or whole family of little bugs was which infected the entire school with that contagious ski enthusiasm. The first snowfall buried our nice ice for skating so very far under that something just had to be done. And Miss Carpenter did it, by instilling an interest in sliding down hills and burying noses far beneath that white crystalline substance. We slid, and we buried, and we started again. There were only a few of us until the great day came which brought us a ski instructor, Mr. Podmonidski, who attempted to teach us to keep our noses unbumped.

There was a general stampede to buy equipment. We looked wonderfully professional, with our shiny ski-bindings, and cosy wind-proof navy-blue or gray parkas, or bright jackets. Big boots clumped down the halls, and the smell of scorched ski wax permeated the building. Such were the preparations.

There couldn't be a better practice slope than Chapin's Hill for all kinds of turns with nice long technical names that we roll off our tongues with glib ease.

With some of us it was a question of "do or die." Down the hill once, ending with a feeble glide to right or left, while our instructor called after us—"keep a little more soft in the knees, now." And we climbed up again, shaking our heads, ready for another grim descent.

Others, more bashful, found a nice little slope for themselves where they practised on their own initiative. And still others stood and shivered at the top of the hill, watching their braver friends until finally they mustered enough courage for an attempt.

The Athletic Council has decided to give points for certain tests on turns, and some of us have already passed one test. Now, however, it looks as though puddle-jumping will take the place of ski-jumping. But next winter will soon be here again, so until then we will put our skis away in a corner—

It was unexpectedly warm the Saturday that we had picked for our winter sports carnival. There had been a new fall of snow the day before, and there wasn't even a path broken to the athletic field. Instead of standing and shivering while watching the races, as we have done in years past, we took off our jackets and rolled up our sleeves, to prepare for the fray.

The fifty-yard dash on skis was more of a contest in snow ploughing, but the Gargoyles won first place. A potato race on skis was as exciting for spectators as for the participants. Other events were the one ski and one snowshoe race, a twenty-yard dash on snowshoes, and two very funny barrel-going-through, net-going-under races, one on snowshoes and one on skis. We ended up with a grand finale with everyone taking part in a running race through the deep snow. The score for the day ended with the Griffins slightly ahead.

## Exchanges

Perhaps you may not know that the COURANT makes a regular exchange with quite a few other school magazines. We should like to acknowledge with many thanks the following exchanges of this year:

*The Tower Dial*, Tower Hill School  
*The Lasell News*, Lasell Junior College  
*The Anvil*, Middlesex School  
*The Tabor Log*, Tabor Academy  
*The Lantern*, Rowland Hall  
*Lincoln Green*, The Lincoln School  
*Hill Breezes*, Hillsdale Country Day School  
*The Blue Print*, The Katharine Branson School  
*The Wyvern*, Kingswood School  
*The Academe*, Albany Academy for Girls  
*The Archon*, Governor Dummer Academy  
*The Turret*, The Tower School  
*The Green Leaf*, Greenwich Academy  
*Magus*, Milton Academy Girls' Upper School  
*Rigmarole*, Choate School  
*The Punch Harder*, Punchard High School  
*The Hebronian*, Hebron Academy

Three magazines seem to deserve special mention, *The Blue Print*, *The Wyvern*, and *The Green Leaf*. The COURANT board liked particularly the literature of *The Blue Print* and *The Wyvern*, and the whole arrangement of *The Green Leaf*. The story "Varnish" in the December issue of *Magus*, and "Diminuendo" in *The Green Leaf* were extremely good.



## Alumnae Notes

Every year Abbot girls go out into the big wide world, and are scattered all over the United States and foreign countries, doing all sorts of interesting things.

The college most popular with the class of '35 is Smith, which now has ten Abbot girls in the Freshman Class. Cathleen Burns is receiving high honors in her Spanish class. Many girls are singing in the Freshman Choir. These musical girls are Susan Hildreth, Doris Anderson, Eleanor Johnson, Barbara Chamberlain and Lucia Nunez. Other Abbot girls in the Freshman class are Betsey Armington, Ann Humphreys, Evelyn Chappell.

Dorothy Rockwell, a senior at Smith this year, and a past editor of COURANT, is going in for honors in English.

Nancy Marsh, of the class of '34, is on the Dean's List as a result of her Freshman grades.

Elizabeth Holihan, a Senior, has been elected to membership in the Social Science Club.

Wellesley comes next on the list of colleges chosen by Abbot Alumnae. Beverly Sutherland and Betty Flanders, both of the class of '34, took part in the Barnswallow play, *The Far-away Princess*. Betty took the part of the princess, and Beverly that of "Rosa." Beverly and Helen Tower of '35 have been excused from the second semester of Freshman English, but they are both taking a "Free English" course. We wonder what interesting stories are resulting?

Other Freshmen at Wellesley this year are Jane Dawes, Joan Henry, and Eleise Strahl.

Katharine Scudder and Ann Cutler find Vassar a wonderful place. Kay is singing in the college Choir, and Ann and Elizabeth Murphy are members of the college Glee Club. Another Abbot girl in the Freshman class at Vassar is Ellen Rivinius.

Virginia Chapin, at Abbot four years ago, is taking a top place in Vassar's social life, as this year's Junior Prom chairman.

At Connecticut College are five girls who graduated from Abbot last year, and who are enjoying Freshman life. These girls are Phyllis

Brown, Phyllis Harding, Jean Wilson, Cynthia Madden and Elizabeth Jordan.

Geraldine Johnson is the traveler of the class of '35. She has just finished her German study in Munich, and is now in Nice to continue her French. "Bon jour, Jerry."

Of Abbot's class of '32, Florence Dunbar is a prominent member of the Senior Class at Mount Holyoke. She has written a play which was presented at the college, and she also won the Sarah Streeter cup, which is awarded each year to the Senior found to be in the best physical condition.

Georgeanna Gabeler, Shirley Powers, Barbara Nevins and Barbara Symonds are Freshmen at Wheaton College.

Carol Prudden is studying Art this year in Montclair, N. J., and expects to continue in New York next year.

Abbot is represented in several other college freshman classes.

St. Lawrence College, New York—Elaine Eaton

Cornell, New York—Claire Cregg, Helen Heald

Bates College, Maine—Helen Cary

University of Michigan—Priscilla Abbot

Katharine Gibbs, New York City—Mary Florence Barlow

Barnard College, New York City—Margit Thöny

Oberlin College, Ohio—Cecile Van Peurse

Erskine Dramatic School—Anne Hurlburt

Russell Sage, New York—Doris Schwartz

Auburn Collegiate Center of Syracuse University—Alice Robinson

The engagement of Vivian Southworth, who attended Abbot a few years ago, to Richard Gerstell was announced recently by her parents. She is teaching French here at Abbot during the absence of Madame Craig.

Helen Ripley, who graduated from Abbot in '30, is now teaching at the Briggs-Allen School in Andover.

Another engagement, that of Carol Grosvenor '31 to Dr. Walter Kendall Myers, was announced a short time ago. The wedding will take place in May.

Ann Cole's engagement to Thomas B. Gannett has been announced. The date of the wedding has been set for April 18th.

Una Cleveland Rogers '33, is engaged to be married to Putnam King.

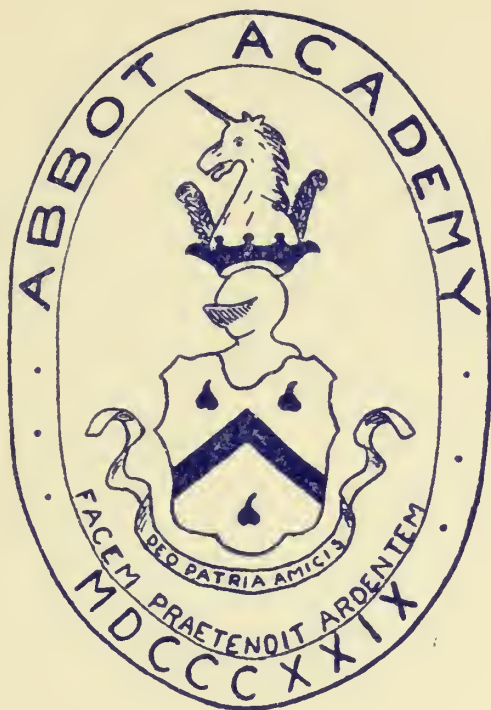
Betty Carver Snyder was married on October 12th to Richard Gay Cady.

On the 8th of February the Seniors were invited to a meeting of the Boston Abbot Club at the Hotel Vendome. The meeting was held in memory of Miss Bailey. Remembering Miss Bailey's great love of music, Miss Friskin played at the beginning and end of the program. Mr. Flagg spoke of his contacts with Miss Bailey during his years as Treasurer of Abbot Academy, Miss Fannie Davis told of Miss Bailey's activities in the November Club and the South Church, and Miss Comegys recalled for us her first impressions of Miss Bailey and Abbot. Mrs. Darling, of the fifty-year class, read a poem by her classmate, Mrs. Fannie Swazey Parker of Worcester. Mrs. Helen Danforth Prudden, a former editor of COURANT, also read a poem, which reflected not only her own feelings but those of every Abbot girl.

We are very glad to hear the results of the first semester's work from various colleges. Cecile Van Peursem is on the Honor List of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, and at Smith Lucia Nunez has been granted "discretion in attending classes" because of her grades.







# The Abbot Courant

June, 1936

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY





# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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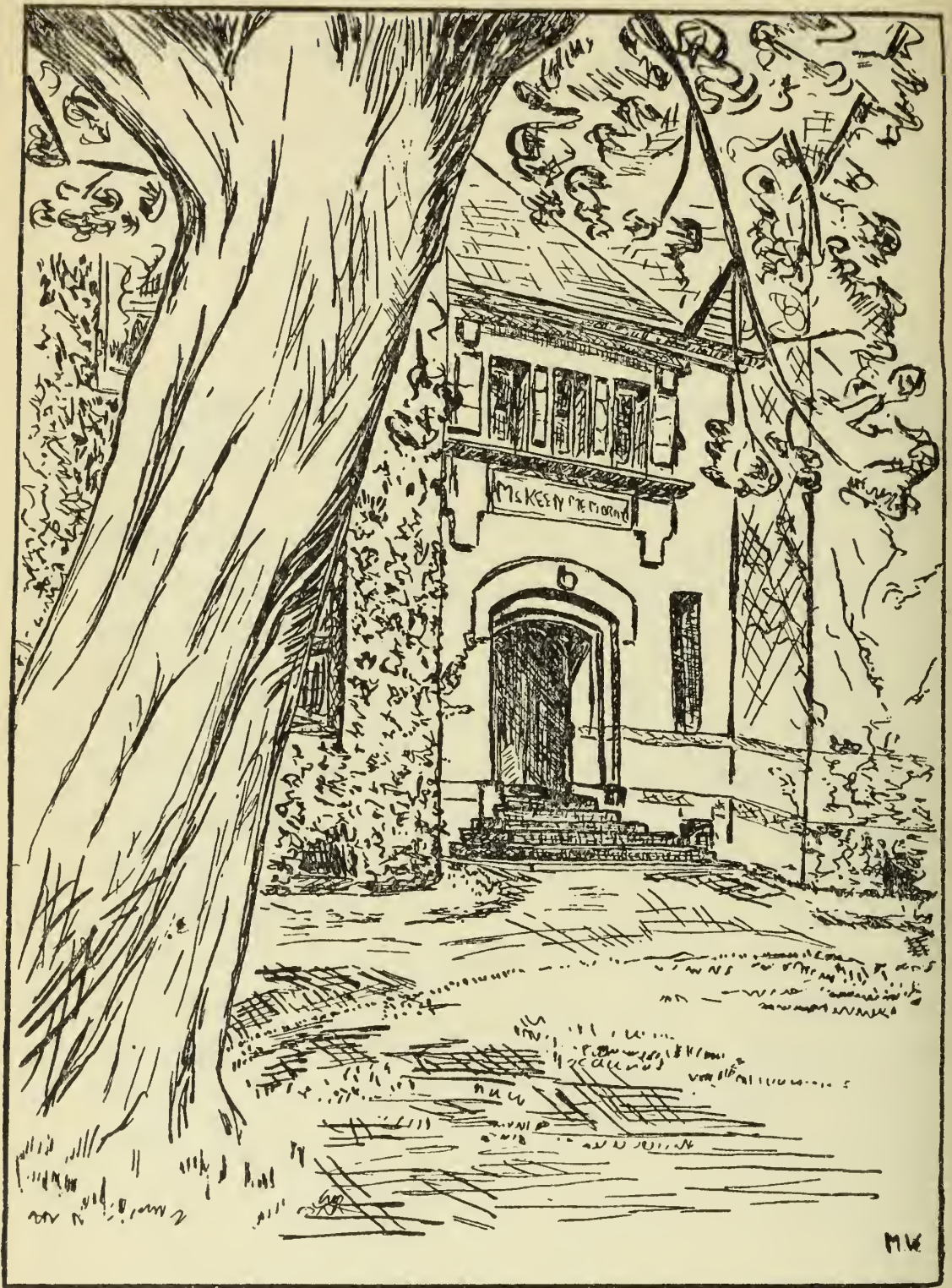
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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXII

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*Editor-in-Chief*

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PAULINE SPEAR '36

*Assistant Business Editors*

ELINOR ROBINSON '36

RUTH ROSE '37

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## Au Courant

In chapel on the morning of April 16 Mr. Chapin announced the appointment of Miss Marguerite Hearsey as Principal of the school. Miss Hearsey is acting Dean of Women and Professor of English at Hollins College, Hollins, Virginia.

Miss Hearsey spent two days at Abbot early in May. On Tuesday, May 5, we were introduced to her at a school tea. Her informal talk to us will remain vivid, especially in the hearts of the seniors, whom she cordially urged to come back to Abbot often. The next day—Abbot Birthday—was a double holiday, for we celebrated the one hundred and seventh anniversary of the school, and met Miss Hearsey again at a tea and reception in Davis Hall.

We are indeed proud and happy to welcome Miss Hearsey, and to offer her our loyalty and coöperation, not only next year, but in all the years to come.



## *Song Contest*

Wednesday night, the 29th of April, saw the revival of an old custom. Abbot held a song contest for the first time since 1931. Everyone who possibly could, whether a senior or a prep, wrote a school song. Every corridor handed in songs, and one was chosen from each group to be learned. For several days inharmonious sounds floated from corridor to corridor, but by the time Wednesday arrived these sounds had become more melodious.

Wednesday night every one gathered outside Draper Hall, and to the accompaniment of song and drum we marched into Davis Hall. We saluted the judges on the platform gravely, and found our places. Each group was solemnly announced, and presented its song in any manner or costume it wished. The variety of talent was amazing and unknown writers blossomed forth into lyrics. Some songs were sad, some funny, and some just rousing and peppy. When all were finished the judges left the platform for a conference. They were unable to make up their minds, however, and asked three corridors to repeat their songs. Several more minutes of solemn debate followed, before the first floor was announced the winner, with two other floors close behind. For once the lowest floor was on the top.

A strange voice issues from the phonograph. The intent listeners all smile, while one of the group bursts into embarrassed giggles or frowningly insists that it can't be the way she sounds. But wait—yes, that's what people always tell her she says, "ketch" for "catch," and there she's putting in an unwanted "r." "Well, for heaven's sake, do I really sound like that?"

Abbot has a rare opportunity in using the Speak-O-Phone at Phillips Academy. We read that a phonograph record of Queen Victoria's voice has been found, and we can hear her voice once more. Perhaps someday someone *might* do the same with our record, and if we are *very* famous, perhaps future generations will be as grateful as we are to Miss Stone for helping us to improve our speech and to Phillips Academy for the privilege of recording it.

Our dresses had been inspected, and for days the appointment books of the beauty parlors had been filled. The final night was here

at last, and we were waiting nervously in the Senior Parlor for our names to be called—"Your escort has arrived"—One by one our friends went forth brave but hesitating—It seemed like a bit of life at the time of the French Revolution, going to meet the guillotine.

Last minute telephone calls came from delayed Prom dates, apologetic but absolutely unable to come before nine o'clock. But finally the last nose was powdered, the last corsage pinned on, and dinner began. Candle light dressed the dining-room with glowing spangles, and the men's low voices coming from every side seemed utterly out of place but delightful.

When we had walked around the circle once and then entered McKeen Hall what a strange change confronted us! Was this the place where we learned Danish and wiggled in and out of the Swedish ladder—this place, now a confusing medley of bright red and white streamers and with the Senior Class banner, a flaming crimson and white, taking the place of honor on the stage! The music was too good to be true, and the night was cool and star-lit, just the right temperature for dancing.

We hated to stop dancing that night, but it wasn't strange that we started to yawn promptly at ten o'clock. We said goodnight though at one, and went to our rooms comparing notes as loudly as possible, so that the underclassmen might know just what they had missed—and so to bed to dream of the tea-dance the next afternoon.

Miss Carpenter called a school meeting. She doesn't often do that, so we hurried a little faster than usual to see what the meeting was for. When everybody was seated and quiet, she broke the news. It wasn't bad news, Oh no, emphatically not! The news was in two items. First: since the sun in modified doses is beneficial as well as beautifying (we like freckles), a big pen has just been built behind the Infirmary, where we can acquire one of those golden tans that everyone admires so much. And think of the agony we shall be spared when we go on the beach or in the mountains, since we shall already have a grand foundation which won't allow that deadly nose peeling and back blistering!

The second announcement was nearly as astounding. For us tall girls there will be no more gaps between knees and gym bloomers,



which stockings just won't stretch to cover—No, they aren't going to make longer stockings—we're going to wear ankle socks for sports. We voted for plain white woolen socks, which will be practical—and much more comfortable. Miss Carpenter had told us not to "oh" and "ah" when she gave us her news, but a surprise like this calls for a hearty three cheers.

The ABBOT COURANT first appeared in 1873. Since then it has faithfully recorded the changing scenes of school life, the ever-broadening circle of Abbot girls and faculty, and has remained loyal to the purpose expressed on its editorial page sixty-two years ago: "Our desire is to make the COURANT an exponent of the character of the school."

Looking back over the COURANT's long and varied existence we find many items of unusual interest. In 1875, "pale blue has been adopted as the Abbot color." In the same year Abbot gained international recognition. The COURANT records the fact that "a graduate of our school when travelling in Switzerland last summer was pleased to notice in a prominent Swiss paper an item stating that the young ladies of Abbot Academy wore no jewelry on the day of their graduation. She afterwards saw the item, quoted with favorable comments, in other European papers."

Even in its early youth the COURANT exchanged with other magazines. It was "cordially praised as 'bright, original and feminine' by the magazines of Harvard, Yale and other colleges!" It is the hope of the present editors that they maintain this standard of excellence!

As we go to press:—Miss Stone has just announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Lees, and is planning to be married in July. We had barely recovered from this excitement when Miss Grimes announced her engagement to Mr. Irving W. Sargent of Lawrence. We sincerely hope that they will both be very happy in their new homes, although Abbot will miss them very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Spear (Grace Chapman '00) have presented a picture, painted by Mr. Spear, to the school in memory of Miss Bailey. It has been hung in the McKeen Rooms.



## The Odoriferous Evening

The long slim roadster slid down the hill into the late afternoon. Behind it were the college buildings, black against the fading sky of the rich June day. As it turned into the highway from the dirt road through the campus, it seemed to flatten itself against the smooth road, and one by one the buildings on the hill passed from sight as the car gathered speed in the growing darkness.

Delighting in the feel of a responsive engine underfoot and a long road before her, Martha Dennett speeded the car along the highway till the wind tingled her ears and her discontent flew behind her, always there, but not quite able to catch up. She was trying to get away, to escape something she knew she couldn't help. It was her nature, but she was so tired of the reputation that had been stamped on her as far back as her high-school days. It sounded so flat and uninteresting to be labeled "capable," "logical," and "level-headed." Her best friends called her "dependable" and "competent." She was given positions of importance because of her decided ability to handle all sorts of situations. Why, for once, couldn't some one call her a "dare-devil" or even "frivolous"? No one thought of giving her the title of "good sport" because she impressed people as being the type in which sportsmanship is taken for granted and upon whose head praise is showered for reason of her being so obviously "capable." Here she was, trying to get away from that, trying to be able to feel that she was just a happy-go-lucky college girl, letting this slide, and pushing that over on someone else who, like herself, was capable and would see that it was done right.

The day that was just coming to a close was an example of the sort of thing that had happened all through her college years. She had intended to go for a walk this morning, but Mary Howard, sister Tri-Delt, had asked her to type her English term paper and she couldn't refuse. This afternoon she had wanted to go swimming at the Sand Banks on the Grasse River, but instead she had been called upon to help decorate the canoes for the regatta in the evening. At least she would have that for her own enjoyment. There would be singing on the banks of Little River. The choir and the quartette would be in canoes, the students and friends lining the banks and

singing college songs, pep songs, and Alma Mater. Wishes for the future would be sent floating down the stream in little paper boats, sent by the President, the Dean, and other prominent campus figures. It would be a beautiful sight, lanterns bobbing along the shore, on the float, and in the canoes, sending rippling streaks of yellow into the black water and the starlit faces on the bank.

Discontent had been driven away, and as Martha soothed the roadster to a stop in front of the Tri-Delta house she felt buoyant, full of laughter and good cheer. She ran up the path to the wide veranda where the girls were waiting to be called to dinner.

"Lo, Marty, where you been?" Friendly faces brought happy thoughts to Martha's mind.

"Just out for a spin towards Morley in Priscilla. What's up?"

"Dunno,—nothing much. Oh yes!—Mrs. Powers wanted you to call her. Haven't any idea what she wanted. Wouldn't be a bit surprised at anything."

"Thanks, I'll call her now." Martha entered the long hall and sat down by the telephone. She was tempted not to call, knowing Mrs. Powers would have something for her to do, but finally she picked up the receiver. Mrs. Powers wasn't long in saying what she wanted and Martha put down the receiver with relief and went to join the others on the porch.

"She only wants me to come and stay in the house till Peggy is in bed and Peter comes home from band practice at school. Peggy's to come a little before eight and Peter will be there by eight. I can get out to Little River in Priscilla in plenty of time for the regatta. It's at eight-fifteen, isn't it?"

"Uhuh, but why do you do it? You get roped into everything. I wouldn't if I were you. Peter will probably be late and you never can tell what will happen to Peggy, the little monkey!"

Martha passed it off with a chuckle and a wave of her hand.

Promptly at seven Priscilla swung into the Powers' driveway. Martha alighted and took possession of the house, curling up in an armchair to read a book and wait for Peter and Peggy. Eight o'clock came with no sign of the missing children. Martha was getting impatient, but about ten minutes later she heard queer noises coming from somewhere behind the house where there was an open field. It sounded as though someone were trying to cry but couldn't quite get



breath enough and the results were little choking squeals. She ran through the house to the kitchen and swung open the door to find a most unappetizing and unexpected sight. There was Peggy, but it was by no means Peggy alone. Martha had known before she opened the door just what had happened. In crossing the field from her little friend's home, Peggy had met up with an unwelcome night prowler, a skunk, and Martha's nose had told her long before she saw poor Peggy. The child was frantic and would have paid no attention to anyone but would have blindly stumbled into the house, bringing her unmistakable mark with her. Instead, she was stopped by Martha's loud, almost harsh voice.

"Don't come in here! Go around and get in the wood-shed!" Dazedly Peggy obeyed and Martha went to the woodshed door.

"Take off your clothes and wait till I get back!"

She went to the cellar stairs and came back with a huge laundry tub that she had happened to see there once before. She filled it with nearly boiling water and then called Peggy from the woodshed. The child came, still gasping for breath and trying to see out of eyes that stung as though a whole cake of strong soap had found its way into them. Martha gave her a cake of the strongest soap she could find and having told her to scrub as she never scrubbed before, she went in search of clean clothes. When she returned, Peggy was immersed in soap suds. Martha undertook to scrub her hair, which had received its full portion, and then she went to the rag bag for towels, not daring to besmirch the respectable towel of the household. Finally Peggy was as clean as soap and strong arms could make her. She was at least comfortable and so went gratefully to bed, still smelling somewhat of the pungent stifling odor that filled the kitchen. Martha thanked her lucky stars she had remembered to shut the door into the front part of the house. She went into the woodshed and gingerly poked Peggy's vile-smelling clothes out the door with a stick, where she left them in search of a shovel. The process of burial completed, she returned to the kitchen, where a fresh breeze had blown away all but a tiny trace of the late incident. Martha ruefully looked at the clock—quarter of nine—too late for the regatta and Peter was not yet at home. Just as she looked again at the clock, she heard feet come bounding up the path and Peter burst in.

"Gosh, I'm sorry I was late, but the fellas didn't know their music



very well so we were kept. I hope I didn't upset any of your plans. Well anyway, the night is young and you're free now. So long!"

Martha drove Priscilla back to the sorority house. The very unpleasant odor of skunk tainted her nostrils as she walked up the path. Down on the river she could see lights which were canoes heading for shore and the singing brought a feeling of loneliness to her heart. It was too late now. They would be gone before she could get there. Moodily she climbed the stairs and was studying when the first girls came back from the Sugar Bowl where they had gone following the regatta. The telephone rang and the girls relayed her name up the hall. It was Mrs. Powers, who felt badly over the incident of the early evening.

"My dear, I'm so sorry that had to happen tonight. You didn't mind missing the regatta much, did you? Anyway, I'm so glad it was you for you are so dependable and levelheaded at a time like that. I'll call on you again some time. You're so capable. Good-night, dear."

ANNE ROBINS '36

---

## Vignette

The sea is bathed in soft and silver rays  
Of moonlight.  
They sparkle on her gown of velvet blue  
Made blacker by the night  
That, like a cloak, envelops her.  
Like tiny jewels they twinkle on her gown;  
Or are they stars, which, fallen from heaven,  
Have come to add their beauty to her own?  
See how her robe is edged with whitest lace  
Made soft and silvery in Diana's smile,  
A train which, carefully,  
So not to break its fragile threads,  
She trails along the sands.

RUTH WITTIG '36



## The Flood

AUBURN, MAINE

I watched the swirling Androscoggin as it came down over the falls. Already it had overflowed its banks and there was very little clearance under the two bridges. Ice and debris were coming down both rivers and they joined together in one enormous mass. The railroad bridge had loaded freight cars for ballast, and all the mill-windows across the river had long since been broken. The buildings along this section had been rat-infested, and one afternoon the rats left all together and climbed the railroad dike to higher land. They looked like a huge army as they scurried along.

MARY TRAFTON '36

\* \* \* \* \*

LOWELL

We arrived in Lowell and saw water rushing across the whole valley. Right in the town near the Memorial Auditorium a rope was tied across the road to prevent the people from coming too near. A boat with several men in it was crossing the street. Sand-bags and ropes were lying on the side-walk. A policeman with rubbers on was standing there, not knowing very well what to do. Old men in high rubber boots were doing their best to save goods from the marooned stores. Further on several people were pumping water out of the church. The river was extremely gray and dirty. Branches and pieces



of wood were floating down, and showed us how fast the water was running. Houses on the other side had water up to the second floor. The bridge, which usually had an imposing air, now was under water.

CORINNE BROOKS '37

\* \* \* \* \*

#### PITTSBURGH

Mud was everywhere—mud, muck and slime. It covered everything. Nothing escaped. It filled the ruined, devastated stores, it filled the streets, it blocked doorways and streaked the windows. Useless furniture, ruined merchandise, rusty cash-registers and broken glass covered the sidewalks. In one place I saw a man sitting on a mud-smeared sofa with broken legs right on the street. As there was something I needed to buy, I entered a department store of which only the basement had been flooded. Electricity was scarce and there were only a few lights. The building was dark and gloomy. There was no heat, and the cold was much increased by the dampness. The place was eerie, so I made my purchase quickly from a sales-girl with cold hands and bundled in a great coat, and left the store.

RUTH ROSE '37

\* \* \* \* \*

#### OXFORD, MAINE

I saw half-submerged houses, people canoeing in the main streets. I watched a small bridge wash out and crack against a bigger one with a sickening thud. I saw water, yellow and dark, rolling over the falls with a force that awed me, and saw it lapping over the boards of bridges that I never dreamed could be touched by the river. Water was pouring over the top of the dam, and they were afraid it would work around the outside and undermine the structure. Sandbags had been piled all along the sides.

ELINOR ROBINSON '36

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LAWRENCE

I was standing in a field which sloped down to the water. As I watched this angry, foaming monster, which was formerly a peaceful river, a house came in view around a bend. Somewhere up the



stream it had been torn loose from its foundations and sent out into the current to join the rest of the debris. Down the river it came, turning slowly around and around as first one current would take it and then another, but gathering speed all the time. As it came opposite us we could see that it was headed for the elms of the island. Then we saw it hit a group of elms with great force, and the trees bent but did not break. A second later a sickening crash came to our ears, and, as we watched, the house slowly fell apart and then continued its way down the river, but in a great many pieces.

HELEN MARIE O'BRIEN '36

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## The Break of Dawn

The starry sentinels of dark,  
Called by the sapphire night,  
Put out their lanterns, one by one,  
And slowly take their flight.

But Phosphor lingers in the sky,  
Which now is pearly gray;  
He waits to see Aurora come  
Before he slips away.

The eastern sky of silvery light  
To molten gold is turning,  
Soft zephyrs kiss the fleecy clouds  
With rosy blushes burning.

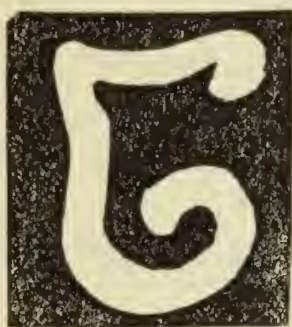
The herald of the sun ascends  
Out of the emerald seas,  
She soars up to the heav'ns on wings  
As gauzy as the bees.

Her robes are turquoise, amethyst,  
Pale green, and amber clear;  
Behold the goddess of the dawn,  
In all her glory here!

DIANA GREENE '39

## Officer Kelley and the Cow

### *A True Story*



HE day was perfect—too perfect to suit Patsy Kelley, Southold's civil man of all work. After all a small town's budget has to be amply filled before it can afford two policemen. But the Councilmen had hired the most Irish man they could find, and they overworked him shamefully. It wasn't so bad on any normal day, but couple a warm sunny day like this, when a refreshing salt breeze puffs in from the "Sound" just often enough to cool a man's brow, with a holiday like the Fourth of July and there is bound to be trouble enough for ten men.

Traffic had been streaming through the little main street all morning, but at one o'clock there was a brief respite for tired Patsy. Time for lunch! He groaned when he thought of the happy families without a care in the world today that had been passing him all morning, and he groaned as he saw them in his mind's eye with their picnics spread before them on some beach. "Well, shure and it's time for me own lunch now," said Patsy to himself, mopping his beaded brow, and he wandered towards his usual lunch room.

Suddenly his ears caught a noise that was only too unwelcome. "Begorry, if this isn't the worst time for a fire. Probably a stray firecracker some brattie let drop. But it's me duty to go, and duty is duty."

Southold's one fire engine came shivering down the street, laden with helmeted firemen, and followed by the hook and ladder truck, and the water pump. The engine panted to a stop at the curb, and Officer Kelley was welcomed to the front seat of the truck. The policeman was astounded to hear that the fire they were headed for wasn't a fire at all, but the house they stopped at was a small country farm, surrounded by the rickety cars of all the neighbors, and gaping people, wringing their hands and giving advice to one harried-looking farmer.

Patsy clambered down from the high engine seat, and hustled up to the farmer.

"What's all this I've been hearing about your cow?" he said importantly, while glowering at the miserable man.

"She fell through the well cover, and she's in there swimming around and around, and none of us know how to get the durned thing out, Mr. Kelley."

"Well, by golly ye've got yerself in quite a fix now, haven't you? Seems to me like the thing you should do is to get that there cow out quick before the poor thing drowns. Have ye got a cistern so we can pump your water into the well and float her up to the top?"

The idea was taken with alacrity, and the pump on the fire engine put to work. The bewildered cow floated higher and higher as she paddled round in the limited space of the well. The pump wheezed, and the hose flattened. A last trickle of water dripped pathetically from the nozzle. The cistern had been pumped dry! Poor Bossy was getting tired.

Patsy Kelley was hungry. He hadn't had any lunch. He had worked steadily since breakfast, and now he had a drowning cow on his hands. What to do? Patsy's reverie was interrupted by a loud moo filled with pathetic sadness. The harassed policeman knew that something had to be done, and done quickly. A well-meaning neighbor who had been watching the operations suddenly suggested, "Say, Pat, couldn't you fellers reverse and pump the water out of the well so the poor critter won't drown?" Every one jumped at the idea, so the pump was again put to work to pump out all the cistern water that had just been so laboriously put in. The water poured out of the well, and flowed down the side of the highway. The baffled cow gazed morosely at the disappearing rim of the well, which was scolloped around the edge by open-mouthed faces. The water went down and down, and the cow was trusting now more to her power to float than to her swimming ability. But suddenly—what heaven. Terra firma at last. Bossy's legs had hit bottom, but she was surprised to find herself with tottering knees that just couldn't hold her, but let her fall easily to her side in the puddle that was left.

The heads of the farmers staring over the rim of the well sighed in relief. But now—how to get her out?

They let down a rope. The noose dangled temptingly over the cow's head. She lifted her horns and observed. The circle slipped down over her upraised neck, and pulled firm. A telephone call was



made quickly, and soon the wrecker from the garage announced its arrival to the throng by tooting horns.

The little derrick hoisted. The rope tightened and came up foot by foot. The crowd watched breathlessly. Suddenly a hum rose from the interested people. Hurray! Here she is. At last.

Our cow lay on the ground. The crowd pressed forward. Fire engine, the wrecker, the many cars were deserted for a better view of the cow. She lay there, and every one looked, then stared. What's this? How did it happen? Patsy realized with horror and sadness. The cow was dead! They had strangled her by pulling her up by a rope around her neck.

The crowd was murmuring. Who was to take the blame for this tragedy? Not Patsy! He suddenly remembered he had had no lunch. He turned quickly, and without a backward glance he scuttled down the road towards town.

MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM '37

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## Forbidden

It paused and then soared like some great hawk  
Leaving his craggy hut.

This was not a different sort of thing  
Because each day this same aeroplane took flight  
And thundered off into the soft white clouds.

I watch it everyday. It does what I  
Should like to do.

How I should like the chance to see  
What it must see!  
But I am silly to go on in this way,  
I've told myself again and again  
That it is not for me.

LUCY HAWKES '36

## Negro Church

One of the most interesting and unique church services that I have ever attended was the Sunday evening service of the Sanctified Church of Lake Alfred, Florida. The Sanctified Church has only the very best negroes in its congregation, and to be a member of this church is about the height of a negro's religious aspirations. A member of the great Sanctified Church doesn't steal, lie, drink or sin in any way, and if he should ever slip, he is immediately excommunicated.

Petie and I decided that we would visit the church, as she thought that it was an experience that wasn't apt to come to a native of Pennsylvania every day in the week. But the idea was so novel that my mother and father, Petie's mother and father, and a few more people decided to come with us. We drove down into the part of Lake Alfred that is called "Darktown," and entered the church. The Sanctified Church is a fairly substantial building and wasn't nearly so "odoriferous" as we had expected it to be.

The church service of the negroes is very informal. People are coming and going, someone is humming, clapping his hands or stamping his feet during the entire service. At the front of the room there are two groups known as "Amen Corner." These groups, one men and one women, are the very very best of the church members. It is they who read the scripture for the preacher and who do the loudest "amen-ing" and sing the loudest "alleluia's." The sermon itself consists of a lot of quoting the scriptures by the minister and the occupants of "Amen Corner." The minister really chants his sermon, and the rhythm he and his congregation put into simple talking is almost unbelievable.

The part of the service I enjoyed most was the singing. At any odd moment a woman or a man would start singing a few words, and in a few seconds the entire congregation would join him. Their voices and harmony are truly beautiful. During this singing various people would stand up and shout louder than the rest, and after everyone got in the mood of the song hands would start clapping and feet would beat time on the floor. Then as the negroes got more and more excited, one or two of them would get "religion" and roll on the

floor while "talking in the unknown language." There was one young girl we noticed particularly. She was sitting in about the middle of the church and was jumping up and down and screaming and throwing her arms about wildly and making a terrific commotion in general. Petie's father explained later that she had originally been in "Amen Corner" but that she had sinned and so was put back to the middle section. She was trying to shake the devil out of her and thereby get back into the desirable "Amen Corner."

After the singing was over, the minister prayed. He first prayed about the usual things, then his prayers turned towards finances and he started telling God about the bad financial condition the Sanctified Church was in. Of course the collection plate was passed after this prayer. It was interesting to note that the "plate" consisted of a long narrow cup from which no change could possibly be made. The negroes took their money up to the pulpit themselves, as they wanted the brothers and sisters to see them making their contributions.

JANE HOPKINS '36

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## Spring Dawn

Here is silence  
As though a thousand trumpets had been stilled.  
A million dewdrops  
Have turned to sunshine on the grass—  
The eucalyptus tree is a misty filigree,  
Light as the new clouds in Spring's new sky—  
Far down the valleys the laughter of Spring echoes  
And is lost in litanies of wing-swift leaves,  
While dawn fades into day.

ELEANOR WELLS '36



## La Garita Del Diablo

“What, Señorita, have you not heard of La Garita del Diablo? It is the most famous sentry box in all the Caribbean. And it is not called of the devil without reason. Most men would tell you, Señorita, that it was the work of Satan.

“Many years ago, when Spain ruled our island of Puerto Rico and pirates infested the Caribbean, a fort was built for the protection of San Cristóbal (which is, as you know, only a few miles from here). My own father was among those in the garrison. For many days all was as it should have been, until one night the sentry of the third watch in La Garita del Diablo disappeared. His gun was found leaning against the wall, so it was naturally supposed that he had fallen into the water of the ocean below; but his body was never found. And then, Señorita, a few weeks later another sentry, a brother of the first, vanished.

“A month passed. Two. Then one foggy night, when an officer of the guard had groped his way toward the tower and called ‘Centinelas! Alerta!’ there was no reply of ‘Alerta estoy’ from the sentry box. The officer, thinking that the sentinel had fallen asleep at his post, wrathfully climbed the stairs to the tower-sentry box.

“Do you know what he found, Señorita? He found the sentinel’s gun against the wall and the smell of brimstone in the air. Thoroughly certain that the Devil was carrying off his men, the officer half fell and half flew down the narrow stairs to tell his men. The men agreed with the officer and some of them even smelled the sulphur which was pervading the clean salt air about the fort. Moreover from that day till this the sentry box has been called La Garita del Diablo, and there has been no sentry stationed there lest he might disappear as the others did.

“You smile, Señorita. I see that you think it only a fancy tale, but I tell you now that you could not tempt many men to that cursed place with all the gold in the world. I myself *know* that it is true.

“Yes, Señorita, I know, and I alone. For their father killed my grandfather. So Señorita, could my father have done otherwise?”

## Swallows

There will return once more the swallows grey;  
And on thy balcony their nests will hang again.  
They'll tap with fluttering wings while at their play  
On thy window-pane.

But those, restraining then their eager flight,  
Who saw, and wondering lingered long, our names to learn,  
To contemplate thy beauty, my delight—  
These—will not return.

Luxuriant will honeysuckles climb;  
Again they'll venture up the garden wall's rough side,  
And yet more beautiful at evening time  
Their flowers open wide.

But those which were with heavy dew low bent;  
Whose trembling drops then fell like tears of day—  
We watched them long with wonder and content—  
These—are gone away.

Again shall come a time when there shall sound  
The words of love so ardent, burning in thy ears.  
Perhaps thy heart will wake from sleep profound  
When these it hears.

But as one, kneeling at the Church of God—  
Be not deceived—I loved with head bent low—  
As I have loved you—mute, entranced and awed,  
They'll not love you so!

MARION LAWSON '38  
Translated from the Spanish

## Modern Pirates

“Who cares about silly pirates in those old fairy tales? Captain John Silver, one-eared Dick, two-gun McCoy,—well, maybe he’s a cowboy instead, but anyway they’re all the same. Somebody just invented ’em. There isn’t nobody like ’em nowadays. They never did anything useful like rescuing people from a burning house or saving Tabitha from drowning. Of course Tabitha is only a cat, but even if she was a person I’ll bet those old pirates would have been too high and mighty to pull her out of the brook when she fell from the tree. They probably would have had to roll up their sleeves and take off their boots first. And why do they sing fifteen men on a dead man’s chest? You can’t get fifteen men on anybody’s chest and a dead man had ought to be buried, not set on. I wish mom would get me *The Rover Boys* instead of *Treasure Island* or the *Bobbsy Twins*—the big sissies. Gee but I’d like to be a rover boy and sneak around and find ghosts and help farmer Sawyer catch his cow. They had a swell time. Pirates never did nothing ’cept play hide-and-go-seek with their treasure and make crosses on pieces of paper. You’d think they might at least have learned how to write, but I suppose they was too busy killing each other.”

Thus soliloquized Molly. She was only eight, but she had a ten-year old imagination. One might have called her a modern child. She dealt and believed in reality and practicability only. There was no denying this. When her mother told her about Goldilock’s long yellow hair, she asked why it had never been bobbed. It would have been so much cooler. As for the princess that slept a hundred years; Molly’s first remark was, “How old-fashioned her clothes must have looked when she woke up.”

Molly was going to a costume party that night. She didn’t particularly want to go, mostly because her mother had decided to dress her as Peter Pan. The thought of wearing leaves was most repugnant to Molly. Her mother might at least have had the originality to make her the crocodile. Then she could have made a sensation by hiding a small clock someplace about her costume, and they would think that, true to the story, she had swallowed it.



The party was from 5:30 to 8:30 at Jinny Young's house. Jinny's sister was also going to have a party, but being thirteen she had refused to let her crowd mix with the younger one. Let us skip over the process of dressing and the details of Molly's belated arrival. Sufficient to say, that she mortally insulted Mrs. Kinler, who was not in costume, by asking her if she was Brer Rabbit on account of the way her big ears stuck up. After attempting to tear off the scalp of Maggie, the colored maid, because she thought it was a disguise, Molly tired of the gaiety and wandered out into the garden. It was entirely deserted and the dusk of evening transformed trees and bushes into grotesque shapes. Molly felt a little strange unknown prickle go up her back. Suddenly the silence was shattered by the sound of several voices chanting an unearthly dirge—

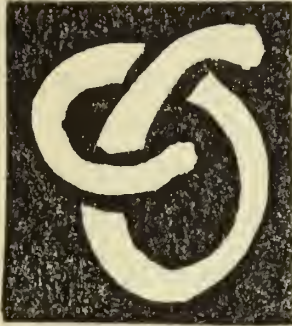
“We are the pirates from over the sea,  
Yo hoho and a bottle of rum,  
We're big bad men who fight and kill,  
We ain't afraid of anyone.”

Molly's small little prickle enlarged to a bigger one. She crouched down among the bushes to hide, but it was useless. Dark figures dashed across the grass. “Yo, ho, mates,” rang out the cry, “I spy an enemy to the port side. After him, men.” It was too late to escape. Molly found herself surrounded by a group of ragged dervishes dressed in various bright colors. Queer objects hung from their sashes, which in the dim light of night looked like cutlasses or swords. They looked like boys dressed up, but Molly never thought of this. The whole band danced around her yelling their song and brandishing their arms. Her heart sank farther down when the leader stepped solemnly forward and said, “We've got her, mates. What'll we do with her? Tie her up, kill her, take her back to the boat or what? All in favor say aye.” One voice answered, “Let's make her walk the plank!” It was at this time that Molly first gained her faith in pirates; true, real creations. Almost too real, she thought. She found her voice after much struggling with the lump in her throat. “You can't hurt me,” she quavered, “I'm Peter Pan. He never died, the book says so.” “I'm Captain John Silver,” answered the leader. “I'll kill anyone I please, even Peter Pan. Besides, you're a fake. We know you.”

Molly found herself lifted by rough hands and carried for what seemed like miles. All sense of time and feeling left her. "Dear Lord," she prayed, "forgive me for lying when I said pirates weren't real. Please help me." "Tie her up and blindfold her," came the next order. Molly struggled in vain. She almost seemed to hear the cold dark water and to feel the rough gang-plank under her feet. Step by step she felt herself pushed forward amid the accompaniment of a chorus singing, "Down to Davy Jones she goes, down, down, down." When would it end? Suddenly utter silence descended. In the distance came the sound of fleeing footsteps. Trembling she tore off the blindfold and looked around. Nothing, and she was only standing on a board. Where was the water? After several paralyzed seconds she ran terrified into the house. In spite of her trembling lips Molly was trying to smile—"There really are pirates," she exulted.

JOAN TODD '37

## Buttons



N early days buttons were unheard of, for clothes were pinned, tied or buckled. In the fifteenth century some brilliant mind discovered that by putting a little slit in one piece of cloth and sewing a round disc on another, the disc could be put through the slit, and it would stay secure. Then buttons were made of silver and gold, and were worn only by the very rich.

Today about eight-tenths of all buttons have never seen a button-hole because they are used mostly for ornaments. The man who thought of using oddly shaped buttons for ornaments was just another good salesman. Many of the dresses sold today, if minus their buttons, would not be bought because of their dull appearance.

Buttons are made of a wide variety of materials, including rubber, wood, bone, celluloid, glass and leather. There are many types of buttons. We have fruit, vegetable and flower buttons, dog, dice, nut, clothespin and flatiron buttons. Most people have no taste in selecting buttons for their type. How often do we see children's clothes with dice for buttons, or silk dresses with clothespin buttons.

Buttons should be classified for different types of people. For instance, fruit, vegetable and flower buttons for the garden fancier; dice for the gambler; clothespins and flatirons for the housewife; G-clefs for the musical; dollar-signs for the rich; and nut buttons, perhaps for those who seem a bit "touched in the head."

If dresses with buttons all the way down the front were abolished, what would become of the poor people who amuse themselves by playing

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief?"

GERALDINE PECK '37



## Adios

The hills were ghostly shapes, the town a twinkling line across the dark water. The moon was not much more than a sliver, but it reflected a glowing curve in the wake of the ship. Watching that curve swing away from the lighthouse on the point, Lisbeth had to blink her eyes swiftly to keep them clear, for she knew that just beyond the lighthouse was a pink stucco bungalow and a weedy little garden. Strange that the thought of leaving them should make her cry.

She stood there, grasping the rail of the steamer, and thinking frantically of the house with its hot, cramped rooms, of the garden where only hibiscus and cacti would grow, and of Jud. Poor Jud, how would he ever remember to bring the ice over from Yallahs and to have his winter coat aired and brushed twice a week? She was fairly sure that Emeline, thick-headed as she was, would boil the water, and wax the floors, and feed Jud occasionally, but would she remember to close the jalousies in the afternoons so that the curtains wouldn't fade, and would she clean out the ice-box regularly? With all her heart Lisbeth wished that she were back in her own pantry planning the next day's meals with Emeline, or on her front porch watching the lights of Yallahs flicker across the bay. Instead she was standing here on the slanting deck of the clean white steamer, and in five days she would be in New York.

She hadn't wanted to come, but Jud had insisted. He had been so worried when she was sick that she had finally agreed to go home and recuperate before he took his vacation. She had packed her bags, and looked forward to the new clothes she would buy in New York, and written out a list of reminders for Emeline—who would have to get Jud to read them to her—and this afternoon Jud had driven her over to Yallahs. They had dined sumptuously at the hotel, and laughed at the tourists with their sun-helmets and native baskets—and then they had gone down to the boat.

It was a small steamer with a cargo of bananas, mail, and forty passengers—in order of importance. Lisbeth's stateroom was so tiny that when her trunk was stowed away in one corner she could barely turn around. But there were flowers from Jud—and illustrated in-

structions for the use of life preservers. She felt safe and a little excited—until the two-piece orchestra struck up "Over the Bounding Main," and Jud kissed her good-bye, and hurried down the gang-plank. Then she was suddenly alone, and frightened, and homesick.

The ship moved slowly out of the harbor, shaking itself away from the shelter of the hills. Somewhere between the town and the light-house the headlights of a car flashed, and then were hidden behind a bend in the coastline. Lisbeth's eyes blurred with tears that were half joy. That might be Jud's car. The flicker of light made her safe again. No matter how far she travelled, she knew that Jud would be there, and her little house and garden would be there—waiting. Everything was all right. She sighed a little, and smiled to herself. "Adios," she said to the hills. "I'll be coming home again—soon."

ELEANOR WELLS '36

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## Grey Fantasia

A little grey wind that had lost its way bumped silently through the antique shop. The dried sea-weed hanging from a rafter heard its silent laughter, and swayed with a crinkled, wrinkled mirth.

Mister Eperton dozed in a corner, sitting in an old, old Chippendale chair—The breeze slid across his head, because he hadn't any hair—And as he was dozing the room grew darker; the wind was grey, the shadows were green, and the mist was silver like an embroidered screen. Some of the color got into his dreaming, and wrapped his dreams up in memories.

Mister Eperton dreamed of a silver lady. Her cloak was the color of a rainy day. She walked with a swish, and she turned with a ripple of taffeta petticoat and satin train. Her hair was a cobweb spun in moonlight by the spider-diamond she wore on her breast. Her mouth was sadness, her voice was weeping, and her hands were rest.

Mister Eperton's eyes were stars, blinking sadly—and his black alpaca coat needed pressing badly.

ELEANOR WELLS '36

## Dido and Aeneas

### *The Perfect Tragedy*

Book four of the Aeneid is a very good example of classical tragedy. There is one strong character, fired with one purpose. There is the inevitability of the end. Dido is merely an instrument of the gods—but what a glorious instrument and we have from the beginning the feeling of her impending doom. Dido is not a child carried away by a romantic foreigner, but a mature woman, “non ignara mali,” who has already realized one great love. With her tremendous passion and intensity she rather dims Aeneas, and that is of course as it should be. This is Dido’s tragedy and she carries it through with a sweep. Anna, Dido’s sister and confidante, occupies a place in the story that corresponds to that of the chorus in the Greek play.

Dido is remarkably clearly drawn. We see her taut, tremendously emotional temperament. We see her resolution to remain faithful to the ashes of Sychaeus, and we realize how greatly she must have loved him, because for no other reason would a woman with her capacity for passion be able to remain faithful. We see her haughtiness and pride, and the typically feminine desire to hurt cruelly the man who has humiliated her. We see her tremendous wrath, and yet we know that there was a great deal that was gentle and affectionate about her, or Anna, who knew her as only a sister could, would not have loved her so dearly.

Your Anglo-Saxon looks up from her Aeneid. “But really, you know,” she says rather coldly, “killing herself wasn’t the brave thing to do. After all—her people—and it is not courageous to take the easiest way out.”

Not the brave thing to do! But it was the glorious thing and for Dido the only thing. What difference does it make today whether or not she killed herself? If she had thought of suicide as the easiest thing, even so she might as well have done it; but I don’t think it occurred to her that there was anything else to be done. She had broken faith with the ashes of Sychaeus; she, a queen, had been deserted by a man who had not only made love to her, but whom she loved. As for her people—here we see Virgil, the artist. Dido’s per-



sonal tragedy is powerful enough, but the downfall of a people caused by the woman they had followed, the decay of a kingdom because of her own self-inflicted death is indeed a large and beautiful irony.

“Exstinxti te meque, soror, populumque patresque  
Sidonios urbemque tuam.”

cries the agonized Anna, and we feel the thrill of perfect tragedy. Afterward with Iris comes a stillness, and, our emotions slipping away with Dido's life, we quietly watch Iris “trahens varios adverso sole colores.”

JANE RICE '37

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## The Boston Athenaeum

The hurried push of city streets  
And then,  
Behind great doors, a haunt  
No honking cars or passing years annoy.  
Its silent store lies  
Stacked on shelves in faintly musty, bookish air.  
There is a taste of age—  
The elevator jerks and shakes  
But does not groan  
For in groaning it would wake the sleeping god  
Who lives among his treasure  
Lined in caves on the walls.  
Look!  
From the clear window  
This muse looks calmly out on stones white with age  
Crumbling and chipping  
In the graveyard just outside.  
Beyond, the city life goes unabated  
But here  
There is rest and solace,  
And knowledge  
Far beyond our power to absorb.

ANNE ROBINS '36

## Paradox

Margaret was searching in vain for a postage stamp which she remembered having put somewhere so she wouldn't lose it when Stephen Carter, the young architect across the hall, walked in with an old coffee tin, which was acting as a frying pan, and in which lay a raw egg and two rather dog-eared slices of bacon. This was a common occurrence, for Steve's cooking was not all that it might be. His one gas plate necessitated the cooking of his breakfast by stages, and when he allowed his coffee to boil over, as he usually did, so that the plate was temporarily put out of commission, he came over to complete his breakfast with Margaret and her gas plate.

"Good morning, lady," he called out gaily, "could you lend a starving Armenian some gas?"

"Hullo—sure. I think you'll find the matches in the sink."

"My word, why not the bath tub?"

The postage stamp, or lack of it, was annoying Margaret. "If you want to use my gas you'll be polite about it. The sink's the only place with any room, and besides then I always know where to find them."

"Hum. Nothing like systematic housekeeping." Balancing his coffee tin precariously on the plate, Stephen perched on the window sill and opened his paper.

"I think you'll find some cigarettes in the green flower pot on the mantel, if you want some," said Margaret inhospitably, her temper now completely gone.

"No I won't, they were in the sink too. Thanks . . . Say, you lived in Milton, New York, didn't you?"

Margaret knew what was coming next. It would have to be about the prison. The prison! The big State prison, Milton's sole claim to fame, had been a part of Margaret's life ever since she could remember. In her childhood she had made up a game which had been the favorite of the neighborhood children ever since—a variety of hide-and-go-seek, called "Copper John" after that awesome statue of a soldier in bright blue uniform with a shining musket over his shoulder, who stood on the very top of the prison, where he could be seen from her yard. When she had gone away to school, the usual

reply, if any, to the fact that she lived in Milton had been, "Oh, isn't there a prison there?" The same had been the case in college, where for variety she had occasionally answered, "Yes, my brother's there now. That's why we live in Milton." A visit to the alarmed dean's office had soon put a stop to such reactionary conduct.

Margaret had been so thankful to get out of Milton, a middle-sized town of which it had been said that it was difficult to give the exact time when it had ceased to exist. But dead it was now, and had been for many years. How thankful she had been to have an interesting, stimulating job in a publisher's office where she could be with intelligent people who had some other interests besides each others' possibilities for scandal and the latest recipe for sponge cake. Life was great here in New York, and she loved her work, her friends, and the large mixed-up house where she and some other young professionals of limited means lived.

She had thought that she could get away from Milton and its prison, but no, they even followed her here, and strangely enough she sometimes even found herself talking about them of her own accord.

"You did live there, didn't you," repeated Steve impatiently.

"Yes, and Milton's where the prison is, too. What now, another riot? That would supply a new topic of conversation for the next hundred years. I wish an earthquake would demolish that awful old monkey cage, and Milton too, while it's at it."

"Well your wish is practically true. Copper John was struck by lightning and the prison almost burned up, so the monkeys are being removed to more scientific and escape-proof cages, and poor old Milton will no longer boast of a State prison. I wonder what they'll do with what's left of the buildings. Maybe they'll use them for an exposition. 1936 Century of Milton's Progress Exposition. Mortician's exhibit on the left, ladies and gentlemen! Chicken pens on the right. Follow your nose to the side show of the Great Green-Eyed Monster!"

Margaret did not smile. Poor old Milton! What did he know about Milton? Angrily she watched him trying to be funny. What right had he to talk that way? Some day she'd take him to Milton and show him that it had something to show for itself besides undertakers and chickens, prison or no prison!



“What’s the matter with you?” said Steve, suddenly realizing that his jokes were not being appreciated. “You look like a she-wolf ready to protect its young. Don’t tell me you’re going to go sentimental over dear old Milton at the news of the loss of its last leg, so to speak?”

Margaret forced a laugh. “Oh, no, I was just wondering what the children would do with Copper John gone. You’d better go look at your egg; it smells as if it’s burning.”

GRACE NICHOLS '36

## Honor Roll

### THIRD QUARTER

Ruth Rose	91
Mary Lindley Murray, Anne Robins, Pauline Spear, Joan Todd	90
Lois Holmes	89
Grace Nichols, Virginia Nourse, Virginia Thayer, Ruth Wittig	88

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## Calendar

### *March*

On Tuesday the third of March the senior-mids presented their long-awaited plays. Everyone certainly did enjoy them to the utmost and we thank the senior-mids for the laughs, surprises, and all-round good time we had. We congratulate the class especially because of the difficulties they had when so many of the actresses fell sick at the last moment.

On Saturday of the same week the Manhattan String Quartet gave us a new and very enjoyable program. We were fascinated by the skillful and artistic playing and were really amazed at the wonderful way the players kept exactly together the whole time.

The next Tuesday Mrs. Gray thrilled us all with her 'dramatic interpretations.' She made us laugh and brought tears to our eyes. It was a delightful program and we thank you, Mrs. Gray.

The following day was another great occasion for the senior-mids. Their own tea-dance took place that day and was a great success, thanks to that hard-working committee.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 14th came the second Pupils Recital. This gave us the unusual opportunity of hearing and admiring our friends, an occasion we delight in since these talents of our companions are so rarely brought to our attention..

The next Sunday evening we had a very lovely special chapel in

Davis Hall. Miss Jenks was the leader and Fidelio sang. Mr. Howe played the organ.

In chapel, on the morning of Tuesday the 17th, Mrs. Elinor Mahoney Smith spoke to us briefly and entertainingly about the 'Cum Laude' society. Mrs. Smith is a 'Cum Laude' graduate of Abbot and we received much pleasure from having her back to talk to us.

Thursday was a day of great excitement, not only because it was the beginning of the long-anticipated vacation, but also because of the floods. Several girls could not get home for a few days because of the overflowing rivers, but fortunately no member of the school suffered more than this slight delay in vacation.

### *April*

April Fools' Day saw us all back ready for a Spring Term of hard work and much excitement.

A thrilling melodrama, "The Light Went Out," given by the fourth floor, the radio broadcast and Red Riding Hood pantomime, as well as the modern art of the third floor front, and the Arabian scenes presented by the first floor wing, made the evening of the seventh all too brief. They were exceptionally good.

On the following afternoon Mrs. Gutterson gave a very nice tea for the girls who are planning to go to Wellesley.

Members of the music department played several compositions of Camille Saint Saens, and sang the Spring Chorus from his opera "Samson and Delilah" in commemoration of his 100th anniversary at the special chapel of the music department on the tenth.

The Seniors and Senior Middlers were invited to listen to the after-dinner talk of Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, Hollis Professor of Divinity at Harvard, after the Cum Laude banquet on the eleventh. Eleanor Wells and Polly Spear and Anne Robins have been elected members of Cum Laude.

We were glad to have an old friend, Dr. Sidney Lovett, one of the trustees and Chaplain of Yale University, preach to us at the Easter Vespers.

It was great fun to have some of our D. O. G.'s in our midst at the beginning of this week. Three of the members of the alumnae advisory committee, Mrs. Ethel Brooks Scott, Mrs. Julie Sherman



Tibbetts, and Miss Barbara Goss spoke to an extremely interested audience in the morning chapel of the fourteenth.

The Seniors gave an able presentation of "The Late Christopher Bean" by Sidney Howard on the fourteenth. Barbara Reinhart was very convincing as Abby, Anne Russell and Ruth Wittig gave excellent portrayals of Dr. and Mrs. Hagget, and Polly Spear and Carol Stillwell played the parts of Susan and Ada Hagget very well. The part of Warren, Susan's lover, was amusingly and genuinely done by Patricia Smith. Betty Sargent as Rosen, the rotund and voluble art dealer, was better than one could ask for, and Helen Marie O'Brien and Lucy Hawkes played the parts of Davenport, the art critic, and Tallant very well. A full measure of gratitude is owed to Mrs. Gray and Mary Swan, the stage manager, as well as to the cast.

The Bible Department gave an original chapel on the seventeenth, at which the life of Jesus was traced on the map with bright ribbons, and Bible III gave a very successful presentation of chorus speaking.

One of the reasons why everyone looks forward to being a Senior came on the twenty-second, when these privileged characters were royally entertained at tea by the Misses Chickering in their delightful old New England house. On the following afternoon Miss Helen Chickering invited her classes to tea.

Our prayers for beautiful weather over Prom week-end were answered, and according to all reports everyone had an exceptionally good time both at the Prom and the Tea Dance. The decorations were very nice, and added greatly to the occasion.

The Wings had it in the Song Competition held on the evening of the twenty-ninth in Davis Hall, with the first floor receiving the first award, third floor the second award, and second floor honorable mention.

The Sunday Evening Vespers speakers during April were Rev. A. Graham Baldwin, Rev. Frederick B. Noss, and Dr. William T. Merrill.

### *May*

May stepped out in local color. At 6:45 most of Abbot Academy arose and went to the May Breakfast in the Town Hall. All the Southerners and Westerners learned what a real New England break-

fast really is. It consisted of doughnuts, coffee, pie, ham, rolls, and baked beans. We started the month with enthusiasm.

The next day a group of girls attended the Guest Day at Wellesley and saw Prometheus Bound, a Greek play, presented by the students. Afterwards the Abbot girls were shown around the campus and given dinner at one of the houses. As a result several more of the girls who went are hoping to enter Wellesley in the next year or two.

Tuesday night the Spanish department presented a play, El Si de las Niñas. We didn't understand every word, but we thoroughly appreciated the acting and costumes. We never thought that our friends could blossom out so well in a foreign language. The cast was as follows:

DONA IRENE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Sally Gage
DONA FRANCISCA	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Ruth Hill
DON DIEGO	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Geraldine Peck
DON CARLOS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Joan Todd
RITA	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Betty Swint
SIMON	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Marion Lawson
CALAMOCHA	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Marjorie Rutherford

We are very grateful to the Spanish department and to Miss Mathews.

Wednesday was Abbot Birthday, and a tea was given for Miss Hearsey. We were all extremely glad to welcome Miss Hearsey to Abbot, and we are looking forward to next year with much pleasure.

Friday was the Mathematics Chapel. By means of a tower made out of cardboard cubes we were shown how mathematics is the base of all other sciences. Each block represented geology, art, medicine, or some other branch of work, and the foundation for all this was mathematics.

The next Tuesday night was the Day Scholars' Entertainment. It rivalled Barnum and Bailey, the Rainbow Room, and the New London Players. In other words it was a great success and we all enjoyed the evening immensely.

On Friday morning the French Department was in charge of chapel. A clever dialogue of Voltaire's, a folk-song by the French I class, a lovely poem recited to the accompaniment of the piano, and a short play about the trials and tribulations of a telegraph operator were presented. They were all very well done, and we thank the French department for our interesting exercises.

The Sunday evening Vespers were led by Rev. Walter S. Rounds and Rev. Raymond Calkins.

On May 16 Miss Comegys took Polly Spear and Eleanor Wells to a Cum Laude meeting at Tabor Academy. They had lunch at the Academy, and attended a short meeting afterwards in the gymnasium, meeting other members of the Society. In the afternoon they enjoyed a sail on the "Tabor Boy," a schooner which the Tabor boys sail themselves.

Spring Field Day was a happy day for everyone, even the losers. The tennis matches however, were a tie, the Gargoyles winning two and the Griffins two. The baseball game was won by the Gargoyles amid the cheers of the spectators. The score was 12 to 8, and the game caused as many thrills as any big league encounter. In the track events the Griffins won by a slight margin, although they lost the tug-of-war which ended the morning's excitement.

That evening we attended the Society Banquet in the John Esther Art Gallery. A.D.S. was in charge of the banquet this year, and we thank them for their hospitality and the effort they made that the banquet might be successful.

On Sunday morning May 24 Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason had a little breakfast party for Joan Todd and six girls whose mothers were Abbot girls.

That afternoon Mr. Howe gave an organ recital in memory of Miss Bailey, playing the music which she had especially liked.



## Alumnae News

In this issue of the COURANT we wish to publish excerpts from a letter written to us by Alice Barnard Davis, Grand Rapids, Michigan, who graduated from our school in 1873. We wish to thank Mrs. Davis for the valuable and interesting information which she took the trouble to send to us, and to express our appreciation for her good wishes for our work.

“As a member of the class that graduated in 1873, 62 years ago, I write you to tell you that we feel our class deserves mention. There were twelve girls that finished that year, under Miss Philena McKeen and Miss Phebe McKeen, her sister. And after these 62 years, five girls of the twelve are still living, the youngest being 82 years old. All these years we have kept up our annual class letters, which we feel is a record to be recognized. Our class was also the one that started the ABBOT COURANT.

“The five members of our class still living are as follows:

“Miss Sarah Rood, born in Natal, So. Africa, daughter of a missionary.

“Mrs. Helen Nash Hinds, living at Williamsburg, Mass., her home town. Mrs. Hinds is a publisher.

“Mrs. Carrie Dana Bennett, from Portland, Maine, married a lawyer. She is now living with a married daughter in Bangor, Michigan.

“Mrs. Alice Barnard Davis, and Miss Mary E. Barnard, both from Springfield, Vermont, living now on Fountain St., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

“The President of our class as long as she lived was Delight Twichell of Plantsville, Conn. She spent the last years of her life in Andover. (She was the mother of Delight W. Hall and grandmother of Dee Hall.)

“We were in no sense a brilliant or a wonderful class, but each one has been true to the traditions of the past, and done faithfully the work given her to do, and has stood by the others.

"Please believe in our sincere good wishes for all your work and plans for the school and all its enterprises.

Most sincerely yours,

Alice Barnard Davis"

\* \* \* \* \*

The class of 1932 is well represented in the graduating classes of various colleges this year. Smith College ranks highest in the number of Abbot Alumnae who will soon be Smith Alumnae. Smith students are:

Dorothy Rockwell, Ruth Tyler, Julia Wilhelmi, Clare O'Connell, Helen Allen, Madoline Hartwell, Marie Holihan, and Elizabeth Holihan, who was President of Capen House this year.

Another Abbot girl of '33 is Alice Shultz, who as a Junior in Smith is a member of the Music Honor Group.

Nancy Marsh '33 is taking her Smith Junior year abroad this year at Dijon and Paris. She hopes to take Barbara Ritzman with her.

There are five '32 girls being graduated from Mt. Holyoke this spring. They are:

Harriet Wright, Isabel Arms, Frances Harvey, Jean Humes and Florence Dunbar. Florence has been an outstanding student there and was elected Phi Beta Kappa this spring.

Wellesley is graduating one Abbot girl, Mary Thompson, and Susan Johnstone is graduating from Vassar.

Eunice Randall—Boston University; Betty Palmer—Sarah Lawrence; Joyce Henry—Radcliffe; Ruth Mailey—Colby; Elizabeth Boyce—Simmons.

Olive French Sherman '33 made a call here one afternoon not long ago, and brought with her her seven months' old baby boy, who certainly played havoc with the hearts of present Abbot girls.

We hear that Lucy Sanborn, a former editor, is to be a reader of the College Board English Examinations.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Proctor Cooper announced the marriage of their daughter Alice Guerard Cooper to Mr. Glen Higgins Colby on March 24th. "Coop" '35 has the distinction of being the first bride of the class.

Early in May we were very sorry to hear of the sudden death from pneumonia of Phyllis Lambert.









# The Abbot Courant

February, 1937

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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RUTH ROSE '37

MARJORIE COLL '38

*Art Editor*

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## Au Courant

This year has seen the beginning of a new era in the history of Abbot Academy. We have swung into the routine of the year's work under the enthusiastic guidance of our new principal, Miss Hearsey. The whole school is extremely happy to have her as our Head, and the COURANT board wants to extend to her its sincerest welcome. The senior class of 1937 will be very proud to say that they are her first graduating class.

Sunset Lodge this year has taken a new and different lease on life. It has always been part of the Abbot grounds, but for the past few years never quite so close as the other buildings because strangers lived in it. Now Sunset has good reason to be proud; it is Miss Hearsey's house.

If you are a new visitor you will enter by the front door into a small hall whose table is covered with the calling-cards of people who have not as yet been able to find Miss Hearsey in. Immediately



you will feel the comfortable atmosphere of the house, not formal and rather cold, but warm and inviting. One side of the hall opens into a long, comfortable living-room, which is lovely but gives you a feeling of being reserved for perhaps more important people and large gatherings. It doesn't seem to be so much lived in as the other rooms. On the other side of the hall is the small office or study, although it doesn't look exactly like either. It is the sort of room you want to curl up in and stay in forever with the doors closed and fire-light faintly flickering on the walls. At one end of it is the kind of desk you have always dreamed about. It is long, low, and with plenty of space for everything. Above it a picture of Erasmus gravely regards you. There is a fireplace too. On the mantelpiece stand several little figures which, if you ask, Miss Hearsey will tell you came from Oxford. You can imagine what the rest of the room contains. Yes, bookshelves, lots of them, filled with every sort of writing, from a favorite copy of the *Shropshire Lad* to French novels. Oh, if you could only stay there as long as you wanted and peek into everything!

There is a sunny, nice dining-room and a kitchen and pantry too, but of course you don't see so much of these. There is one other thing that must be mentioned. She really isn't a thing and I am probably insulting her. This is Tinker, a tiny Boston Bull. She will greet you at the door, jumping and barking, and if you are not very careful, you will trip over her for the rest of the afternoon. Whatever she lacks in size, she certainly makes up in friendliness. She is just like the rest of the house, friendly and inviting.

The open Abbot gates welcomed many new girls this fall. More than Abbot has received for several years came into the newly decorated McKeen Rooms. The new girls saw a pleasant room with long, straight print curtains and warm-colored furniture. The old girls, however, saw a lot of planning and care that had been taken in rearranging the furniture and making the room more comfortable. They saw too the new-looking senior parlor, the long, thick carpet in the front hall, the new stair-treads and glistening paint. These were just the outside changes which confronted us. There was much more in store for us that Miss Hearsey had planned in order to make our school year more pleasant.

Wouldn't it be a nice feeling to sit down to lunch and feel a free afternoon ahead with no more classes until 4:30, after our recreation? It certainly would, and that is just what we have now. Chapel begins at 8:15, and our classes extend until 1:15, with a welcome break of fifteen minutes in the middle so that we can refresh our spirits with a small lunch called "tiffin." That is one of Miss Hearsey's ideas to make us enjoy more fully our study and free time.

The other plan is our free Saturdays, which have taken the place of the free Wednesdays. The Saturday all to ourselves followed by a restful Sunday gives us a long breathing space in which to prepare for five long consecutive days, when our teachers may have our full concentration, unbroken by plans for Wednesday.

These arrangements have lent wings to the half-year that has already flown by, and we have only the speeding spring months to which we may look forward now.

The faculty reception at Abbot is an important, formal affair. It is the time when hundreds of friends, alumnae, and parents gather in the McKean Rooms to meet the new teachers. One by one the guests are taken through the receiving line by a senior. Who are all these new faces on the faculty? Let's go through the line too and find out.

First is Miss Hancock, the new algebra teacher. She is from Virginia, and every time you hear a soft Southern voice near you will know who is speaking. Next comes Mrs. Brannigan, who teaches art. She came to us from Portsmouth, where she was painting the history of Portsmouth on murals. Farther down the line is Miss Tucker, who graduated from Smith College only a few years ago, and taught there for one year as an assistant professor in chemistry. She had a hard time making up her mind whether to continue teaching or to do research work, but she finally decided to teach here. Next to her and in the same field is Mrs. Poland, the new physics teacher. She has an outstanding record at the Ethel Walker School of having taught physics so excellently that almost every girl could pass the College Board Examination. Then comes Miss Dodge, who takes care of the domestic side of our education and teaches household science. Miss Rogers is beside her. She has charge of the department of vocal expression. There are so many different accents in



the school that it must be difficult to teach any standard speech. Last in line is Mrs. Miller, one of our three French teachers. Along with that this term she is giving fencing lessons, for she was a member of the French Olympic fencing team. That is the end of the receiving line, but a little apart is Mr. Richardson, who teaches Bible. He makes up the last of the new faces at Abbot this year. We are glad to have all of them with us.

Miss Jenks is this year in even closer contact with all of us than she has been formerly, for she is social head of the resident girls and has to listen to our tales of woe as well as keep order. The former faculty parlor has been turned into her office, and we certainly keep her busy there signing slips and giving permission for various things.

One well-known friend is not with us this year and we miss her a great deal. This is Miss Comegys, our dean for the past three years. She has gone to Bryn Mawr to work towards her Ph.D. degree in mathematics. While studying, she is also warden of Rockefeller Hall.

Miss Grimes, who was married last June to Mr. Irving Sargent, comes to see us often from her home in Lawrence.

The Abbot Christian Association has started a new custom this year. Once a month a Sunday evening vesper service is given over to A.C.A. The vespers are in the form of a candlelight service, and the chapel, dimly lighted with many flickering candles, a vase of roses on the piano, and the soft singing of the choir bring one's feelings back to the many years before, when girls just like us were sitting on the same benches in the candle-lit hall.

The first service was very short, the time being devoted mainly to an explanation of the association. The next service came just before Christmas. The candles and the beautiful bits of Christmas prose and poetry which were read combined to bring a real feeling of Christmas reverence.

Our Abbot activities on Saturdays are somewhat varied. In the morning, if we are ambitious, we take a "Chap walk," play golf, or go riding. If our ambitions lie in another direction, we stay in our rooms and clean house, so to speak. At noon we go to the Manse



for lunch, where we enjoy to its utmost the delightful novelty of ordering just what we want, even though we know that the menu may be deceiving us. From the Manse our feet take us, as a matter of habit, to the theatre, where we sit rapt in a veil of undivided attention, punctured occasionally by the squeals of children, or by a subconscious longing for nourishment. To satisfy this longing we are obliged to exert our mightiest efforts, for the task of digging a life-saver out of its almost impenetrable wrappings is one that Hercules might well have been proud of accomplishing. When the movie has ended, we wander back to Abbot, probably trying to imagine that our decidedly feminine companion is Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, or some such godlike hero of the silver screen. These romantic thoughts are interrupted at dinner, however, by the excitement of guest night and the entertainment that usually follows it.

“When will it snow, when will it snow?” has been heard on all sides for the last few weeks, especially from those of us who have purchased new ski equipment and are anxious to try it out. We were very excited when a few stray flakes tumbled down, but one day of rather poor skiing rather disillusioned us. Miss Carpenter spent a week of the vacation at the Putney School in Putney, Vermont, and she feels that with a little more actual practice she will be entirely competent to unravel to us the “ifs and ands” of turns, slalom, and what not. So Mr. Weather-man, please send us a little snow, and then just watch us flock to the hill!

## Fantasy

If you close your eyes, son,  
There's a golden sheen of light  
On the weary face of the world;  
There's a rainbow glow through the dappled leaves  
Where the sunbeams dance and swirl;  
There's a gentle nymph who plays by herself  
In the guise of a roaming breeze,  
And a flower's scent perfumes the air,  
And touches the bending trees;  
There's a fleecy lamb in the quiet sky  
As soft as a butterfly's touch,  
And it changes shape as it drifts on by  
In a dreamless, breathless hush.  
Son, keep your eyes closed,  
Don't open them now,  
For the rain is hard and the sky is gray  
And fog holds the earth in its deadening shroud.

JOAN TODD '37

## The Boulevard Arago and the Guillotine

Whether you are walking or hurrying by in a taxi along the slanting Boulevard Arago in Paris, you will easily notice its main characteristic: on both sides of the wide street are horse-chestnut trees, which in the summer give it some freshness and greenness, and in the winter add to the melancholy of the strollers. In the summer especially it is frequented by mothers and children of the boulevard, who group themselves around the trees or on the various benches. Often from my window, distracted from my studies, I have watched the children running around, while their mothers chatter and knit.

Although one side of the dark and high prison wall of the Prison de la Santé runs along the boulevard, even one who knows that part of Paris rarely thinks of the prison when they see the Boulevard Arago. The reason for this is that the wall is half hidden during a great part of the year by the horse-chestnut trees, and also because the entry to the prison is on the Rue de la Santé, which crosses the Boulevard Arago at a right angle.

The act of guillotining a criminal in France is supposed to be public, and therefore is done outside the walls of the prison, instead of inside; but really only the journalists and a few other people are allowed to come right up to the guillotine. The rest of the curious and pushing crowd is kept back quite a distance by ropes and also by the national guards.

Our house is only about five houses away from where they take the doomed one to have his head cut off. But we are just too far away to see it from our windows, and it is only by going up on the terrace on the roof of the house that we are able to see what is happening. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, the two times that this rather awful thing has happened when we were there was when the trees had their leaves fully spread under our eyes, so that we couldn't actually see the sharp knife go down but could only hear it.

When a criminal is going to be guillotined on the Boulevard Arago it is rather kept secret, because they know that this kind of sight will always attract the mob. But on the night before, one is waked up around eleven o'clock by the soldiers of the *Garde Mobile*, who come on their horses, while their shining casques re-



flect the light of the lamp posts. They are there to prevent any disorder that might arise. It is hard to go back to sleep amidst this general excitement and the feeling that somebody not far from you will not see the sun of the next day. But I finally manage to forget everything and even have to be waked up when the fatal moment arrives. Then I run up on the terrace and, although I can't see the guillotine nor the prisoner walking up to it because of the leaves, I know what is happening. The condemned has had his glass of rum and has had his head shaved, and now he is walking along the Rue de la Santé and up the boulevard surrounded by guardians. For a few moments my heart beats violently, and I try to imagine myself as the prisoner walking up slowly to his punishment. The crowd below is murmuring and, although it is eager for that kind of sight and is anxious to see a heartless criminal receive justice, I am sure that it has the same feeling I have. After about five minutes of waiting and imagining what is going on, one suddenly hears the clean and quick cut of the knife. . . . In what seems a second a black wagon, drawn by black horses, is speeding down the boulevard with the dead prisoner, who a few minutes before was walking up to the guillotine.

Then in the morning taking the paper I begin reading: "At dawn, this morning, on the Boulevard Arago. . . ."

CORINNE BROOKS '37

## Renaissance

From the kitchen window they looked towards the west. It was just barely dark. The blackness in the western sky shaded gradually to a gray and then to a pale flush of reflected rose. They ate their meal in a companionable silence, each looking out at the broad Kansas fields now struck by the golden sunlight, and the little cocks of mown alfalfa looked fresh and dewy in the early morning coolness. Margaret rose, and walked to the door and stood on the first step. Her body was stooped and her hair a mixed gray, making her look easily her fifty-eight years.

"George," she said quietly, but with a note of buoyancy in her voice, "George, it's ours. Just a little bit of this huge west. It just adds a drop to the huge stream of commerce, but I'm proud of it, and I'm proud that we have made this land ours."

He nodded and was filled with part of her sense of elation. It must never die—this pride of offering one's achievements to the world. It is that which makes a joined nation from its individuals. And so the day's work started. Part of the crop had been stowed in the huge barn yesterday, filling the building with the smell of the heat-ripened alfalfa. Out in the field as the sun moved in its circuit the heat became almost unbearable as it beat its merciless rays against the heads of the laboring man and wife. They toiled with no complaints through the morning and again in the afternoon, loading the little tents of dry alfalfa on the wagon, until they drove it, full, into the barn. It had not rained for days, so that their crop had ripened and dried without any danger of rot. It had been a wonderful season, and they were gathering a more abundant harvest than their fields had produced for many years.

It was George who noticed first the little black cloud which appeared suddenly in the western sky. He started his loading with a new vigor, spurred by the knowledge of how great a loss a storm would mean. If these piles should get wet, immediate rot would take place in the mown crop. The cloud had loomed nearer before Margaret saw it. George heard her gasp, and saw her pale when she noticed the darkness. He stepped toward her where she stood motionless at the back of the wagon. He scrutinized the sky care-



fully before saying, "If the rain hits this, it's gone. But I think we can stow it all before the storm starts in." He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone but one filled with anxiety to his wife who knew him so well. She turned quickly, and with fierce determination cried, "We must get it in! I can't stand that even one pile should rot."

They worked as if possessed. They had made three more trips to the barn when they realized at last they had only one more row to carry in. The cloud grew heavy and menacing. The sun was hidden, but the air was oppressive and stifling. The cloud billowed and seethed over their heads like a kettle of boiling syrup. The last forkful of alfalfa was loaded and borne away to the barn by a triumphant team of horses just as the first few rain-drops fell. Saved! The season's work safe!

Margaret and George took their shelter in the house, filled with the joy of victory. There was a sudden blinding flash right outside of the window. The cloud was cut by a jagged gash of lightning. A tearing crash shook the very foundation of the house. Margaret had glanced out of the window just in time to see the barn with its precious contents obliterated from her sight by the streak. She screamed! And before George had fully comprehended what had happened she was out of the house and running toward the barn. He followed her, and they ran stumbling and bareheaded through the rain. The flames leapt from the top of the barn, not at all subdued by the heavy downpour. Before George could overtake his wife she had dashed through the barn-door, and was forcing the team of horses across the barn floor, and safely out into the rain. Behind them now the barn was fast becoming a flaming inferno. The dried alfalfa blazed high, crackling as if in anger at this hurried consumption. There was nothing that could be done to save their year's work from these ravenous flames.

The storm passed over. The horses were put in the shed. Margaret stood at the doorway of the kitchen looking out towards the west. Her face was drawn and pained. Her shoulders had sagged. Her arms hung limply at her sides. George was sitting at the kitchen table, his face buried in his arms. Suddenly the cloud passed from the sun, sending a quick flood of ruddy light over the house and field. Margaret looked at the twisted smoking wreckage of what had been her greatest pride. Her shoulders straightened, her head lifted, and a smile lighted her old face.



"George," she said quietly, but with the same lift in her voice that he had heard that very morning, "George, it is still ours. Everything must be as it was before. We have failed this year, but we have failed before. We are old but we can't give up."

The sun streamed down upon her lifted face, and George rose and stood beside her.

"My dear," she said to him, with her hand in his, "we can only let this make us more determined. Next spring all these"—she waved her hand widely, and the light of a dreamer was in her eyes—"next spring they will be green again with new life."

MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM '37

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## Allegory

Life is a lovely, dancing thing,  
A butterfly on a painted wing,  
And time's a hoary hunter sly  
With tight-wove net that sweeps the sky.

JUDITH WONSON '37



## Over-Reach

USED to stand like this—  
Under the stars—  
And reach up with my hands  
And stretch as far  
As I could make my fingers go,  
On tiptoe.

Sometimes I thought I came  
A little closer  
When I tried so hard that  
Everything went taut inside  
For just that instant's  
Reaching up.

But now I know  
That stars are much too far  
To let my spirit go.

JEAN NEVIUS '37

## The "Agamemnon" as a Spectacle

The *Agamemnon* by Aeschylus presents a wonderful spectacle. There are several points in the play, such as the entrance of Agamemnon himself, which would be very thrilling seen on the stage. Such points would demand great and elaborate display and could be made very striking and effective. But besides these more important events in the action of the play, every time someone is on the stage, besides the chorus, what they are doing or just their presence has something spectacular in it.

In the very beginning of the play the watchman presents a spectacle as he stands among the altars in the night on the roof of Agamemnon's palace. We can imagine the scene as being somewhat like the opening scene of *Hamlet* where the watchman is standing cold and fearful at his post. And then in the *Agamemnon* the watchman sees the flash and blaze of the beacon far away. In a few minutes lights begin to shine within the palace and glimmer here and there across the dark stage. Then as the servants come in bringing torches, the black night is transformed into daylight. Clytemnestra also comes in and casts herself down before an altar, praying fervidly. And then the light of day begins to creep across the stage. Would that not be a great sight to see?

After the second stasimon the herald from Troy comes running in. His clothes are in rags and he is wild with joy. He flings himself down on the ground and kisses the earth to show how glad and thankful he is to be back in his own country after so many long, hard years of warfare. The herald's joy to be back and his love of his native land as they are revealed to the audience in this striking manner make this scene a spectacle.

The third episode contains the greatest spectacle of the play. It is Agamemnon's return. He enters in his chariot, his soldiers around him with their bright-colored raiment and their richly-decorated, flashing arms. The chariots and the people covering the whole stage in this glittering array give opportunity for a gorgeous show of fine colors, flashing arms, and in the very center Agamemnon proudly regarding all from his chariot. And then Clytemnestra comes forward with her brilliant train of followers and urges Agamemnon to



walk on the beautiful purple tapestries spread from the chariot to the door of the palace.

And so the play goes on, each episode bringing out a new sight and new action that is always effective and has always much of the more thrilling and the more dramatic in life. It is not a common thing to see a woman standing over the dead bodies of her husband and another woman, with an axe in her hand and blood stains on her forehead. And it is because the *Agamemnon* contains such uncommon scenes, scenes of such striking splendor and richness and scenes so vividly showing human passions, that the play presents such a wonderful spectacle.

RUTH ROSE '37

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## Atkinson Television

I first scented trouble when I noticed that Angie was wearing her halo at a rakish angle and her white robe draped frivolously over her left shoulder and hiked up in her belt to a falling bulge in the back. When I questioned her about it she grew furious and asked what I thought I was talking about—casting aspersions on the latest Paris fashions. My jaw must have dropped, because she said hurriedly that I wasn't to tell a soul but that she had made a television set out of old harp strings, halos, and one of Gabriel's horns.

Either she should have known that I couldn't keep still or else I should have known that Sue Harkness couldn't keep still. Anyway, to make a long story short, in two days it was known all around Heaven that Angelina Atkinson had a television set that could show the latest Paris fashions. Soon other angels appeared with halos at the same angle as Angie's and their mantles draped with the same skittish look. I couldn't change my halo because I had worn it in the same place so long that my hair was beginning to get scarce in that spot.

In about two weeks the effect was noticed. It was this that almost caused Angie's ejection from Heaven. A good half of the angels were wearing the latest fashion and the other half refused to notice the change. Ben Franklin in the *Chronicle* spoke very unkindly, saying

that it was a shocking exhibition of the deterioration of Heavenly morals. Angie and her friends made no reply to this attack, but it was noticed that they were busy doing something.

For a few days I didn't see Angie, but at last, about a week after Mr. Franklin had made his stinging statement, Angie rushed up to the soft, shady cloud I was sitting on and asked me if I didn't want to help her. I could see that something was troubling her because her halo had fallen over one eye and her belt was just hanging around her. I was pretty sure, knowing as I did that Angie is so careful of the condition of her apparel.

I refused pointblank when I heard the plan, but Angie worked on me with the reminder that a friend in need is a friend indeed. So she dragged me off, still protesting weakly.

Well, I truly don't see how it could have been much worse. Angie had bought up all of the old harps and halos she could find and then she had constructed from these *fifteen* television sets just like the first. Then she set them up in little booths and advertised them.

I found her with her mouth full of tacks nailing up a placard that blatantly told Heaven that "Atkinson Televisions are Visible not Visionary." She gave the last tack another whack and turned to me with such an un-angelic look in her eye that I had another uneasy feeling that Angie was up to something. She was.

"Now," she hissed, "you are going to carry invitations to anybody you see to come to listen to our programs." I was still resentful about being drafted into service, and made some sharp reply, but Angie drew herself up, looked down her nose, and delivered a blasting oration, beginning with "Why, Sophia Simms, and after all I've done for you!"

Not wishing to bore you I will just mention a few things in passing. After the first broadcast the results were these:—

The Celestial Temperance League was enraged at the Scarlet Songsters and their orchestra for two reasons. (1) They advertised a fashionable cocktail lounge. (2) The music of the orchestra caused some of the younger angels to move in an unbecoming and undignified manner.

Ben Franklin nearly had apoplexy on hearing a political speech, and for a bad hour thereafter stomped about tearing his hair and mentioning a particular place as the destination of the world.

The angels in general were excited by the description of a soap . . . until they found that it was only 99  $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure. George Washington was disgusted by the knowledge that a kind of coffee that *dissolved* in water (not merely coffee) had been named after him.

Solomon protested indignantly that he had not had a thousand wives. It was one thousand, one hundred and eleven.

All in all, it would have caused a riot any place but Heaven. Everyone was dissatisfied. At last Gabriel took a hand and had all of Angie's beautiful sets destroyed and forbade the manufacture of any more. Heaven finally quieted down, but people still eye Angie with a certain gleam in their organs of sight that leaves no doubt in my mind as to what is going on in theirs. At present I am watching Angie with a mother's eye and I have a feeling that very soon she is going to need help because just one more slip and Angie will slide right out of Heaven (and I probably with her).

SOPHIA SIMMS

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## Saint Patrick's Day Green

We aren't the only ones who know  
About Saint Patrick's Day;  
The flowers know, the trees know  
In a funny sort of way.

That's when the green starts coming  
To grasses and to trees;  
I wonder how they guess—I think  
They feel it in the breeze.

MARION LAWSON '38



## Vignettes from Childhood

I had always lived there—I was even born in one of the upstairs rooms facing towards the east and towards the sunrise. I know that there are lots of you whose childhood days were ever so much more interesting than my own, but maybe you would like to know what a little lonely girl did with herself on the farm.

It was quiet—always quiet except for the few trains that wound their way along the base of the hill on the other side of the river. At night the little lights in the cars would be doubled by reflection in the river as they went over the bridge. I would kneel on a cushion before the open window long after I was supposed to be safely stowed away in bed, and listen to the soft, sleepy noises—the occasional chirp of the robins who had a nest in the lattice right under my window, the croaking of the frogs in the river just at the foot of the long front lawn, the screech of the little owl who came to sit on the maple branch whose tip almost dusted the sill of my window as the soft night breeze moved it slowly back and forth. And on the round hill to the left, and far away on the Sourland Mountains to the right, the guiding beams for airplanes flashed alternately, first the left—count one, two —there was the red one—three, four, and I went to sleep counting the seconds between the flashes. It was a comfortable feeling as if they knew I was there and were watching over my house.

But the days! Always something exciting to do or to see on the farm. New twin calves just come the night before. One had a black spot on its forehead, and said “Baa”—the other said “Maa,” so that was what I named them. When the trees were just so slightly fuzzed with tiny green buds, it was the brook that called me every afternoon. Just to lie on my back on the cool spongy green moss, and stare toward the blue sky that was divided into such tiny patches by the interlacing branches of the trees in the woods, and to listen to the gentle murmuring of the water was such a happy way to spend the afternoon. Or a little bit later to pick lady-slippers, dog-tooth violets, white violets, spring beauties—so delicately edged with pink—or the crow’s-foot ferns. There was such a variety, and so many banks were just carpeted with sunny yellow, or pure white.

Every evening just before supper there were the eggs to gather, the hens to feed, and the half hour sitting beside Daddy while he milked the two cows and taught me old songs. A touch of the foreign came at twilight when the sound of Swiss yodeling floated from the other side of the hill where our Swiss neighbor was calling his cows home to their roomy barn. It was all such fun that I didn't miss playmates. Would you?

MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM '37

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## The Thieves' Market

One of the most interesting sights in all Lisbon is the Thieves' Market. That has a romantic, rather mysterious name, especially to foreigners, hasn't it? Really all it is is a picturesque, large, very dirty square surrounded by narrow little streets. It is crowded with small, dark, quite ugly Portuguese men with stocking caps on their heads and sideburns. The women wear kerchiefs and the children run about almost naked. Here and there you can see fishwomen who carry the loaded baskets on their heads. I saw one of these women drop all her fish on the dusty ground and then stoop, pick them up indifferently, and go on selling them.

All around this square are booths and shops where you can buy anything, from old door knobs to handmade bed spreads. There is one shop which is typical of almost all of them. It is jammed to the ceiling with odds and ends, some of them real antiques and the rest only junk. There is only a narrow entrance big enough for one person to squeeze through without knocking something over. The owner sits near the door paying no attention to his customers. He is more interested in talking to his neighbors than selling. Unless you particularly ask for something you must do your own work looking around. If there is anything you wish to buy which is out of reach or hard to get, the old man refuses to sell it. His explanation is that it would ruin his shop to take anything from the bottom of the mass of chairs. Of course if you are a foreigner the price of everything is much higher than for the Portuguese. People who think they are getting bargains would be surprised to know what a comparatively great profit the dealers are making at the Thieves' Market.

JANET CALDWELL '37



## Gadflies of Loki

## CHARACTERS

Sylvia Curcuru—a thin, poorly dressed child of Italian parentage, seven or eight years old, with a slightly deformed foot.

Benjamin Curcuru—Sylvia's father, a portly Italian fisherman.

Lucia Curcuru—Sylvia's mother, a stout Italian woman.

Miss Stone—teacher of the third grade, thin and harassed-looking.

Buddy

Charlie

Theresa

Bobbie

Jackie

Isabel

} third-grade pupils

## SCENE I

A moderately attractive suburban street. A bell rings off stage, and a moment later a stream of school children come running down the street. At sight of another child walking alone, they group together and begin to whisper, eying the child, then burst into derisive shouts.

BUDDY: Yah! Sylvia can't do her numbers! Teacher said she ought to wear a dunce-cap! Yah!

SYLVIA: I can so do my numbers! I c'n do 'em just as good as you can, only you cheated—yes, you did. I seen ya! Ow, leggo my arm!

BUDDY: Take back what you said, or I'll break your arm, you ole rattle-tale!

SYLVIA (*sniffing*): I take it back.

ISABEL (*mincing up*): Look what funny clothes she has on. Why don't you wear pretty things like me, Sylvia? Lookit! I guess she's got her mother's shoes on, with the heels cut down! Ha! Ha!

THERESA: See, she has. Ain't that funny? Hey, let's pull her hair! (*Sylvia, terror-stricken, begins to run.*)

BOBBIE: Hey, lookit Silly Sylvia! She's ding-toed so she can't run straight. Let's throw rocks at her to see if she'll go any faster!

ALL (*taking up new name and and throwing rocks*): Silly, silly Sylvia! Silly Sylvia's ding-toed and she can't run! Silly Sylvia's a fraidy-cat! Silly Sylvia wears her mother's shoes! Yah, yah! Silly Sylvia!

CURTAIN



## SCENE II

A middle class living-room of the poorer type furnished with three or four chairs and a table. A plump and elderly Italian couple are seated, each in a rocking-chair, obviously waiting for something. It is between seven and eight o'clock at night.

BENJAMIN: Sylvia, she is asleep now?

LUCIA: At last, yes, poor bambina. She cried herself to sleep. The teacher will come, you are sure?

(*A knock is heard.*)

LUCIA: Here she is. (*Goes to open door.*) How do you do, Miss Stone. So glad I am to see you.

MISS STONE: How do you do, Mrs. Curcuru. I've been intending to come and visit you for quite a while, but I haven't had time. Where is Sylvia?

MRS. CURCURU: She is in bed.

MISS STONE: Well, that's where young children should be at this hour. Is she perfectly well? I mean, she seems to be quite happy in school, and I wondered why you sent for me. Her school work is really not bad. You have nothing to worry about.

MRS. CURCURU: But we have. That is why we sent for you, Miss Stone. The children they torment my Sylvia. They tease her because she is not dressed like other children, because her foot is not right. We are poor, and we cannot buy for Sylvia clothes like the other little girls, and we cannot take her to a doctor for her foot. Tonight they threw rocks at her, and my Sylvia has cried herself to sleep. She says she will not go back to school. Can you not do something? If you would tell the children not to tease my bambina, she might go back to school. We do not want her to be ignorant. She must go back.

MISS STONE: I had no idea that such things were happening. It's barbarous! I'll speak to the parents of my pupils this very evening. Sylvia can go back to school tomorrow in perfect safety. I'm glad you told me of this. I shall go immediately. Good evening.

CURTAIN

## SCENE III

The suburban street of the first scene, in early morning. The same children are gathered in a band, evidently awaiting someone. Sylvia appears.

CHARLIE: There she is! There she is, the mean ole tattle tale! Git around her quick so's she can't git away!

SYLVIA: You let me alone! I'll tell Miss Stone on you!

JACKIE: You do, an' you know what? I'll grind you up in my Daddy's meat grinder and feed you to our dog.

*(Sylvia begins to cry, the tears pouring down her cheeks, as a bell begins to ring.)*

SYLVIA: You're gonna make me late for school. That's the second bell, an' you know Miss Stone said she'd send the next one that was late over to see the truant officer. Let me go!

BUDDY: That's whatcha get for telling on us! You're gonna be late and have to see the truant officer. Maybe you'll get the strap. If ya don't, I'll get my father's belt and give it to you anyway. And if you tell on us again—

ISABEL: Yes, if you do, I'll scratch your old eyes out. I mean it too.

THERESA: You bet, an' I'll pull your hair out by the roots.

*(The bell stops ringing. Sylvia listens in horror-struck silence for a moment, and then begins to sob more loudly than before.)*

SYLVIA: Let me go! Let me go! I won't go to school! I wanna go home! *(She runs homeward, screaming.)*

CURTAIN

JUDITH WONSON '37

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## Two Flower Shops in the Night

The memory of two flower shops immediately comes to my mind when the subject *Flower Shop in the Night* is suggested. One is in New York City in a very fashionable part of town. The other is just outside one of the loveliest spots in England, Oxford.

All the glamour, the tawdriness, and the brittle elegance of the great metropolis is expressed in that stylish flower shop. At night as you enter by a revolving door pushed by a footman or porter, you find yourself in the middle of a wide room, surrounded by mirrors, and looking rather bewildered and lost. Suddenly you are confronted by a young girl, whose face is hard to see because of her extreme make-up. She is smartly dressed and very assured. She asks what Monsieur or Mademoiselle would like to see, and proceeds to make



suggestions as she takes you into an elaborate room modernistically decorated. There she shows you to a very modernistic sofa with table and ash trays at your side. If you want perhaps an orchid she will show you one or two of her most expensive ones, which are way beyond your means. You try with some hesitation and with a sheepish and feeble voice to tell her the price is too high. She looks at you with scorn and amazement, and goes to another case at the back of this brilliant, sparkling room. Finally, after a little search, your pert clerk brings you some orchids which are a little less expensive. Even that price is too steep for you, but to save your face and your pride from humiliation you pay for your orchid and either have it delivered or take it away yourself. You leave as quickly and as inconspicuously as possible, and give a big sigh of relief after that uncomfortable and stilted place is far behind you in the glaring lights of Manhattan.

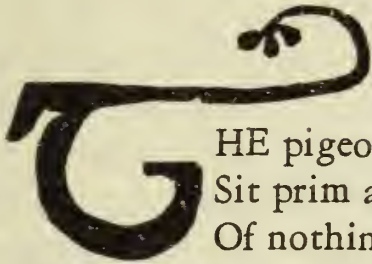
By far the most charming and delightful flower shop that I have ever seen at night is the one near Oxford and the river Isis owned by a small old Englishman who has devoted his life to flowers. He has a shop which always has that "flower-scented" odor so typical of small, inconspicuous flower shops. Mr. Becker is a very jovial man always at your service no matter what you buy, whether a bunch of violets or a blanket of roses. He grows his flowers in the flower beds which surround this small, brown stucco cottage and in his small greenhouse overlooking the river. When his shop is lighted at night, it is not lighted with a dazzling glare but with a soft and mellow glow that fits in with the sweet smell of the flowers. Mr. Becker takes great pleasure in telling you about each and every one of his different varieties. By the time you have paid for your bouquet, said good-night to him, and passed into the damp darkness, you have pleasantly spent an hour or two in this delightful little out-of-the-way center of beauty. You go away with a feeling that life must be worth living if you could have such a hobby as flowers.

How different are these two personalities who keep watch over nature's most precious beauties in those dark hours when people in New York are in a hurry to go to a nightclub, and people in Oxford in a hurry to go home to a book and a warm fire! How these two establishments, the complex one run for the love of money, the other simple one for the love of flowers, differ as they burn the midnight oil.

CHARLOTTE BOYNTON '37



## Mary Lyon's Pigeons



HE pigeons of the tower ledge  
Sit prim and puffy on the edge  
Of nothingness, like dowagers  
Plump and palatial, swathed in furs.  
The mechanism in their tower  
Disturbs them every quarter hour;  
But always they return to sit  
Within the clanging reach of it.  
If I were made as pigeons be,  
I wonder . . . would they learn from me  
To feel that chimes come all too often  
In college towns, and wish to soften  
The ruthless brain-distorting shout  
That ushers precious minutes out?  
Or would I learn to bear as well  
As they the clamor of the bell,  
Not knowing how to tell the time  
Of day or hour by the chime?  
Placid composure on a steeple  
May satisfy the pigeon people.  
I think that I would rather be  
A minute-hoarder, hourly,  
Than never know, upon my tower,  
The promise of another hour.

FLORENCE DUNBAR '32

## Embarrassing Moments

No matter how gracefully we may be prepared to walk through our lives, there are always unforeseen instances in which we are almost sure to behave awkwardly. There is little to do at such times but to laugh at oneself, to the further enjoyment of those observing and to the increase of the ridiculous, or to hide all the burning confusion in a calm, superior manner that at once embarrasses the on-lookers themselves. Of course, there are some particularly strong-minded individuals who go through any number of embarrassments with a composure beatific. These are the sublime exceptions. We shall ignore them, for it is our duty to improve our own technique.

The first and easiest way of overcoming these dark moments is that of suppressed amusement. In using this method, the patient must follow through his action or word with some nonchalant addition, giving a fillip, rather than a waver of uncertainty, to an occasion which later may prove of great hilarity. This method conveys the thought that the action was all intended—through a sort of *joie de vivre*! That calls for an amount of polish and composure. One must combat fiercely even the slightest suggestion of the warm red color which invariably accompanies the novice in these, his dark hours. Sometimes this method has been found to leave the victim with a cold, empty sensation. This is the other extreme.

Enough now of such technicalities. Mention should be made of a few occasions in which they may be put to the test. There is possibility for embarrassment in many subtle ways, but for ourselves, and most common, the following might be named. There is the late entrance to the dining-room. Perhaps one is unfortunate enough to be followed by exuberant juveniles, who gallop behind you with resounding thumps. You enter, everyone else is seated, and eyes accuse *you* of the stampede.

Or perhaps, in the midst of a particularly rubbery portion of chicken, the bird departs from you, and is next found on that part of the floor most clearly visible to the peering eyes of all occupants of the nearest four tables.

Or, you are undertaking some serious research in the dustier corners of the library. Spectacles on nose, books under arm, you

sweep importantly through the portals of that excellent room. Continuing the forward motion you contact a slippery rug, lose balance, turn a double flip, and finally unfold yourself from the filing case and two or three shelves of weighty encyclopedias. This is an almost hopeless case, but an expert can remedy it.

As a more subtle example, one might consider this! You are attending a concert. You indulge in a dreamy, esthetic mood. Your neighbor also feels the etherialness of the moment. Carried away by the spiritual uplift of the music, eagerly appreciative, you warmly clasp his hand. There is a general discreet cough as your less moved companions witness this act. Nought remains but to explain one's intense concentration upon the finer points of the music.

In the above, each succeeding example calls for a more finely developed skill, and skill, unfortunately, comes only with application. Let us apply ourselves, then, striving for new realms of non-chalance—sweeping through our portals with an unruffled calm.

JEAN NEVIUS '37

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## On Unsuccessfully Trying to Write a Sonnet

Oh ye immortal muses, come to me!  
Poetic impulse this poor head defies,  
This rock-encrusted brain set free,  
And yet—but no—I dare not plagiarize.

Oh that the gifted Coleridge when he died  
Those morphine-prompted stanzas so sublime  
Upon some oaken table by his side  
Had left intact to ancestors of mine!

But epigram-wise saw truism too;  
(Once more I hitch my prayers to a star)  
Say "milk is spilt," thus I am truly through  
And humbly bow to shades of bards afar.

And thus the muse refuses sympathy.  
Throw in the well-known sponge, oh woe is me!

ANNE FLAHERTY '38



## Jebby

**F**OR JEBBY" they used to say in a resigned, pitying tone, and then in explanation of this they would add, "He's a little crazy, you know. Harmless, of course, but he lives all alone way down at the end of that lane. He never bothers with other people, and you can see him pottering around his gardens and orchard any time of day."

Yes, Jebby did live all by himself in a literal sense, but perhaps he didn't consider this true. After all he had his hundreds of flowers, his trees, the sighing and moaning of the wind and grass as company, and inside his house, though few people knew it, there were rows and rows of books stacked on the bookshelves against the walls. He had human company too. All the boys of the town came to visit him in the afternoon and took his apples and pears, but Jebby didn't mind. He knew the boys liked him and respected him. He was happy in his life. Perhaps his house was small. Perhaps there wasn't too much money if his vegetable garden and orchard had a bad season. If you only had patience and faith everything would right itself. Besides, he could always get a job as someone's gardener. In fact right now he was working for Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke at that moment was sitting beside an open window intently reading. At times he softly quoted aloud to himself. "Only by knowing evil can we thoroughly comprehend good, and since I have known and understood it, I have a clearer, wider vision of what is not worth striving for in this world. I know how far I am from perfection, but the man who knows this and keeps trying to reach the top is better off than the man that doesn't. In this life there can be no perfection for any, but merely an ever-widening climb. Yet through this climb we can satisfy and interest ourselves always." "I'd like to meet the author of this book," thought Mr. Clarke. "I wonder who wrote it. It's strange that they can't discover him. The story might be true." "Myra," he said aloud to Mrs. Clarke, "have you read this book?" His wife glanced up from her work. "I started it," she answered abruptly, "but it's stupid. Why do they

write on such morbid subjects! Killing a man and then running away. Nothing happens at all. He ends up living in the country. There's no excitement. It's a story of his reformation as far as I can see. Stupid! Once you're bad, you'll stay bad, I say." Mr. Clarke stretched and got up. "That takes the hope of salvation from a lot of people," he said. "Perhaps you're right, but I think good can come from evil. There's a sort of calmness and faith about this ending, isn't there? Rather an acceptance of life as it is and yet not a renunciation of it." He glanced out of the window and saw Jebby working in the garden. "You know, Jebby's rather like the end of this book. There's a certain underlying current of peace about him too that almost makes me envious. I wonder—Jebby," he called. Jebby looked up and slowly walked over to the house. "Jebby, do you read?" Mr. Clarke asked. Jebby calmly answered, "Yes, I do." "Have you read this book?" Jebby looked a little startled. "Why yes," he said. "Yes, I was reading it yesterday." Mr. Clarke mused aloud. "This author certainly must know what he's talking about. He suffered and lived. He killed a man and was acquitted, although guilty. Now he has started a new life. It sounds impossible. His crime would follow him. He says he's gained the true meaning of life, but hasn't he rather slumped back into nothingness? It's a poor philosophy that creates nothing." "Oh, no," Jebby interrupted abruptly, "he's building inside himself and going forward, not merely existing." "Philip," Mrs. Clarke called sharply, "let Jebby do his work." "All right, Myra," and Mr. Clarke watched curiously as Jebby went back to his gardening. "I wonder what he did before he came to this town," thought Mr. Clarke. "I *should* like to know who wrote this book."

Many wild conjectures had been made as to who was the author of that particular book, but nobody knew. Several famous men and women were suggested, but none of them were satisfactory. Mr. Clarke took his share in wondering about it, but he soon gave it up.

Several days later while he was walking in the country, he found himself near Jebby's house. Moved by a strange impulse of curiosity, he decided to visit him. Nobody seemed to be around when he arrived, but the door was wide open and Mr. Clarke walked in. Very few people had seen the inside of Jebby's house and he didn't expect to see the high bookshelves and the long desk against the wall. He stopped for a moment astonished and then called, "Jebby!" Nobody

answered and Mr. Clarke walked over to the desk and looked down at a pile of papers that covered it. His eye fastened on one sentence and he remained there transfixed. "Only by knowing evil can we . . ." "Jebby must have done this," he said aloud. Someone came in the door behind him and he looked around. It was Jebby. The two men remained still, staring at each other for a moment, then Jebby spoke. "I wrote it you see, it's true." "I know," answered Mr. Clarke, "but why don't you tell people? You're famous. You could make a lot from it." "No," Jebby interrupted abruptly, "I've seen enough of the world. Perhaps sometime—I'm happy here, happier than I ever have been and it's taken me a long time. Let's leave it like that," and the two men shook hands.

JOAN TODD '37



## To Our Miss Bailey in Loving Memory

Though freshening breezes come to wake  
New ripples on our stream of days,  
Still flows the current clear and full  
Along the dear familiar ways.

Your vision mapped the broadening course  
Through many a long uncharted mile;  
You planted beauty where you passed  
Which gladdens us, as with your smile.

And as you hoped, our tide sweeps on  
Joyous and strong, toward wider view,  
While treasured in its singing depths  
Are precious memories of you.

RUTH STEPHENS BAKER

November 16, 1936

## School Notes

Members of Cum Laude in the Class of 1936: Anne Robins, Pauline Spear, Eleanor Wells.

### HONOR ROLL

QUARTER ENDING NOVEMBER 14, 1936

Courtney Wilson	92
Gisela Bolten, Margaret Comstock, Joan Todd, Muriel Wood	90
Ruth Rose	89
Katherine Harris, Barbara Pierpoint, Martha Elizabeth Ransom	88

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## Athletic Notes

### FIELD DAY

Shouts re-echoed through the halls! No proctors shouted admonitions! Field day had at length arrived.

After breakfast there were brief team meetings—the Griffins in Abbot Hall, the Gargoyles in Davis. The two teams marched to the center of the circle from their respective sides, joined and formed in front of the entrance, singing to Miss Hearsey, Miss Jenks and the entire faculty assembled there. Then on to the tennis courts, basketball field, and finally for the hockey field, from which we returned singing and gay (especially the Gargoyles, who had scored two victories and a tie).

In the afternoon some of us went to the Andover-Exeter game. The report that P.A. had won filled us with anticipation for the torchlight parade. We crowded around any available window to watch the gay procession, glowing with brilliant torches, wind slowly up the street and through our gates. There were lusty cheers, brief speeches by Miss Hearsey and Miss Jenks, more cheers, and then they left us. But we lingered at the windows for a last glimpse of the firelight dancing through the trees, a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

On the Saturday night that we returned from the Thanksgiving recess all the French 3 and 4 students and others interested were invited to a fencing lecture by Monsieur Vical, who was formerly a teacher in the French Imperial Guards. Following this the whole school witnessed a most excellent fencing demonstration by Monsieur Vical and his daughter, Madame Miller, our new French teacher. Mrs. Miller was a member of the French fencing team in the Olympics. The demonstration of a sport new to many of us caused widespread interest and accounts for the appearance of various shining swords, helmets, and other fencing paraphernalia recently acquired by the girls planning to take fencing lessons from Mrs. Miller this winter.

On October 10th Miss Josephine Schain spoke to us about International Affairs. She told us how she was working for peace, how anxious the women in Europe are for peace, and encouraged each of us to work for peace, too. I believe we were all inspired by her talk to think more seriously of the present precarious state of affairs and of how we also might try to further international peace.

The following evening, October 11th, we heard from Mrs. Yin of the Women's Christian University in Shantung how the women of the East also desire greatly to have peace established in the world. She told us how the women live in that eastern university, and how their life differs from ours. She was so eager to tell us all about it, and so anxious to have us understand her and what she was trying to explain to us that we couldn't help being very much interested in her talk.

Saturday, October 24th, the Senior English classes, chaperoned by Miss Chickering, Miss Sweeney, and Miss Rumney, went to Boston to the Saturday matinee of Leslie Howard's *Hamlet*. The brilliant spectacular production fascinated each member of the audience from the opening scene to Mr. Howard's interesting speech, given after his last curtain call.

October 31st the entertainment committee presented a spooky Hallowe'en melodrama. It took place at night in a dark, cold, eerily-lighted graveyard. The characters were a young girl, her handsome hero, two old, callous, and very amusing grave-diggers and a most terrifying ghost, which rose from the dead and walked



around talking strangely. With the help of soap-flakes thrown about as snow, the fumes of which became rather asphyxiating towards the end, a chilling, fear-inspiring effect, which was most fitting for Hallowe'en night, was created by this very thrilling and successful drama.

On Sunday, November 8th, the Vesper Service was held in Davis Hall. This gave us an opportunity to hear and enjoy the organ, played by Mr. Howe, and to hear Fidelio sing. Instead of having a speaker, Miss Hearsey read us some poetry, including some beautiful verses from Frost and Masefield. It was a very lovely service and was all the nicer for being out of the ordinary.

November 15th we had the real privilege of hearing one of the finest concerts that has ever been brought to Abbot Academy. The Tapley String Quintette gave a concert of music that everyone could enjoy. The selections were varied pieces by fine composers whose works were within the range of the appreciation even of those without a great deal of musical knowledge. No one could help feeling a thrill when the quintette presented Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile," and Mozart's "Serenade," and "Kleine Nachtmusik."

On November 21st Mr. William Ellsworth entertained and educated us with an extremely interesting lecture on the makers of our Constitution. The lecture gave an unusually intimate picture of these great men, and the beautifully colored slides that accompanied the talk helped to create the impression of seeing the founders of our government at first hand. After vacation we were saddened to hear that Mr. Ellsworth would not speak to us next year, for news has been received of his death.

Saturday, December 5th, Miss Helen Howe, who is internationally known as a monologist, gave a reading here which was highly appreciated by both students and guests. Most of the monologues were amusing caricatures, but one entitled "Daughters of Change" was a character study that presented decidedly sobering thoughts to the audience.

On Friday evening, December 11th, the A.D.S. plays were presented, to the accompaniment of well-earned applause. The excellent acting of the girls must surely have been the result either of genius or careful, painstaking direction. There were three plays, one a tragedy, that seemed more tragic because of its restraint, one a comedy, and

the third a charming comic-tragedy that the audience found very amusing because of its extravagant Chinese expressions. The casts for the three plays were:

## TRIFLES

By Susan Glaspell

## CHARACTERS

GEORGE HENDERSON, County Attorney . . . . .	Catharine Flaherty
HENRY PETERS, Sheriff . . . . .	Martha Sweeney
LEWIS HALE, a neighboring farmer . . . . .	Mary Elliot
MRS. PETERS . . . . .	Jane Stevenson
MRS. HALE . . . . .	Joan Brown

## THE NOBLE LORD

By Percival Wilde

## CHARACTERS

HE . . . . .	Martha Sweeney
SHE . . . . .	Mary Toohey
PETERS . . . . .	Mary Elliot

## ROMANCE OF THE WILLOW PATTERN

By Ethel Van de Veer

## CHARACTERS

THE MANDARIN . . . . .	Anne Sawyer
KOONG-SEE, his daughter . . . . .	Patricia Burdine
CHANG, his secretary . . . . .	Diana Greene
PROPERTY MAN . . . . .	Mary Toohey
INCENSE BEARER . . . . .	Jane Stevenson

The society chapels have been of especial interest this year. Q.E.D. started with a rousing political rally, stump speeches, and a talk on the major points of the campaign by Dr. Darling, history professor at P.A., and father of our own Susan Darling. Odeon presented an interesting account of the life of Helen Keller, and her patient companion, Mrs. Macy. The "A" Society told us of the women in the Olympic games. Philomatheia showed movies explaining the eclipses of the sun and the causes of the tides.

We have had many musical entertainments and concerts given by outsiders this winter, but there were none more valuable, beautiful, or interesting than two recitals on the piano, one given by Miss Friskin alone, and the other a joint concert with her brother. To quite a large audience of girls and townspeople Miss Friskin gave her very fine concert, including selections by Debussy, Chopin, Saint-

Saëns, and Schumann. As an encore she delighted the school by playing the favorite "Goliwogs' Cake Walk" by Debussy.

Shortly after this recital we had the rare opportunity of hearing Miss Friskin and James Friskin in a concert they were preparing for presentation in the Town Hall of New York City in Christmas vacation. The program comprised Mozart's "Sonata in F Major," the Brahms variations on a theme of Schumann, Bach's "Moy Mell," Ravel's "La Valse," and the Bach concerto in C Major for two pianos. When we read the write-ups of the concert in the New York papers, we were certainly proud to have heard a program which was so enjoyed by New York critics.

During November the John-Esther Art Gallery held an exhibition of the paintings of Mrs. Brannigan, our new art teacher. We were fascinated by the lovely water colors. The harbor and nature scenes recalled pleasant memories of our summer. We are indeed grateful to Mrs. Brannigan for giving us the opportunity of seeing her very interesting work.



## Alumnae Notes

We were very sorry to hear of the death, on December 14, of Mrs. Grace Carleton Dryden, member of the famous class of 1886. She was the first alumna trustee of the school.

Helen Leavitt, a Cum Laude graduate of 1928, has become Abbot's first full-fledged minister. After her graduation from the Andover Newton Theological School, she has begun a pastorate in Hill, New Hampshire.

Barbara Symonds has been elected a song leader at Wheaton. She and Shirley Powers, both of '35, took part in the Wheaton Christmas play, "St. George and the Dragon."

Jean Hume, of the class of '32, is studying for her M.A. in the School of Public Health at Yale. She is a cousin of Harriet Hume, a junior-mid this year.

Ernestine Look, '35 non-graduate, is a freshman at McGill University. She took a leading part in the freshman play there.

Cathleen Burns '35 was awarded the prize for the best Christmas story in the magazine published by Amherst, Mount Holyoke, and Smith students.

"Ted" Johnson Blanpain '25 expects to be singing opera all winter in Antwerp, Liège, and Ghent—"Butterfly" and "Tosca" mostly. She writes that she is returning to Essex in April or May to study again with Mrs. Burnham (a former music teacher here).

Mary Flaherty '34 was the chairman of the Junior Prom Committee at Smith.

Florence Dunbar '32 is at the Graduate School of Columbia doing special work in Nineteenth Century Literature.

Dorothy Rockwell, also of '32, is working for the editor of *Pictorial Review* and writing several articles for the magazine.

Dee Hall '34 has left Barnard and is studying occupational therapy in Boston.

Betty Flanders '34, who is captain of the Wellesley ski team, won two races in the intercollegiate ski races held at Lake Placid during Christmas vacation. She came in first both in the slalom and the free for all.

The following engagements have been reported:

Virginia Chapin, a senior at Vassar, to Arnold Mills Combrinck-Graham, Jr., an instructor at P.A.

Helen Stearns Allen '32 to Lenert William Henry of Cambridge. Ruth Tyler, a classmate, will be a bridesmaid, and Julia Wilhelmi maid of honor.

Alice Eckman '30 will be wed in the spring to Richard Dean Mason of Chicago.

Carol Upham '29 to James Morgan Fox of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Evelyn Folk '31 to Charles E. Ramsdell of Sterling.

Margaret Graham '28 to Charles Robert Greenleaf of Natick.

There have been several "Abbot girl" weddings recently:

Ruth Pratt '35 was married to Donald Miner on December 26th.

Pauline Humeston '27 and Herbert Pratt Carter were married on October twenty-third.

Nathalie Bartlett '23 on December thirty-first to Herbert Farnsworth of Boston.

The marriage of Dorothy Bolton '31 to Edward R. Greenwood took place on December twelfth in Andover.

Jane Rice was married to William Perry (a brother of Ruth and Elizabeth Perry) on January first. They will live on Joy Street in Boston.

Ruth Cushman Hill '28 had a son, David William Hill, born September 24, 1936, at Orange, New Jersey. Ruth's home address is Mrs. H. Eric Hill, 15 Irving Avenue, Livingston, New Jersey.

Abbot girls are well representing their alma mater in various colleges and higher schools.

Billie Sage, now a senior, is reported as doing excellent work at Sarah Lawrence.

The one-year girls of 1935 whose deferred diplomas have just been granted are: Barbara Symonds and Shirley Powers of Wheaton, Jean Wilson and Elizabeth Jordan of Connecticut, and Helen Heald of Cornell. One will be given to Dorothy Lambert some time this term.

Of that year's class we hear that Katharine Scudder and Ann Cutler are on the Freshman Honor List for distinguished work at Vassar. Katharine hopes to study Spanish in Mexico City next summer. Joan Henry is on the Freshman Honor Roll at Wellesley, and Lucia Nunez at Smith. Lucia and Evelyn Chapell have been elected to the International Relations Club at Smith. Helen Heald is reported



among the First Quintile (highest fifth) of her class at Cornell.

Of the 1936 graduates and one-year girls, Smith seems to have claimed the most. Marion Mooney, Helen Marie O'Brien, Leonore Buckley, Jeanne MacCready, Grace Nichols, and Virginia Nourse are freshmen there.

At Mount Holyoke are Carol Stillwell and Ruth Wittig. Patricia Smith and Sylvia Wright are at Connecticut College for Women.

Freshmen at Colby Junior College are Priscilla Mailey and Mary Trafton.

Eleanor Wells, our last year's editor, has been reported as doing excellent work in creative writing at Wheaton. We are very grateful to her and her mother for the gift of an etching of the old Greek theater in Syracuse.

Mary Dooley is enjoying Wellesley and Polly Spear Vassar.

Miriam Adams and Frances Mahoney are at the University of New Hampshire, Charlotte Dane at Pembroke College, where she was the freshman member on a committee of four to plan the Annual Christmas House Dance. She is also a member of the Freshman Social Committee. Dede Eastlack is at the College of William and Mary, Rosalie Rappoport at Bates and Elinor Robinson at Simmons, Sally Scates at Hollins, Carrie Rockwell at Bradford, Lucy Hawkes at Katharine Gibbs. At the Erskine School are Barbara Reinhart, Clara Holland and Mary Swan. Anne Russell is at the School of Industrial Arts in Philadelphia and Elizabeth Sargent at Miss Wheelock's.

Of the one-year girls leaving in June 1936 Elizabeth Drake has entered Wells, Phyllis Fisher the Berkley College at East Orange, New Jersey, Lois Holmes the University of Vermont, Jane Hopkins Sweetbriar, Anne Robins Bryn Mawr, and Barbara Souther is at the Faulkner Hospital.

Harriott Cole is at home this winter. She had a large coming-out party in the fall. Kip Humphreys is at Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield. Barbara Waite is at Bradford Junior College and Jean Rae at Marot Junior College. Daphne Craig is at Cranbrook, Calla Owen at Mamaroneck High School, Anne Pillsbury at the Cambridge School at Kendal Green, and Nancy Dodge at St. Mary's in the Mountain at Sugar Hill. Eva Doblin was married on September 9, to Bernhard S. Blumenthal.







# The Abbot Courant

June, 1937

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXIII

JUNE, 1937

NUMBER 2

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MISS HEARSEY

# THE ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXIII

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KATHARINE HARRIS '39

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*Art Editor*

MARJORIE WILLIAMS

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## Au Courant

Our year is almost over now; it has been in some ways more exciting, more interesting, than the other years we have spent here. Miss Hearsey as Abbot's new principal has almost come to her first milestone, and we the COURANT Board are wishing happy years and the greatest successes possible to her in the future.

The sun begins to feel a bit warmer, in spite of the howling of the March wind, and the imminence of April's showers. Suddenly one morning one notices a tinge of a greener green on the lifeless-looking grass. Is it imagination? No, because it is soon confirmed by something more definite. Right against the sheltering wall of McKeen Hall, standing straight and firm, although blushing just a little at being the first arrival, is our herald, the crocus. Then one day there is



a green leaf on the vine which clambers up the bricks of Abbot Hall, and his companions join him without further delay. The days get warmer, and as you lie in bed some nights you can hear the honking of the flocks of geese who are coming back from the balmy southlands to their nesting places in the North. There is one really hot day, and the next morning the circle is shaded. The maples are out, the tiny pale leaves make the whole world look freshly scrubbed, and truly alive and bursting with suppressed joy at the new existence ahead. It is Spring, The Circle light shines at night on the green willow next to the Art Gallery, and the moon shines brighter because of its pleasure in looking down upon such beauty. It is all ours for the breathing, touching, and loving. But for one group, the Seniors, the coming of the Spring is sad—because it is the last Abbot spring for them.

Among the strange sights around Abbot during the spring the prom week-end and visitors' day compete for first place. Both sets of visitors should have surprised us by arriving early if they wished to see the school as it really is without its party manners. May first found lawn mowers, rakes, dust mops, carpet-sweepers, and hair-curlers very much in evidence. Dust flew, curtains flapped in the breeze, sleeves were rolled, and the general appearance was that of determination.

About May sixth the majority of the seniors and senior-mids could be seen wandering around with their hair newly waved and flattened tightly against their heads, and their nails in the process of being polished. They vaguely waved telegrams and special deliveries in their hands, and bemoaned the damp weather so disastrous to perfect coiffures. The teachers tried in vain to talk to the smiling, blank faces in their class-rooms, but if they have been here more than one year they realized the futility of it all.

Who would have thought that out of such disorder Abbot would emerge so radiant for two most pleasant occasions!

With Spring as added pleasure we have our sports, varied and absorbing, to call us out again to the tennis courts, the fields, and the changing beauty of the countryside. In these few last months Gargoyles and Griffins will once more join together in enthusiastic play.

Early and late, the thin taut sound of racquet hitting ball comes from the newly lined tennis courts. The baseball diamond is laid out along our Maple Walk. There is fast pitching, hard hitting, and base-running well worthy of watching on these breezy spring afternoons. Beyond the grove, where cloud shadows blow across the grass, is the hockey field, now marked for the classic javelin and discus throws, and ranged with hurdles and a jumping pit. Records of other Abbot girls are rechecked, and tape and stop-watch measure our attempts.

On golfers' afternoons a gay group crowds our blue truck and hurries off early to the golf course. On the return trip, made in equal haste, long scores or doubtful putting are discussed with little effect on the general happy mood. May Day had its "gymkhana," but that was not to be the end of boots and saddles—no indeed! Many are taking riding as a major sport for points and some are taking it merely for pleasure. The ride is always beautiful, along thickly wooded roads, with violets growing on the grassy edges. By the time they are homeward bound even the beginners have relaxed, and begun to enjoy themselves, for there is something exhilarating about spending a beautiful spring afternoon astride an animal who will carry you like the wind if you wish.

Sometimes at breakfast on Saturday mornings, a meeting for canoe trippers is announced, and as soon as possible an excited group is gathered about the library table. There is only room for a dozen, with our three canoes, and the lucky ones must hurry to pack their lunches.

In all these sports as we enjoy the day's game we also look forward to the final contest on Field Day between our two school teams. Gargoyles and Griffins hope to play as never before, competing in skill and sportsmanship for those elusive points that will decide the winner of the shield.

Spring styles have been a constant topic of interest around Abbot for some time now. As a matter of fact, the whole spring parade has been new and astonishing. The popular swing skirts and the peasant styles with their lovely knitted boleros and bordered skirts of this winter set a high standard of originality for spring to excel. The usual sweaters and skirts, suits, and wash dresses have all received



new touches. Colors hardly ever thought of before, thistle and heather in particular, have caught our angoras and tweeds alike. The customary cottons worn to class are apt to have very full "Gone With the Wind" skirts, or a weave that looks like silk, and prints more original than ever before.

When we dress up now we really do it, for never have our silks been so feminine. Tiny flowered prints with fine, fine lace about the neck and arms, perky bows, full peplums, or perhaps tight bodices, puffed sleeves, and gathered skirts, all are an assurance that, for the present at least, the masculine trend is less and less popular. Yet even as this is said, it comes to mind that the "beer jackets" seen all about the campus are not exactly feminine. But they are useful things and many of them are certainly quite attractive, for Abbot's artists have done pretty good jobs on them. You can find Henry, Pluto, Popeye, and other notable characters on several people's jackets.

Now it's just about time to begin looking for summer styles. It doesn't seem possible that there could be new ones yet to come, but we're watching for them anyway.

Scraps from the Journal of S—— J——

(Daughter of a prominent member of the class of '37)

*May 5, 1962*—What a day! Not a moment's breathing space from the time the maid awakened us at 7:30 with a gentle knock on the door till the lights went out at 10:30. All the classes were held outdoors—in the shade of Abbot, McKean, and the new class building where "Homestead" used to be. Had my daily class in Archaeology at P. A., racing up on my bicycle and arriving just on time. The lucky seniors with their cars avoid all of this eternal rush. In the afternoon we played tennis on the new courts built towards the hockey field. Studied this evening on my balcony.

*May 6*—Took a dip before breakfast in the outdoor pool back of the Infirmary. The perfect way to a perfect day. Played tennis during my morning study hours. This afternoon rehearsed for the new play we are giving with the Phillips Dramatic Society. Rode up with Sally G—— in her new Ford V-20. Heard Rudy Goodman's hour on my radio while trying to write an English theme (we still have 'em).



*May 7 (Saturday)*—Went in town as usual. Bought some new shorts and halters (mine are all wearing out). In the evening we had movies at school—Gloria Golden and Dick Taylor in "Swinging High." Smooth picture. I was glad to get back and see that the maid had cleaned my room. It's rather convenient to be able to walk in and find a place to sit down again.

*May 8*—Two weeks from today is commencement! I've already acquired a pretty good tan in preparation for the summer by spending all my spare time at the swimming pool. My legs especially are very brown from wearing ankle socks (How could mother have borne with hot old stockings?). Church was in the new hall with a speaker from New York. Spent the evening with a girl in one of the new dorms.

*May 9*—Uneventful day with the exception of the arrival of a check from Dad and a letter from Jim—special aerial delivery and a fat one at that. Life *is* bliss.

---

## Deception

I thought: "No berry, surely,  
On this verdant vine  
Could yield a bitter wine."  
And so I tasted it—  
Ripe and purple-flecked.

Perhaps the roots had known  
Small nourishment in stone.  
I do not know, except  
The memory I kept  
Was of a wry, a bitter fruit.

JEAN NEVIUS '37

## At Oviedo

"Oh, no, it's not true. Dios, He would not let my José die; die in this filth, killed by those pigs of rebels. He's hiding, waiting somewhere to come back. Oh, Virgen Santa, help him!"

The slim, dark-haired girl threw herself on the bed and lay there sobbing while her mother gently stroked her hair murmuring, "Florencina, pobrecita, it's all right. Hush, he'll come back. He had to go, you know it, to fight for us, for our side. He'll come back, I tell you."

"But why, why did he not tell me goodbye? Why did he leave without seeing me?" the girl sobbed.

"Hija mia," her mother said, "how would it have helped to have seen you? What good could it have done? You only would have tortured yourself and tortured José. It was better this way. Now come and help me fix something for your poor father to eat when he returns. God grant he has found some food. The beans are almost gone and no food is left for tortillas."

The girl slowly dried her eyes and sat up. She stared vacantly around the room for a minute, then her glance fastened on a tiny basket covered by a rough little handwoven blanket. A shudder ran through her body. Little Carlos, her brother, only two years old and now—dead. No chance left for him to grow into the sturdy boy and handsome man that the old priest had prophesied at his birth. A week ago the rebels had stormed her city. Coarse, dirty peasant soldiers had entered her house while her father was out. They had seized her mother and herself, but she had wrenched free from them and escaped, hiding behind a barrel while they searched for her. Later, it seemed years, she had returned and found Carlos dead—killed. Her mother was sitting on the floor, white and silent, rocking herself backwards and forwards without saying a word. Now her José had left. They were to have been married soon. A gasping cry escaped from her tightly pressed lips, and she rose and went to the window. There it was again! The eternal rattle of machine guns; the deafening roar of aeroplanes overhead. The uproar came closer, nearing her house. A group of ragged men and boys came into sight fleeing for their lives. They were followed by others, all looking alike.

She couldn't tell which army they belonged to. It didn't really matter. They were all human beings butchered like so many sheep. No hope left—nothing but death. Death, her body stiffened at the window. Death, why not? Why live on? One bullet, one bullet could bring the peace she was praying for. Who cares? José, Carlos gone—padre next. One bullet only; the girl left the window and ran hysterically to the door. Get to the street, get to the street where bullets are free and death is free. The thought kept thundering against her brain. Get to the street. One bullet only is needed to hit you, and then—peace. She flung the door open and dashed out into the square. Now, she thought, now, soon it will be all over. A voice near her shouted. "Florencina, querida mia, stop." She stopped; José's voice, where did it come from? He was dead. She felt someone lift her and carry her into the house. Someone was saying, "Estoy aqui. It's I, José. The rebels have been driven out. Oviedo is free. We're safe, safe." Florencina managed to smile weakly. "Perhaps now there will be peace. Perhaps now we can start living again. We can have our little house, José, and maybe there will be another little Carlos. Bendita sea Dios," she murmured.

JOAN TODD '37

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## "Chicago-Sunday à la Carl Sandburg"

Heat. Heat engulfing you, strangling you, suffocating you. Dreams of cold drinks and a solitary swim. Cool beaches. Breezy, sweeping beaches. Slippery water, buoyant as ginger-ale.

Traffic. Steaming, sooty, sultry traffic. Carbon-monoxide fumes. Shimmering air vibrations rising from the sun-softened streets. Shiny men driving, smiling, bare to the waist. Drooping, weary women with painted faces, red, orange, dead, dead white. Stop signals when the heat catches up with you. Everyone, everything is too close, close, close. Space, that is what you crave, space. Other people's radios singing snatches of songs with quick rhythm. They pass, you pass; everyone is together again at the next red light.

BARBARA RANDOLPH '37



## A Passage from Jean-Christophe (l'Aube) by Main Rolland

In the midst of these periods of oppressive gloom, in the sultry darkness which seemed to close in from hour to hour, there began to glow like a star lost in the dark spaces the light which was to illumine his life: heavenly music.

Grandfather had just given his children an old piano which his patient ingenuity had almost renovated. Only little Christophe was pleased with the new acquisition, without exactly knowing why. It seemed to him that it was a magic box filled with wondrous tales like those he loved in the *Arabian Nights*. He had heard his father, in trying the notes, draw from it a little shower of arpeggios, like what a puff of soft wind shakes down after an April rain from the wet boughs of a wood. He had clapped his hands and cried, "Again!" but his father contemptuously closed the piano saying that it was good for nothing. Christophe didn't insist any longer; but he hovered constantly around the instrument, and, as soon as everybody's back was turned, he lifted the cover and touched a key as gently as he would have moved with his finger the green shell of some large insect; he wanted to make the creature hidden there come out again. Sometimes, in his haste, he struck a little too loudly and his mother would call to him, "Can't you keep still?"

Now his greatest joy is when his mother has to spend the day working. He hears her steps going down the stairs; there they are in the streets; they fade away. He is alone. He opens the piano, he draws up a chair, he perches himself on it; his shoulders come only to the height of the keyboard, but that is enough for what he wants. Why does he wait to be alone? Nobody would hinder his playing if he didn't make too much noise. But he is ashamed before the others, he doesn't dare. And then they talk, they move about. That mars the pleasure. It is so much better when one is alone! Christophe holds his breath so that everything may be even more still, and also because he is a little stirred, as if he were going to fire a cannon. His heart beats as he presses his finger on the key; sometimes he raises it again, after pushing it halfway down, to put it on another. Does anyone know

what is going to come out of this one, what out of that? . . . Suddenly the sound rises. Some are deep and bass, some are high and shrill, there are some that ring out, there are others that growl. The child listens to them for a long time as one by one they soften and fade away. They move to and fro like bells when one is in the fields, and the wind brings them near and carries them away again and again; then, when one listens, one hears in the distance other different voices which blend and turn about like insects in flight; they seem to call you, to draw you far . . . far . . . farther and farther, in some mysterious retreats, where they plunge and bury themselves . . . There, they have disappeared! . . . No, they are echoing still . . . A little flapping of wings . . . How strange it is! They are like spirits. That they obey thus, that they are held captive in that old box, he cannot understand it!

But the best of all is when one puts two fingers on two keys at the same time. One never knows exactly what is going to happen. Sometimes the two spirits are enemies; they grow angry, they strike each other, they hate each other, they sing with a vexed air; their voices swell; they cry out, now with wrath, now with sweetness. Christophe adores this game: one would think that they are chained monsters who chew their bonds, who dash against the walls of their prison; it seems that they are going to break them and burst out, like those genii imprisoned in Arabian chests under the seal of Solomon, of which one reads in books of fairy tales. Others flatter you: they try to inveigle you; but they ask only to bite and they too have the fever. Christophe doesn't know what they want: they attract him and they trouble him; they make him almost blush. And at other times still there are some notes which like each other: their sounds entwine, as one does with one's arms when one kisses anybody; they are pleasing and sweet. These are the good spirits; their faces are smiling and wrinkleless; they like the little Christophe and he likes them; he has tears in his eyes when he hears them, and he never tires of calling them back again. They are his friends, his dear, tender friends . . .

Thus the child walks about in the forest of sounds, and he feels around him thousands of unknown forces, which watch him and call him, to caress him or to devour him . . .

MARGARET COMSTOCK '38

## The Bells of Gloucester

In Gloucester town the bells do sound  
With sweetest music in my ears.  
The mournful toll far out to sea  
That tells of bell-buoys swaying on  
The cold white crests of wind-swept waves;  
The fog-bells' sweetly bitter chime,  
Half-muffled in their hoary veil;  
The twilight bells, the Carillon,  
Whose gentle benediction floats  
Aloft at eventide, and charms  
Approaching night to stillness, halts  
The sleepy bird-notes, fills the air  
With peaceful, deep content, and puts  
All evil, wordly thoughts to sleep.

These bells, their many melodies,  
Are woven sweetly into one  
Nostalgic harmony, a song  
Of beauty, deepened and upheld  
By the thunder of the surf,  
Whose roar I hear each time the wind  
Blows strong among these country trees.  
The sad and tender pathos of  
Its haunting, pleading theme  
Even now sobs softly in my ears, though  
I am far from buoy and fog  
And Carillon of Gloucester town.

JUDITH WONSON '37



## Continuity

The station was unlighted and unheated so early in the morning. There were just a few glowing coals left in the small pot-bellied iron stove. The chill morning wind howled a bit timidly when the blare of the train whistle rivalled it. Its sleepy freight aboard, the train roared on again.

Framed in the sooty doorway of the smoking car was a girl, extremely tall, perhaps twenty, perhaps thirty years old. Her painted mouth drooped dispiritedly, and her face was drawn and taut. There was some sadness that was unreachable behind her lowered eyelids. Her eyes found a free seat near the door and she dropped wearily into it, ignoring fellow-passengers. She leaned her elbow upon the dirty sill and looked through the streaked pane of glass far beyond where the mist was lying in dusky drifts to the glow of the rising sun.

She turned and glanced through the crowded, smoke-laden car restlessly, then rose and walked quickly through the door. Strangely the attention of a number of people was drawn by this movement for no reason at all, except that her expression was so fixed, and the mental fatigue and worry was so expressed in her body. She passed through to another car almost unoccupied and then remained motionless absorbed in her own thoughts until the train drew to a jerking undecided halt at the Grand Central Station—New York!

On this day, such an insignificant looking one, beginning like so many others to the throng in the station, would the happiness of her life be made or broken. This day would mark the beginning of a happy heart, or the end. She did not really know how she explained the affair even to herself. But she was still pondering a question which had been in her mind for three years now. "Will he be the same man or perhaps a better man than the one I married when he comes back, or will he be a prisoner—a prisoner now in his heart instead of the cell? The prison couldn't make him change from the lovable, impulsive boy she had loved, to one of the bitter, hard dissipated men she had seen as a child. Yes, they had been among her father's friends, and her marriage was the saving thing that lifted her from such people. But perhaps not. How could she know now. That horrible mistake, and then her man had gone "upstate" too.

Three years ago! What will come back to me? To be sure, two years of the five-year sentence had been cut off because of "fine attitude and good behavior." What a broad statement that is. Could it mean he had become phlegmatic, uncaring, uninterested?

She held her head high and looked over the seething crowd. The train was coming now. She heard the rhythmic rumbling of the wheels, the escaping of steam from the controlling valves. The bells clanged, the engine roared by and went slowly, more slowly, and more . . .

She turned her head quickly and stifled an almost overpowering desire to run, to try to find another poor job like the one she had had in the country. To go quickly—now. But something within her held her back, made her eyes rove from one pale face to another, half hopefully and half frightened. Suddenly her heart stopped when she found a lean tanned face that she knew well, a face browned by the sun from work on the state roads, eyes clear and faintly wondering but with firmness fixed upon her own. He came close to her. She touched him, and her eyes filled with tears of joy. Nothing but joy—joy in her heart, in her mind—her soul. She should have known he would not give in, and she knew he would find work soon. And for him there was nothing to say either, only joy at being home.

MARTHA ELIZABETH RANSOM '37

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## Revelation

Hello, God! Are You walking too, this morning?  
I didn't see You standing there until I stopped  
To watch the leaves unfolding in this wood.  
I wonder!—could it have been You  
Who, with a puff of air, stirred all the crystal drops  
From off the needle tips of that dark evergreen?  
And then the thrush sang, suddenly!  
Trust birds to know Your coming. But we—  
We are so slow to see—excuse me, God!  
And, if You could, let's walk a way together,  
In this wood!

JEAN NEVIUS '37



## Bumpah

I first remember sitting on Bumpah's knee and fishing in his pocket-book. It was so exciting to shut my eyes and feel for a coin, which I always hoped would be a silver dollar. This procedure finished, he would be dragged off, laughing and shouting, to play "hide and seek" with us.

In 1856, in Cincinnati, two little boys were born to Thomas and Mary Johnston. It was a great joy, as Mary, the only child at that time, was not able to take the place that Thomas had planned for a son. They were called Alexander and Thomas and were fine, healthy boys. At the age of two, however, Thomas got pneumonia and after a brief struggle, died, leaving a heartbroken twin.

As Alexander got older, Jane, Leonard and Howard came along to complete the family. A few years after this, their mother began to fail in health, and although she went back to her native Ireland, she never came home again, and died soon after that. Alexander did his share in helping Mary with the family, while their parents were gone.

Alex grew up into a striking young man. He liked a gay life and he was the life of every party. The parents liked him, too, because he worked hard. His duties in his position with the manufacturing concern were manifold, but over the week-end he found time to go courting Anna Titus, whom he had nearly run over in his buggy one day. They made a handsome couple, those two, the tall, dark, curly-haired man with the great beard and the graceful, slim, red-haired girl.

Both had come from large families but they had only two daughters, Margaret and Mary. Alex's pride in his daughters knew no bounds. They were just like him; the hot Irish temper, the proud nervousness, the stubborn unselfishness, were all there. Unfortunately, their mother died when the girls were in their late 'teens, and she left Alexander heartbroken and lonely. Always healthy, he became sick and had to be cared for constantly. After his recovery it was evident that he had aged perceptibly and his thick dark hair was soon gone, leaving the top of his head bald.



During the World War Margaret married Charles Sawyer and Alex helped to cheer her up and keep her from worrying about no word from "over there."

And then the war was over, and once more there were children whom he loved dearly to play with. Anne was first, and then Charles, Jean, John and Edward followed in the ensuing nine years. Yes, I was born then and as I couldn't say "Grandfather" he was thereby christened "Bumpah." How we used to tease him! It was as though he were young again, himself. Many's the mood we've seen him in. Yet, now even his temper is becoming milder. Yes, my grandfather is getting old. However, he still is high-spirited, rosy-cheeked, has snapping blue eyes and a bristling mustache and drives around in his "electric," waving to all the children and people in the village.

On his eightieth birthday they rang the chimes for him and when asked what he wanted them to play, he answered, "The Glory of Love." Everyone knows him and loves him, He picks strange acquaintances with everyone, and has all kinds of friends.

Dear Bumpah coming to ask me if I don't think his new tie is becoming. Passing judgment, I stand and look at him, at his bald head rimmed with white, his amused smile, and think of his kind deeds, his exasperation with his daughters, who try to run him, his sense of humor and his marvelous stories. He's really a grand person, is "Bumpah."

ANNE SAWYER '37

## Scat

Howling,  
Yowling,  
I heard a cat,  
Then threw  
A shoe  
and holler'd "scat"!

He fled.

I said

"So that is that."

MARIAN LAWSON '38

## The Lucky Meeting

It happened, and it was just one of those funny tricks that fate can play. To outsiders their situation and their meeting was nothing out of the ordinary, but to them—well they just couldn't figure it out.

It was one of those cases of love at first sight—almost anyway. Chris was an average sort of boy, that is, he had been around the world and had seen almost everything there was to be seen, and had worked his way around at that, just for the fun of it. He could have had his father's money, but he just didn't do things that way. Jane was an average girl too and when I say average I mean she was nothing out of the ordinary. She was old for her age, and knew her way around (or so he thought). She had had her degree of popularity or, that is, she did have a date once in a while. She had quite a passion for sailing, and could handle a boat decently—but aside from that she was just like the rest of them. He was blond and very decent-looking, except for his height. She was dark and fairly nice-looking too, although she was pretty tall (for him anyway), and a little on the stout side. They both had their drawbacks (at least in regard to size).

Now, of course, it is the inevitable story of "boy meets girl." The place they met is irrelevant, but the circumstances and the result is more to the point. He had just gotten back from abroad, and somehow was dragged into an amateur production, more generally known as a play, and called to fill one of the parts. She was in the play, too, in the cast. Chris and Jane became acquainted in the usual manner—very polite at first and then as some dispute arose they took the sarcastic tangent. He asked her if he could take her home and she agreed. Why shouldn't she? They had dinner together—but that was nothing unusual. They both kept up the old line, joking about their ages in dialogue that they thought was pretty snappy. The next two nights these two were pretty congenial, so much so that Jane kept missing her cues and the director finally arrived at the conclusion that something was up. So did the other boys—because Jane wasn't paying much attention to them, now that Chris had appeared on the scene.

Jane and Chris really didn't seem to be making much of their meeting until the night before the play. Then Chris casually said that he



was leaving for the west and wasn't coming back for a couple of years. When he said this he suddenly realized that maybe the east wasn't so bad as he thought it had been, and Jane thought of the whole summer ahead, and decided that it wasn't going to be so much fun after all. It can't be imagined why they both had these ideas at the identical moment, but they say there is a thing called mental telepathy. For no reason at all Jane asked Chris to go sailing the next morning, but he couldn't because he was leaving the night of the play or the next morning and he thought he might have a bit of packing to do, so that was that.

The play went off pretty well, but both Jane and Chris were undergoing rather a queer sensation. Funny that they should both feel the same thing! Neither of them spoke to the other. There was really no reason why they should talk anyway, even if it was the last time they would see each other, besides, they didn't mean anything to each other. Poof! Things just didn't happen that way in three days. But somehow, I wish she would just say "Hi," or I do wish he would look as if he knew who I am. The play was over and she had to leave in a hurry for a dinner party and he had to get home because he thought he would show his family that he knew they still existed. Feeling a little strained they both sort of talked about the weather, and finally he, who was not one to beat around the bush, said it. "Well, goodbye," or something equally off-hand, and she did the same, but that didn't seem to be the end. Now, really why shouldn't they just say goodbye? After all, they were just two actors in the same play and he had brought her home once, only once, and they certainly didn't have much of a mutual understanding about anything. But well maybe he could drop by her house for a few minutes—yes, maybe he could, in fact, if she didn't mind, could he see her after the dinner party? Why yes, she'd love to see him.

He came for her though she had to be in the house by twelve midnight, as she hadn't been behaving quite to her parents' liking. Jane and Chris had only two hours, so they started talking and continued for quite a while. Why, they both found that they had never talked to anyone more easily, just as if they had been pals for years. It was truly remarkable. But they both had a feeling of suppression, somehow. There was no reason for it. They were both apparently talking with ease. Suddenly he looked up and saw the moon breaking from



behind black, ominous clouds and just like all men he couldn't contain himself any longer and he broke down and told her the sweet story. And wonders she liked it and for some reason shared his feelings. He didn't know why it had happened this way, but it just had, and, oh, he was glad she felt that way about it all, too. It made him feel terribly to have to leave, but that's the way life is. They both thought it was rather hopeless, but he would come home about once or twice a year and, well, if she still felt that way, that was great, but if she didn't, he'd understand and she would understand about him. And in four or five years if they both felt the same way—well—maybe—but only time can tell things like that.

BARBARA LITTAUER '38



### Edna, the Cow

No one was surprised to see Edna wander off by herself that clear sunshiny day. She often did amble away from her companions, only to return at dusk to be patiently herded home by the noisy collie. Sad to say, Edna was not one of the brighter cows. Edna, in fact, was a very stupid animal.

When a cow like Edna feels that she needs repose from the cares of the herd, it usually is not because those cares are too great, but because the cow herself is not up to the responsibilities placed upon her. In other words, a cow must have a definite something to be of any use in her group: Edna was of little or no use to the herd or even to herself.

To understand Edna we really must learn something of her calf-hood. She never went to the little meetings held under the wide spreading trees in the pasture because she never quite understood what the wise old cows were teaching their young. Consequently she learned only what she discovered by herself, that bees sting when stepped on, that dandelions tickle snouts when nosed and that thistles are most uncomfortable to sit on. Oh yes, and she found out that there was a little muddy brook a little way from the pasture where hot hoofs could be cooled in the blissfully oozy mud. Not much knowledge certainly for a full grown cow, but it was all she had.

Edna was therefore on her daily walk to this little brook when she felt a very sharp pain on her ear. Now that pain might have caused some cows to bellow and to run for shelter, but you see that was one of the things Edna knew about. It wasn't tickling, it wasn't stinging all over, so it must be a bee. Edna, therefore, calmly shook her head and ambled on. Next she nosed around her feet for a bit and sure enough, she felt a tickling sensation on her nose. Dandelions! At last, a little tired, Edna sat down for a rest and immediately got up again, tingling all over. Yes, they were thistles, and she knew all about them. Patiently she swished them off with her tail and went her way, eager to reach the brook. Then among the buzzing insects she cooled her hoofs and chewed her cud. A very peaceful cow was Edna, and so stupid.

PRISCILLA RICHARDS '37

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## Sleeping Tricks

Jackie and Tab crawled reluctantly into their little beds. Afternoon naps weren't appreciated in this household. At least the little brothers could not figure out a reason why they had to sleep in the afternoon. But there wasn't any question in Mother's mind about it.

This afternoon was extra-special. It was different from most nap afternoons, for the little boys had really promised to go to sleep. Mother had promised them a trip to the soda fountain later in the afternoon if they slept well. But oh, what a price it was to pay for the treat!



After Mother had drawn down the window-shades, she went out and quietly closed the door, leaving the little boys in their dusky seclusion. There was silence for about two minutes in the room. Tab hid his nose under the sheet and shut his eyes tight, while Jack's bright eyes roved about the wall of the room. Two more minutes passed. Oh, what a long time! Tab pulled the blankets over his head as Jackie began to move restlessly about in his bed.

"I can't go to sleep," proclaimed Jackie aloud. "Can you?" he added hesitantly.

Tab peeked out from under the covers. "I don't think I can," he whispered sorrowfully.

Minutes dragged. Soft footsteps could be heard outside of the door.

"Oh," cried Jack, "We've got to be asleep when Mother comes in!"

Tab looked horrified.

"I know what we'll do," Jackie went on excitedly. "We'll snore—you know, what people do when they really sleep."

"Snore?" questioned Tab uncertainly. "I don't know . . ."

"Shush!" interrupted his older brother. "Here she comes!"

The door creaked softly as Mother tip-toed in. As she approached the beds, a loud snoring sound came from the direction of Jackie's bed. It was a rather bad imitation of Father's snoring.

But before Mother had time to smuggle her smile, Tab pronounced very distinctly the word "Snore." "Snore, snore," he continued, and drew his eyelids even closer together.

Mother stood watching her children a moment. A smile crept over her face. And she said under her breath as she turned to go, "You sweet things, you did try." And Mother tip-toed out as quietly as she had come in.

BARBARA DANIELS '37

## Morning at Innisfree

A hand on my shoulder pulled me out of a drifting sleep and I came ashore reluctantly, wading, it seemed, through cold water. I became aware of Bambi, the nature councilor, standing by my cot, and of the chill morning air that crept through the blankets around my feet.

"Five-thirty!" she whispered. "We're meeting down by Innisfree cabin." I grinned sleepily, and by the time she had passed the turn in the path to the next tent, I had jumped out on the swept dirt floor, and was pulling on my camp uniform.

Crows were raucously cawing from over the hill, and down the lichened rock a chipmunk darted, an orange flame. I stepped from the tent, and startled a downy from a nearby sapling. He bobbed off with quick wing beats, calling sharply, and hid on the far side of an old oak. The crystal coolness, the woodsy freshness, filled my lungs, and I ran, exalted, down the quiet path past fragrant sassafras and spice bush, jumping the rocks that lay in the way. A brown thrush, scratching in the needles under a little hemlock tree, flew back up the slope as I passed, low, and blending with earth and leaves. In a moment I heard his song, as rich and lyrical as the morning.

The path broadened into a clearing, where the grass was silver and heavy with dew. At the farther end was the brown cabin. The chinks had been stuffed with gray moss, but in an open place a phoebe had found room to build her mud and lichen nest. Some of the other girls were already there, crouched before the great stone hearth, tending the tiny fire of dry goldenrod stalks.

Soon the others joined us; we were twelve. Together we left the cabin, walking in twos across the bent grass, leaving dark green prints where our moccasins had brushed the dew. We spoke little, and then quietly. Our purpose was to hear the birds, who sing most beautifully at dawn. Many of them we knew, but there were some we had heard rarely, or not at all. Bambi, with binoculars, searched every nearby tree, while we listened for new songs, or strange calls. We had left the wooded hill and had reached the apple orchard—old Pippins, with the green fruit already heavy on the low twisted boughs. Thin early sunlight glanced gold on the wet leaves, but the

long shadows were gray-green, and the night chill lay over the sleeping grass.

A wren, hidden in apple leaves, burst into a bubbling song, then darted to another twig to repeat it with even greater vigor. A puff of yellow, streaked with black, somersaulted from nowhere, pursued an invisible fly, lisped a double syllable, and sped away. Suddenly the whole orchard was alive with tiny warblers. Our ears were confused with the shrill cries, our eyes hurried to note the bright markings. We forgot our careful quietness and shouted with excitement and joy over each new recognition, or called impatiently to Bambi, for an introduction.

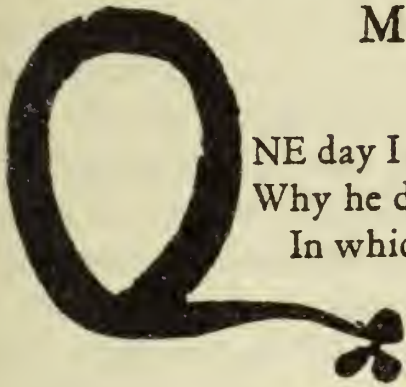
Hurrying through the old trees, tumbling from twig to twig, quick, bright, lisping their thin wiry notes, the warblers passed, and behind them a wakened orchard, ruffled by a little wind, turned its leaves to the warm sun. There was still time to walk further, and we turned out through the gate into a narrow lane. Catbirds mimicked from the tangled briars, and once a brown thrasher dropped silently, with a twitching tail, from a black birch twig into a thicket. A yellow-breasted chat played ventriloquist, slyly hiding.

Birches and pines thinned to tall marsh grass. From an old fluffed cattail a red-wing sang. A crooked turtle track dragged across the sandy road, and when we followed it a pheasant, on frightened exploding wings, showed us the way to her nest, and a brood of more than a dozen eggs. We left them untouched, and turned back up the bright road to the white blowing birches, the little pines, and the tall dark hemlocks of our hill. Happy with the beauty we had found and eager to share it, we sat down to our cabin breakfast with the other campers.

JEAN NEVIUS '37



## Thoughts Conjured Out of Nowhere by Mention of Spring



NE day I asked a butterfly  
Why he didn't choose the sky  
In which to fly.

He said that he would rather be  
Near a thickly flowering tree.  
Why wouldn't he?

Then I asked a passing snake  
Which he preferred, field or brake.  
He said a lake.

I got no answer from a smiling pool  
When asked if it liked its evenings cool.  
Not as a rule.

But later in a forest glade  
Watching the evening shadows made,  
I thought of this:—

Isn't it strange that they don't know  
That our own God has made them so.  
But they don't know.

MARJORIE RUTHERFORD '37

## Memorial Day

The sun beats down with fiendish intensity, causing heat-waves to rise from the steaming sidewalks and street, for no matter what the weather has been, or what it will be, Memorial Day is always suffocatingly hot and glaringly sunny. In the cars parked along the street children fidget and fuss, demanding to be let out of their stifling prisons, while parents squelch their efforts wearily, mopping their streaming faces with crumpled handkerchiefs. Suddenly there is a stir along the ranks. A motorcycle has flashed by, and far off in the distance the muffled beat of drums can be heard. The families scramble out of their cars and line the sidewalks, the fathers holding the smallest children, and the mothers clutching the shirt or dress tails of the older ones in a desperate endeavor to prevent them from dashing out in the street.

The mournful strains of a funeral march come floating through the air, and the Memorial Day parade appears. There are the usual policemen marching in front, looking like bags of dark blue stuff belted in the middle. Next comes the Legion band, also in dark blue, brightened by a yellow stripe on each trouser leg. After these come the Legionnaires, and then the Sea-scouts, who look almost cool in their dark, white-trimmed outfits. The high-school band is next in line, neat and trim in brown and blue uniforms, and after them, the R.O.T.C. (Reserve Officers Training Corps). The Veterans of the Foreign Wars band appears next, and it offers a dazzling contrast to what has gone before. The uniforms consist of bright blue trousers, scarlet coats faced with orange-yellow and trimmed with gold braid, and hats that are a conglomeration of all the colors. The band itself is negligible, but the uniform more than makes up for it. After this has gone by, one has hardly eyes to see the long straggling lines of little girls dressed in white, bearing bouquets of lilacs and small American flags. These are followed by the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and when they have departed, the spectators either go into the nearby cemetery to hear the service for the War dead, or stay where they are to see the parade return, or go down to the park to wait for the rest of the service.

It is wiser to stay for only a little of the service in the cemetery,

and then to hurry to the park. There the paraders break ranks and wander about with coats off and sleeves rolled up. Girls dressed in white skirts and cotton voile blouses, whose faces look like gobs of red and white clay thrown together and decorated with spit-curls, wander about, giggling and exchanging "witty" remarks with "friends." They pay little attention at first to the service which is taking place by the Fisherman's Memorial, but in time even they grow quiet. After a prayer is read, little girls lean over the railing and throw their bouquets of lilacs into the water by the Memorial; a silver plane swoops down like a gull and a wreath of roses is left floating with the lilacs; more wreaths are placed at the feet of the Fisherman, who stands at the wheel, gazing out to sea with the same calm and steady look that he wore before the ceremony began. The peace of the hot sunny morning is ruddly shattered by a final salute to the men "who go down to the sea in ships," and the spectators wander slowly home, impressed in spite of themselves by something in this service. Whether this feeling comes because this part of the ceremony seems more personal to the people of Gloucester, or whether it is due to the beauty and majesty of the lonely Fisherman, one cannot say, and the reason for it is unimportant, it is enough that tears stand in the eyes of the most blasé, and reverence is seen on almost every face.

JUDITH WONSON '37

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## Honor Roll

### THIRD QUARTER

Muriel Wood	94
Gisela Bolten	93
Joan Todd	91
Margaret Comstock, Barbara Pierpoint, Ruth Rose, Courtney Wilson	90
Jean Cross, Cynthia Holbrook	88



## School Notes

January 23—We wondered for a long time where so many of our faculty were spending their time, because night after night we found empty the rooms where we went to ask permissions. The secret was revealed to us when we heard one morning that the faculty were giving a play, *Green Stockings*, for "The pleasure and edification of the Young Ladies at Abbot Academy."

The play took place in England at the home of the good-natured father, William Faraday, whose pride was his three daughters, Celia, Evelyn and Phyllis. Evelyn is widowed, Phyllis is very desirous to take the final step with Honorable Robert Tarver, but poor Celia has never had an admirer and it doesn't look as though she will. Her mother is Celia's only stand-by in her disgrace.

The play unravels its plot in an aura of mystery in which a certain invented fiancé of Celia's takes the front of the conversation. Colonel John Smith was the name picked at random by Celia. After she has had an obituary notice printed to the effect that John Smith was killed in action, he appears in the flesh. Sure enough, the grand climax comes when she and John do fall in love.

Miss Friskin and Miss Bean as mother and daughter played their parts with almost professional ease and finesse, supported by an admirable cast of our faculty, which was as follows:

### GREEN STOCKINGS

COLONEL J. N. SMITH, D.S.O.	. . . . .	Virginia Rogers
WILLIAM FARADAY, J.P.	. . . . .	Hope Baynes
ADMIRAL GRICE, R.N.	. . . . .	Ruth Baker
HONORABLE ROBERT TARVER	. . . . .	Mary Carpenter
JAMES RALEIGH	. . . . .	Barbara Humes
HENRY STEELE	. . . . .	Eleanor Tucker
MARTIN	. . . . .	Margaret Snow
CELIA FARADAY	. . . . .	Helen Bean
EVELYN TRENCHARD	. . . . .	Jeanne Miller
MADGE ROCKINGHAM	. . . . .	Isabel Hancock
PHYLLIS FARADAY	. . . . .	Evelyn Rumney
MRS. CHISHOLM FARADAY	. . . . .	Kate Friskin

On January 29 the old girls were pleased to see Miss Comegys at the school tea and many of the new girls enjoyed meeting her.

The following night we were transported to Elizabethan times with songs and dances by Miss Evelyn Wells, teacher of English at Wellesley College. After her lecture we "tripped the light fantastic," faculty and students joining in learning several folk dances.

The sixth of February some of the seniors went to the Alumnae Meeting in Boston. Margaret Plunkett played, Barbara Bobst and Joan Todd sang, and Pat Burdine talked of the life of the school.

February 10—A group of seniors went into Boston to see John Gielgud in *Hamlet*. They enjoyed the presentation very much.

February 12-15—Our friends, the seniors, were at Intervale for these three days. On Saturday night we had the Day Scholars' Entertainment. They came for dinner followed by dancing in the recreation room. Later in the evening there were charades by the Junior-Mid class and excerpts from an Oscar Wilde play by Miss Rogers of the speech department.

The following day we "left-behinds" went to the Phillips chapel for a musical vesper service with Miss Friskin as guest artist.

It was a sad parting that the Seniors had to take from Intervale, but the return to Abbot was anticipated because of the Senior-Middle plays presented the night of the homecoming, February 15. The first play was an arrangement of Dickens's *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The Prologue to the story was given by Mary Elliot as the cheerful old story-teller who sat upon the stage with his lamp and book to give real passages from Dickens's tale that could not be given his spice in conversation. The two stage sets of the kitchen in the home of Dot and John Perrybingle, and of Caleb the toymaker were very well arranged and added a great deal of support to the fine acting of the entire cast which was as follows:

#### CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

THE STORY-TELLER . . . . .	Mary Elliot
JOHN PERRYBINGLE . . . . .	Anne Flaherty
MR. TACKLETON . . . . .	Jeanne Sawyer
CALEB PLUMMER . . . . .	Marjorie Coll
AN OLD GENTLEMAN . . . . .	Virginia Thayer
DOT, John's wife . . . . .	Mary Toohey
MRS. FIELDING . . . . .	Mary-Frances Godfrey



BERTHA, Caleb's daughter . . . . .	Joan Brown
MAY FIELDING . . . . .	Constance Thurber
TILLY SLOWBOY . . . . .	Elise Duncan
DOT'S FATHER . . . . .	Marie Appleby
DOT'S MOTHER . . . . .	Evelyn Ward
THE SPIRIT OF THE CRICKET . . . . .	Linda Loring
NEIGHBOR . . . . .	Margaret Comstock
FIDDLER . . . . .	Dorothy Walworth

The other play on the same program was an excerpt from Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*. The struggles and troubles of poor Willie Baxter to impress and interest Lola, the girl of his dreams, made up the substance of the play. Willie wanted a tuxedo to wear to the Parcher's party, so he set about to earn enough money to buy a second-hand suit. By forceful dissuasion Mrs. Baxter finally makes Willie change his mind, but then repenting she lends him his father's coveted suit. Willie's luck with Lola was very disappointing, however, in spite of his array. The party scene seemed only too realistic and made us all look forward with renewed interest to our own Spring Prom. No one could have wished for a better portrayal of Booth Tarkington's characters than was given by:

## SEVENTEEN

MR. PARCHER . . . . .	Mary Elliot
GENESIS . . . . .	Madeleine Proctor
MRS. BAXTER . . . . .	Elizabeth McBride
JANE . . . . .	Susan Darling
WILLIE BAXTER . . . . .	Diana Greene
MAY . . . . .	Dorothy Hudson
MISS BOKE . . . . .	Ann Dooley
JOHNNIE WATSON . . . . .	Polly Pancoast
LOLA . . . . .	Linda Loring
JOE BULLITT . . . . .	Carol Whittemore
MR. BAXTER . . . . .	Catherine Flaherty
MARY BROOKS . . . . .	Phyllis England
GEORGE CROOPER . . . . .	Norma Forsythe
WALLIE BANKS . . . . .	Barbara Littauer

February 16—Miss Hearsey left for New Orleans to attend a school conference. She plans to visit many of the large cities interviewing prospective Abbot girls, and speaking before Abbot Alumnae Clubs.



Saturday evening, February 20, was given over to a grand Gargoyle party for the faculty and the Griffins. The gymnasium was transposed into the inviting Café Gargoyle. With Pat Burdine, the Gargoyle captain, as master of ceremonies, there was a well-produced and highly enjoyable floor show followed by refreshments.

"Oh, here's to you, Gargoyles!"

February 21—Our vesper speaker was the Reverend Charles E. Boynton, father of Charlotte Boynton, the president of the senior class. Mr. Boynton gave us a most inspiring and interesting talk.

February 26—This was the day of our COURANT chapel. We gave excerpts from some of the first COURANTS, showing the differences between the thoughts, humours, and customs of the 1870's and 1937.

February 27—The Hampton Quartet sang for us a group of negro spirituals and folk songs. The director told us of the life at Hampton, and the purpose of Hampton. The highlight was an unaccustomed dance, the Juba.

March 5—Miss Friskin's choir, consisting of Martha Elizabeth Ransom, Joan Todd, Edith Peden, Barbara Daniels, Joan Brown, Madeleine Proctor, Margaret Plunkett, Barbara Bobst, and Marian Lawson, sang at the November Club.

March 6—This was indeed a "Great Day" for the Senior Middlers, for it was the day of their tea dance.

March 7—Today Miss Hearsey returned from her trip to New Orleans. She had a delightful and interesting journey, and aside from attending the meeting at New Orleans, stopped at several other cities and visited future Abbot girls.

March 7—The Radcliffe Choral Society, under the direction of G. Wallace Woodworth, sang at the Vesper Service in Davis Hall on Sunday night. Their selections were varied, and extremely well-sung, and it was a great privilege for Fidelio to join them in two songs at the end of the concert. Miss Amy Browne Townsend, soloist with the society, sang *Hecuba's Lament* from the *Trojan Women* of Euripides.

March 14—The Student's Recital, which is given by pupils of Miss Friskin, Miss Tingley and Mr. Howe, took place this evening in Davis Hall. Students of Music Appreciation recognized, among the songs, Schubert's *Hark, Hark the Lark*, sung by Joan Todd, and Schumann's *Dedication*, sung by Margaret Plunkett.

Rabbi Hyman Judah Schachtel spoke at Vespers on March 15. His

main purpose in speaking to us was to help us overcome all prejudices. His speech was very interesting, and judging from remarks overheard later he attained his praiseworthy object.

Mr. Harold M. Baptiste and Miss Garrison, from the Arthur Murray School of Dancing, gave us some instruction in the art of ballroom dancing.

Martha Elizabeth Ransom spoke at the Missionary meeting at the Congregational church today, March 18.

The Aeolian Society led chapel on March 19. They gave a very unusual demonstration of "musical glasses."

Saturday, March 20—The Seniors presented their annual play tonight in Davis Hall. The play, *Berkeley Square*, by John Balduston, had been announced sometime before, and everyone had looked forward to it with the keenest expectancy. It was well-staged, beautifully costumed and amazingly well-acted for so difficult a play. Of course Anne Sawyer was the star of the evening, and one girl was heard to say that she made a better Peter Standish than Leslie Howard. She was splendidly supported in the major parts. One small and perfect part was that of Phronsie Vibberts as the Duke of Cumberland. The cast follows:

#### BERKELEY SQUARE

WILSON . . . . .	Priscilla Richards
TOM PETTIGREW . . . . .	Mary Emily Pettengill
KATE PETTIGREW . . . . .	Jane Stevenson
THE LADY ANNE PETTIGREW . . . . .	Mildred Collens
MR. THROSTLE . . . . .	Barbara Daniels
HELEN PETTIGREW . . . . .	Patricia Burdine
THE AMBASSADOR . . . . .	Martha Elizabeth Ransom
MRS. BORWICK . . . . .	Ruth Rose
PETER STANDISH . . . . .	Anne Sawyer
MARJORIE FRANT . . . . .	Martha Sweeney
MAJOR CLINTON . . . . .	Joan Todd
MISS BARRYMORE . . . . .	Louise Risley
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE . . . . .	Marjorie Rutherford
LORD STANLEY . . . . .	Betty Melcher
H.R.H., THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND . . . . .	Phronsie Vibberts

April 10—The young and charming Countess of Listowel spoke to us on the present reign in England. She described the characteristics



of the English, and gave the reasons for the Duke of Windsor's abdication.

April 11—The Faculty Recital was given tonight. Miss Tingley sang several charming songs, in French, German, and Italian. Mr. Howe and Miss Friskin played the piano, of course, and among Miss Friskin's pieces were three delightful compositions by Mr. Howe.

April 16, the L. B. A. Society had charge of morning chapel. They showed by means of slides how the styles of today are affected by those of former times. The pictures of the modern costumes were particularly interesting because they were modeled by girls in the school.

In the evening a group of College English I girls, chaperoned by Miss Sweeney, went to a lecture by Col. Isham at Phillips Academy. Col. Isham spoke informally on the recently acquired Boswell manuscripts, the difficulties involved in persuading the owners to allow publication, and read bits from these authentic letters.

April 17 was the day of the annual Senior-Mid picnic. The class, accompanied by Miss Hancock and Miss Carpenter, set out gaily late in the afternoon for Pomp's Pond, the scene of the festivities. Miss Hearsey later joined the enthusiastic gathering.

That evening Mr. VanWormer Walsh, a graduate of Oxford, spoke on "Youth and Age at Oxford." The descriptions of the life and customs of his alma mater were made particularly vivid by beautifully colored slides.

Sunday, April 18, Reverend Sidney Lovett, chaplain of Yale University, spoke to us at the Vesper Service.

On April 23 Miss Rumney performed in *The Enchanted April*, a play presented by the Adventurers, a group of Andover amateur actors.

April 25 Reverend Carl H. Kopf, of the Mount Vernon Street Church, Boston, was the Vesper speaker.

Miss Rumney and Miss Snow chaperoned a trip to the historical points of interest near Concord and Lexington, April 24. The party visited the John Hancock house, Louisa May Alcott's home, the little red school house, Walden Pond, and stopped for lunch at the Wayside Inn.

Saturday night the school was entertained by Mr. Seumas McManus, a well-known writer of Irish folk lore. He emphasized his people's love for fairies and repeated several entertaining fairy tales.



At Phillips Academy, on April 30, the Concord Players presented *The Last Gepuire* by Cornelius Wood, father of Muriel Wood. The play gave a vivid picture of a family of Irish lace makers during the period of the Irish rebellion in the early twenties.

There was a poster contest in connection with this play. Barbara Bobst won first place for Abbot and Elise Duncan received honorable mention.

The afternoon of May 1st saw a great number of visitors admitted through the Abbot portals. From one-thirty to two-thirty the class rooms and laboratories with special exhibits were open for inspection. The experiments in Physics and Chemistry were of particular interest. At two-thirty a fencing demonstration was given preceding the riding drill. This drill was judged and the eight Griffin riders were announced victorious over the Gargoyles. The latter team, however, took first place in the horsemanship class, won by Gisela Bolten. Second place went to Marjorie Williams on the Griffin team. Everyone then met in Davis Hall for a short entertainment followed by tea. Fidelio sang, several girls gave solos and a charming eighteenth century skit, *All on a Summer's Day*, was given by Pat Burdine, Jane Stevenson, Milly Collens, and Phronsie Vibberts.

Sunday evening, May 2, Miss Sylvia Bowditch spoke to us of the work of Bryn Mawr Summer School for Industrial Workers. Mrs. Fish, who spent two summers at the School, told us what this education had done for her.

Eleanor Wells, a Cum Laude graduate of last year, spoke in Chapel May 3. She told us the meaning of Cum Laude to her, and brought out the difference between mere book knowledge and wisdom. At the close of her talk, Miss Hearsey announced the new Cum Laude members. They are: Ruth Rose, Joan Todd, Barbara Pierpoint, Martha Elizabeth Ransom and Courtney Wilson.

Anne Sawyer was chairman of our very successful Prom weekend over May 7 and 8. Credit for the delightful decorations in Davis Hall should be given to Anne Flaherty. The boys arrived Friday night in time for dinner, and the Prom itself started at nine o'clock, continuing until one. Saturday morning it seemed extremely unusual to see the male visitors in possession of the Abbot campus. The festivities ended with a tea dance in the afternoon.

Sunday night, Reverend Paul Sheldon showed the school moving

pictures of Palestine, which he supplemented with an interesting informal address.

Mount Holyoke College held its centennial celebrations this same weekend. Delegates from Abbot were Miss Jenks and Miss Jane Carpenter. Miss Hancock also went, representing Hollins College.

Tuesday morning, May 11, Mrs. Norma Allen Haine, president of the Alumnae Association, sang for us in chapel.

On May 12 Miss Hearsey was guest speaker for the Reginal meeting of the Cum Laude Society held at Tilton Academy. Miss Chickering with Ruth Rose and Joan Todd went from Abbot as representatives of the Abbot Chapter.

Miss Hancock and Miss Butterfield drove to Amherst May 16 and made a long call on Madame Bianchi. Here they were greatly interested in seeing the Emily Dickinson manuscripts.

The speaker at the Vesper service was Reverend Albert Palmer, D.D., President of Chicago Theological Seminary.

Miss Marjorie Nicolson, Dean of Smith College, was the guest of honor at the Cum Laude banquet on May 21. The Seniors and Senior-Middlers had the privilege of hearing her very interesting illustrated talk on Science and Imagination, showing by unusual slides the interest in aeronautics in the seventeenth century.

## Alumnae Notes

### ENGAGEMENTS

Constance Hoag is engaged to Lieutenant Samuel Porter, who is now stationed in Honolulu. The wedding will take place sometime in early autumn.

Cleone Place has announced her engagement to Henry Tiffany, Jr., a member of the faculty at Nichols Junior College.

Polly Francis of Andover, now a director of occupational therapy at the Danvers State Hospital, is engaged to Rev. Russell Loesch. The wedding will take place in Andover sometime during June.

Helen Rice, whose sister Virginia is now at Abbot, is engaged to Frank Wiles.

Ruth Stott has announced her engagement to Lovett Peters, who graduated from Yale in '36.

### MARRIAGES

Faith Chipman '31, a niece of Rev. Sidney Lovett, was married on June 4. Her husband, Edwin F. Parker, is associated with the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company. Posy Castle was one of the bridesmaids.

On April 29 Margaret Graham of Reading married Charles Robert Greenleaf of Natick. They will live in Ohio.

Cynthia Kimball Nichols and Harmon Harris were married and will live in New York.

Elaine Boutwell was married to Robert Von Weber of Florence, Italy, on May 1, in Virginia City, Nevada.

Anstiss Bowser was married to Doctor Richard Wagner on May 19 in Lawrence.

### BLESSED EVENTS

Elizabeth Snyder Cady announced the birth of a daughter on July 29, 1936.

On April 15, 1937, a son, Walter Kendall Myers, Jr., was born to Dr. and Mrs. Walter Kendall Myers (Carol Grosvenor).

A son, Thomas Brattle, Jr., was born on May 24 to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brattle Gannett (Ann Cole.)



Among girls who are Juniors at college this year are:

Elizabeth Flanders, Carolyn Muzzy, Elizabeth Wheeler, and Jane Tracy at Wellesley.

Sarah O'Reilly and Ruth Stott at Smith.

Dorothy Lambert at Wheaton, where she is very interested in dramatics.

Abbot girls graduating from college this June:

From Smith—Catherine Campbell and Alice Schultz (Phi Beta Kappa).

From Vassar—Anne Cleveland.

From Wellesley—Mariatta Tower.

From Wheaton—Margaret Walker.

From Connecticut—Dorothy Richardson.

Charlotte Dane is a member of the Debating Society of Pembroke College. She also belongs to the freshman class social committee and served on the Christmas dance committee.

Barbara Symonds '35 was elected May Queen at Wheaton this spring.

Irene Fitch took part in the Sophomore Masque at Pembroke College.

Eleanor Wells '36 heads the freshman class of Wheaton.

Clara Smith is taking an extensive course in nursing at the Boston Lying-In Hospital.





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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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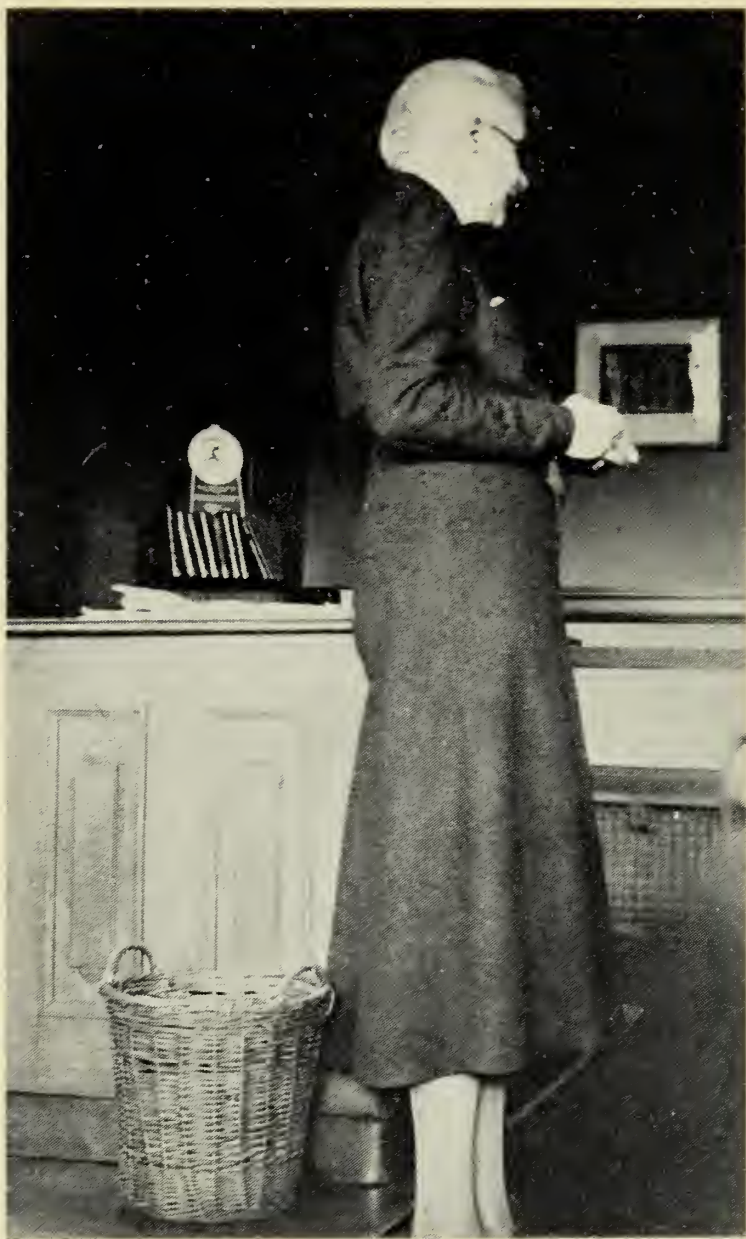
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MISS CHICKERING



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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CONSTANCE THURBER '38

MARJORY HILL '39

*Business Editor*

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*Art Editor*

MARJORIE COLL '38

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## In Memoriam

To know her, to see her every day, to hear her talk was an education in itself. When I first came to Abbot and was in the process of adjusting my schedule, I found that I was in Miss Chickering's English class. This discovery meant little to me; it was just one of the scores of new names I was hearing constantly. But when I was telling an old girl about it she remarked, "How lucky you are to have Miss Chickering, for out of three classes of Senior-Mid English she teaches only one." Immediately I became curious and anxious to meet this Miss Chickering, and from the first day that I was in her class I never ceased to think that here was a wonderful person.

Miss Chickering was no ordinary teacher. Her method was not to drill us with facts, but to let us absorb them unconsciously, and to enjoy doing it. She made everything lively and entertaining. Little adventures of her own came up continually to make the work more interesting. Most important of all were the ideas and ideals which she imparted to us. Her broad, eager mind acted as a stimulant for us. We found ourselves comparing this character and that, criticizing the use of a word, questioning an action. We were forming unwitting-

ly definite standards by which to judge the things we read. We liked to bring up questions for discussion before Miss Chickering because she could always see some point that we had overlooked, or find a new angle. She built up in us a deep interest in everything. We wanted to think as broadly as she thought.

Miss Chickering's greatest help to us was the encouragement she gave in our work. She made us feel that each one had something to say that would interest her if only she would try. She gave helpful hints, bits of advice, and criticism where it was needed.

We could think of Miss Chickering not only as a teacher but also as a friend. Her manner to every one was gracious and cordial. Little problems taken to her were easily lightened or solved by her cheery optimism and her practical understanding and advice. We enjoyed coming in contact with her, working with her, and playing with her.

Miss Chickering is one of the very few people who can be considered in three lights, that of the past, of the present, and of the future. She was part of the past in that she comprehended and vivified so much of the past. She was of the present in her clear knowledge and interest in everything connected with the current day, and she was a part of the future through her desire to push onward and leave no stone unturned in her path.

MARGARET COMSTOCK, '38

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For us, the girls who worked with her in COURANT meetings, Miss Chickering has left a place in our hearts which can never be filled. All of us loved her, and loved the funny little idiosyncrasies that endeared her to her great circle of friends, both within and outside of her Abbot life.

In her COURANT meetings, Miss Chickering was at her very best, giving unstintedly of her time and effort. She always had a wealth of information to contribute about the alumnae, showing how closely in touch she had kept with them since their graduation, sometimes as long as fifteen or twenty years before. When we handed in our poorly-written editorials and themes for her inspection, she always had an encouraging word or a smile for us, no matter how bad she must have thought they were.

Her absence from school is deeply felt, and all who knew her will never forget her wisdom and friendliness. Her death has left a hole in many people's lives, but no one misses her more than does her COURANT board.

MARJORIE COLL, '38

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Tribute paid to Miss Chickering by Miss Margaret Spear (Abbot 1918) at the Memorial Service, October 24, 1937.

It was twenty years ago that I came to Abbot to stay for only one year. I have been back only once, and saw Miss Chickering only twice during the years after my graduation, once when she came to see me in college and once six years ago when I was in Andover for an afternoon.

During twenty years one's memories, if one is not able to renew and refresh them, are likely to grow dim. But memories of Miss Chickering could not grow dim. Nothing connected with her could be dim. The Christmas notes which used to come to me in China from her every year, were always gay and vivid.

After all these years there are not very many pictures of her that remain in my mind, but they are all fresh and clear. I remember her sitting upright at her table in the dining room. In spite of the legends of her absent-mindedness there was never anything vague or slow about the talk at her table. It was always sprightly and invigorating. It was during the war and there were so few of us taking German that we had to spend most of the year at the German table. During the frequent lulls in our painful German conversation we listened eagerly to the merriment at Miss Chickering's table next to ours.

I remember her encouragement to a shy girl after the ordeal of giving the current events talk at dinner.

I remember her crisp comments on the margin of a theme.

I remember her coming into the Library to suggest new angles of approach for the topic on which we were working, or to spur us on to read the newspapers more eagerly and intelligently.

I remember her in front of the plain brown desks in the classroom reading *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Since we were getting ready for college entrance examinations we must have read something else that year



besides *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, but I do not remember them. But to this day I never read or see either one of those plays without hearing again the tones of Miss Chickering's voice.

As I look back on all the teachers I had in primary school, high school, and college, Miss Chickering stands out as the most original, the most stimulating, the most memorable. Why? I think it was because she never talked down to us or condescended; she never pretended to know all the answers; she never encouraged us to lean on her or accept her judgments; she never tried to mould our taste to conform to hers but rather urged us to form our own standards. Her teaching was always suggestive and positive. She made of literature and knowledge and life something to be tasted and tried and met with exhilaration. She made it seem fun to attempt things that were hard. She made carefulness seem not boring and tedious but something important and possible. To do work well, to eliminate every careless error and hastily formed conclusion, was exacting but it was rewarding too.

She gave us confidence in ourselves and our abilities, yet at the same time with her humor and penetration she shattered any trace of smugness or self-satisfaction. She made us think for ourselves, and without ever dominating our thinking she helped us to direct it to the good and the true instead of to the cheap or the commonplace or the false.

She had a briskness and a freshness that enlivened all routine, a vitality that swept away all dullness, a humor that cut through all foggy half-truth and prejudice, an enthusiasm that swept one forward for impossible endeavor.

As a clear-sighted teacher and an inspiring friend, her spirit has been near me often through twenty years and across a continent and an ocean. It is still near.

## On Learning Belatedly of the Death of a Beloved Teacher

REBEKAH MONROE CHICKERING

You caught your breath at beauty.  
Across long years I see  
You pause to smile at wind-carved clouds;  
Your voice drifts back to me  
Quoting some lovely lyric line  
Of verse I had not known,  
But that it stirring you, stirred me  
And thenceforth was my own.

You made no cult of beauty.  
Quite human things you did,  
Endearing you to us the more.  
We chortled when you slid  
Your textbooks down the laundry chute,  
Pronged cucumber in tea,  
Unnoticing, and dreaming, walked  
Against a startled tree.

You gave me zest for beauty.  
Now in gull-flight or star,  
In the churned wake of lunging ship,  
In firelight you are  
Revealed to me—in chapel bells,  
In meadow-scent and snow . . .  
You must have come into your own  
At last, who loved it so!

C. C. L., 1915

## Au Courant

The silent halls echoed once more on September twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth when Abbot's doors were opened for the one hundred and ninth time to welcome the new girls and to greet again the old. Among the smiling faces we looked in vain for our former senior friends and we felt a queer sensation when we realized that their names were now on the list of Abbot alumnae, and that some of us were to take their places. As soon as we went to the first school meeting, however, we found that we could never forget them, for we entered a chapel renovated—but not basically changed—with the help of their gift to the school. We admired the soft maroon carpet, the freshly painted walls and benches, and the new lighting fixtures. There was a slight ripple of amusement at the sight of the railing built around the platform on which the faculty sits. But this rail has greatly added to the chapel from the standpoint of architectural perfection. Furthermore we especially observed the beautiful portraits of Miss Bailey, of John and Esther Byers, the donors of the art gallery, and of Reverend Samuel Jackson, one of the original trustees of the school. Our chapel had lost none of its former atmosphere of solemnity, peace, and tradition, and the added color made it seem lovelier than ever.

Miss Hearsey's inspiring welcome talk helped to start us on a year which has proved, as she predicted, full of hard, satisfying work, invigorating sports, cultural interests, and happy companionships which are so cherished by every Abbot girl.

Miss Sweeney is teaching the classes in Senior College Preparatory English this year, and has also been appointed Academic Dean of the school. We of the COURANT Board are very fortunate in having her as our Faculty Adviser. Her assistance is invaluable to us, and we greatly enjoy working with her.

The new faces in our faculty register this year are few, but interesting. Miss Jenks, our beloved advisor and guide, is having a year's leave of absence. In her place we have Miss Rath—a Southern accent and a cheery smile. She has come from the Y.W.C.A. in New York



City to be our "Ass't to the Principal" as she signs herself on our numerous tardy slips.

Next comes Miss Marston—a friendly greeting and many beautiful hand knitted suits. She teaches us the ins and outs of Shakespeare, Bacon, the Brontës, et al. She arrived from Saint Helen's Hall Junior College in Portland, Oregon. We are presenting her with a first class winter.

Mr. Merritt from the Massachusetts School of Fine Arts and the Vesper George Art School has come to show our aspiring artists how to paint.

Like 'the flowers which bloom in the spring', a new crop of color has appeared at Abbot. A strange sort of noise can be heard from the first bell to the time when the last light dies out. Shhhh! Yes, it's the knitting squad. We can compete with anyone when it comes to concocting all sorts of wool "confections." The cats and dogs of Andover turn quite green with envy at our fabulous angora fur animals which we carry about in our hands or drape around our necks. When a crash is heard to echo up and down a corridor, we can be almost sure that some one engrossed in knitting has fallen downstairs, or that some unfortunate has dropped a stitch and can't get her equanimity back. Our families and friends are all bedecked in pre-Christmas products: mittens, sweaters, scarves, socks, and skirts of the most heavenly soft pastels or brilliant combinations which contrast effectively, and the trend is continuing full strength. It seems evident that the favorite Easter ensemble will be completely our own creation, judging by the great popularity of this 'old New England custom.'

Following the very popular demonstration given to us by Mr. Jean Baptiste of the Boston Arthur Murray studio, Abbot has become even more conscious of its appearance on the dance floor and an enthusiastic group of girls of all stages of proficiency responded to the offer of a weekly dancing class. These were held at first with instruction for the girls alone, but later they have had them with some of the Phillips boys who also aspire to improve. The lessons seem to be fun and very profitable.

The fervent prayers of all, including Miss Carpenter, seemed to have been heard and answered this winter for we were blessed with beautiful skiing weather. Though it was rather hard on those who didn't indulge, the majority of the school was highly satisfied as it migrated en masse to Chapin's Hill or to the slope behind Sunset almost every day. The ranks thinned perceptibly as Mid-years neared and consciences began to make themselves felt in some, but that was to be expected.

We were very fortunate in having with us, from Sweden, Miss Margit Davidson, for a week in January. Our skiing benefited immensely by her too brief stay. We can only say that if she enjoyed being here as much as we enjoyed her stay here, our hopes for having her with us again next year may be fulfilled.

Mr. Podminiczky came out from Boston as he did last year, and held classes at Chapin's on Mondays and Fridays. Miss Carpenter held ski classes instead of gym classes, on the slope behind Miss Hearsey's. All the Seniors could be seen, practicing up for Intervale, and their less accomplished sisters of the ski were also on the scene, most of the time, if not in the foreground, at least on the ground.

The fourth floor had a sleigh-ride one night, and then the Junior Middlers had one, going out to the Kirkshire Inn for supper, and, from all reports, it was some supper. They rode back under a moon so beautiful that Miss Carpenter, they say, was worried for a while, for fear such home-sickness would overcome them at the sight of the full moon on the glistening snow, that they'd not want to return to the everyday-ness of school. The Senior-mid sleighride was saved at the last minute by a fortunate snow-fall. There were a few doubtful hours on Friday as the thermometer rose higher and higher and the snow-banks sank lower and lower, but by evening it was snowing, and Saturday night, though there was no moon, there was snow, and another delicious supper at the Kirkshire.

## All Too Human!

Lee Ginley, Leegion for short, wriggled her slim shoulders nervously. She had never liked to have clothes fitted. And this morning, of all mornings, Mrs. Toddler chose to be especially exasperating, as she fitted Lee's dress more closely to her young figure. "Ouch!" Lee jumped and three pins fell to the floor.

"If you'd only stand still two minutes, we might get along faster," Mrs. Toddler sputtered, trying to keep her glasses on her high nose, as she bent over stiffly to pick up the pins. "You can take it off now!"

Lee carefully eased herself out and, flinging it into Mrs. Toddler's arms, ran to the window. "Toby!" she yelled, throwing up the window and leaning out. "Toby, has the mail come yet?"

Toby, Lee's younger brother, annoyed at being yelled at so rudely, especially since the little Hawkins girl was sitting on the front porch, across the street, didn't stop; but as he disappeared around the corner, he called back, in a bored voice, "Yup, long ago!"

Lee darted downstairs to the sun parlor where her mail was always laid. A letter was turned face down, and she tore it open, reading the end first. . . "Love, Jane." Her shoulders sank beneath a disappointed sigh, and, after glaring into space for a few seconds, she walked slowly out of the room. Unhappily, she had made her exit at the wrong time, for the front door opened, and in walked her father and another man whom she did not know. "Hello, Dad," she half smiled, and she nodded to his friend, but was quickly puzzled by the unwelcoming look on her father's face. She glanced down at herself. Something pink caught her eye. Like a streak she was half way up the stairs. She had on nothing but her slip!

But once upstairs, her face dropped again, and she walked slowly in to (once more) try on the dress. "I won't be needing it, after all," she said. "I guess he's not coming."

"Who's not comin'?" The dressmaker looked up, her mouth full of pins.

"Oh—just somebody," she sighed.

"Just somebody! I hardly think you'd be a worryin' so over *just*



*somebody!* Come now—it won't do no good to cry about it." She tried to sympathize.

Toby had entered the room and had caught the last two remarks. "Who aint comin'?—Jimmy? —Aw—I wouldn't worry 'bout that. He's no good, anyway!"

"You shush, Toby Ginley! Who asked you, anyway!" She snapped back at her brother.

"Nobody—but heck, he *is* an old softy—and conceited—and just because his hair curls, and he's good lookin', and he's got money—and all that! Say, why don't you go with Red? *He* asked you, didn't he? Gee!—An he's a *real* guy!—Even if he *has* got freckles and—sort of—sort of orangish hair," he returned.

"Toby Ginley, if you don't get out of here . . ." But she was interrupted.

"You'll see that I do!—I know!—All right, I'll scram, but I wouldn't stay home for nobody—and I wouldn't go with nobody, neither—and *dear* Jimmy Arnold *is* nobody!"

Leegion's mouth opened, but closed automatically just as the door slammed, and she sank into the nearest chair. Mrs. Toddler's eyes sparkled. "This 'Nobody' hasn't let you know whether he can go somewhere or not?"

Leegion turned quickly in her chair, about to scream that he *wasn't* nobody, but instead a gentle "No" came forth.

"Go where?" the helpful, persistent woman continued.

"Nowhere," she mechanically sighed. Her mind wandered, and then she answered wistfully, "To the Prom."

"To the Prom?"

"Uh, huh."

"Leegion, *what* Prom?"

"Our Prom."

Mrs. Toddler sat back in disgust and another silence prevailed, but this time Leegion broke it with an outburst of words. "I asked him when he was home from college last week, and he said he'd answer by Saturday, and—and here it is Monday, and he hasn't!—Maybe he's fallen back in love with his cousin!—But you'd think he'd let me know! Some people get on my nerves!—If he didn't want to go in the first place, why didn't he *say* so? Oh, men are the most despicable, hateful, thoughtless, dumb, stupid, *silly* creatures I ever

knew!" Here she stopped for breath and the dressmaker, completely exhausted from merely listening, was about to take her turn when Toby, on his way down stairs again, popped his head in through the door. "You sure got somethin' there, Sis. First time I ever heard you say that before. Funny how women can change their minds. Good gosh, women are the most despicable, hateful, dumb, stupid—" A shoe flew across the room and he left his sentence unfinished.

Mrs. Toddler half groaned. "Get your shoe, and we'll try the dress on again. I never saw the likes of how you two get along."

"I guess I won't need the dress now. What's the use of bothering with it today, anyway!" Leegion bit her lip. "I *did* want to go." She bit her lip again, lingered a moment, and then flew through the door.

Mrs. Toddler found her sprawled on her bed, her head buried in a large pillow from which sobs, though well muffled, found their way.

"Couldn't you go with Red?"

More sobs—"If—if I wanted—wanted to."

"Wouldn't it be better than not going at all?"

"No—o—oo!"

"If you *should* go, wouldn't it show Jimmy that he's not the *only* fish in the pond?"

"He's *not* a fish!..." Then her face brightened a little. "How would it show him?"

A good part of an hour was spent thus, at the end of which Leegion found herself at the telephone. "Red?... Leegion. Ya. Well, my plans sort of changed themselves around and,—well,—I remembered that you said last night—when I saw you, that you didn't really care about going at all, and that you hadn't even bothered to ask anyone, but that if I'd like to go, you'd love to have me, and I said that I couldn't, and you said you guessed you wouldn't go—and—oh well remember?—What am I talking about? Tonight!—The Prom!—Yes!—Well, can you go?—You haven't been asked!—*I'm* asking you!—Yes, really. O.K. I'll be ready at eight." Here she slammed down the receiver and drew a deep breath. "Well, it's done, and he's a sap!" Mrs. Toddler looked up. "Who's a which?"

"Red's a sap."

"Is he? Why?"

"Just because—well—he's—well—oh he just *is* that's all!"

"Perhaps the poor boy had a hard time to gather what you were talking about."

"But I *told* him!" Leegion insisted.

"Not until you were half through your conversation, and you were going a mile a minute, child! I shouldn't be wondering if he's still sitting at the phone, trying to make *you* out!" She pulled her glasses down over her nose, and looked over them at Leegion. "Hum!—Well—you're going anyway!" She sat back in her chair, intent on her work, and was once more her prim, reserved self.

A little after eight, casually, to prove she wasn't excited or thrilled over Red, Leegion dressed. In her white velvet she looked older, and seemed to feel the responsibility of age, for she held her head high and raised one eye-brow as she inspected herself. Inspecting closer, she picked up the eye-brow pluckers and yanked at two or three stray eye-brows which marred the even line. Tears came to her eyes just as Toby struck his head in the door. "Gosh, don't that hurt?" He ventured farther into the room, and with his hands in his pockets, per usual, he leaned back against the wall and looked her up and down. "Gosh, you sure look slick!—And ya know what?"

"I was just talkin' to Red's kid brother, and he said Red was *so* excited he couldn't even eat any supper, and he even helped his mother do the dishes. Ya know, he's a swell egg!"

Leegion walked slowly over to the grinning youngster, and stood directly in front of him, burning up with that which burns when you're peeved. "Toby Ginley, Red *is* an egg. He's a *soft* egg if there ever was one, and some day I hope he fries!" She swished past him, and went flying down the stairs in such haste that she forgot her dignity. Bursting into the parlor, she came face to face with Red who stood shining from the top of his head to the tip of his toes. "Hello, Leegion," he grinned.

"Lo!"

"Well—are—are you ready?"

"I guess so."

Toby sneaked up behind. "Don't ya *know* so? Gosh, ya took long 'nough to get ready. Gee, Red, she took special pains to look nice just for you."

Red beamed on Leegion.—Leegion scowled on Toby.—Toby vanished.



They had just reached the street when a car drove up and stopped. The horn blew and some one got out. Leegion dropped back a step.

"J-J-Jimmy!"

A tall, handsome figure came out of the dark into the gleam of the head-lights. It was Jimmy. Catching sight of Red, he stopped.

"Oh, hello, Leegion."

"He-hello, Jimmy."

"You're—you're looking swell—"

"Thanks—I—I'm glad."

"Seems good to see you."

"Same here."

"Well, I guess I'd better be going. See you later. Bye."

Leegion blinked and he was gone. Red, bewildered, turned to her. "He sure disappeared quick! Nice chap. Friend of yours? Wish he'd stayed longer. Ya know, all the time he was here I was trying to remember where I'd seen him."

Leegion yanked his arm. "Come on."

"Handsome, too—"

She turned to him again. "Do you like eggs?"

"Sure."

"Soft or hard?"

"Oh, soft!"

"I thought so! Come on!"

The party was a disappointment to Leegion. All she could think of was Jimmy, and no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't pretend that Red was any one else than his dear old self!

Hours after her return home, she lay in bed, worrying. What had happened? Why hadn't he answered her letters? Why hadn't he been man enough to explain himself last night? Thoughts, one after the other, rushed through her mind until, exhausted, she finally dropped off to sleep.

The clock at the corner of the stairs struck eleven just as she awoke. Toby and a crowd of his friends were playing baseball, or what they *called* baseball, yards from the house, but she could hear their shrieks and yells as clearly as if they were in the room itself. Unable to go back to sleep, she disgustedly rolled out of bed, determined to take a bath, at any rate. The water was running in the bath-room, and she hurried to knock on the door to find out who the disturbing

occupant was. There was no answer, so she entered cautiously. No one was there, but the cold water in the tub was running slowly, going down the top drain as quickly as it came in through the faucet. In the bottom sat two large, black, ugly turtles crawling and squirming luxuriously around, and three large, green, slippery, shiny, fat frogs sat contentedly on a foot-stool which had been placed in the midst of the tub. The whole aquarium welcomed her with splashes as the turtles tried to hide underneath each other but achieved little success. A large sheet of white paper was carefully pinned to the door on which was written "Kindest sister: Take your bath in the bowl or stand in line. Give up the best of what you want for those who need it more. Lovingly—Me." . . . That noon at lunch, she took special pains to let her brother know that she had not even thought of taking a bath that morning, and she remembered only too well to congratulate him on his new acquaintances.

The day passed, but Leegion's worries remained with her. Everywhere she went, people asked her if she had had a good time. Why hadn't she had a good time? Now Mrs. Harper's daughter had had a wonderful time! No one could understand. Everyone misunderstood! The world was all wrong!—But as her mother said—"Red was such a *nice* fellow." The more people harped on it, the more exasperated she became. The afternoon drifted slowly by, minutes lingering like hours.

At four thirty she was on the porch, still day-dreaming, and still arguing with herself and with Jimmy. Suddenly her dreams were interrupted by Toby's loud voice as he stopped on the lawn just below her. Leegion peered over the railing to see nine years of deviltry surrounded by three admiring young ladies perhaps three years younger than he. Again Toby's hands were in his pockets, and he was leaning against the wall of the house,—it seemed that he never stood on his two feet—and was confidentially talking to his audience. His subject was no one else than himself. Leegion smiled. "Of course that is all than can be expected," and she leaned back to her former position,—to resume her worries. However, it was in vain to try to shut out his idle prattle. One of the little girls was reminding him, "But my sister was married last month, and your sister isn't married."

Toby defended himself. "Aw, that's nothing. My sister's better 'n married. She's in love!"

"With whom, Toby?"

"Oh, somebody!"

"Red, Toby?"

"Oh no!—But he's in love with her. He talks about her all the time. She doesn't know it now, but I think she's going to marry Red some day. And *I'm* going to be best man!"

By this time, Leegion found that she had heard enough, and was bending over the rail to suggest to her darling brother that he go about his own business when he proceeded, "Gosh, ya ought to see him. I just hate the sight of him, and he's always hanging around. And he's an awful sissy! I even caught him holdin' her hand once."

"Whose hand, Toby?"

"My sister's, of course. Anyhow, don't interrupt!—Well, as I was sayin'—", and he puffed his chest out and took on a nonchalant air, "I got rid of him!"

"*How*, Toby?"

"Aw, 'twas simple 'nough—except no one else would have ever thought of it but me, of course.—Anyhow—All I did was hide his letters on her. Now she's mad at him, and he's mad at her—and—well—he just doesn't come any more—and Red pays me a dime for everyone I hide—"

The porch above was empty. A streak of blue and white flew up the stairs and into a small room known to the family as Toby's private den. But at this moment, the room was far from private, for Leegion, already half through his desk, was throwing things from left to right, and the room took on an appearance such as it had never known before. Suddenly all was silent, and Leegion braced herself against the desk, staring two letters in the face. In her haste, she not only tore the envelopes open, but the letters inside were ripped down the side. However, this did not prevent her from reading "Would love to go to the Prom. Will call at eight."

The door opened, and in walked Toby, grinning all over. Quickly he came to an abrupt halt, and stared at Leegion. "Say, what's the idea?—" But he did not finish. His black eyes became as big as saucers, and his face dropped inches.



Leegion glared back and walked slowly up to him where she shook the letters in his face—"Yes, what *is* the idea?"

A flash of Toby disappeared around the corner. A flash of Leegion streaked after him. The room assumed unusual quietness. Then there was a thud just down the hall, and Leegion found herself flat on her stomach while Toby—*dear* Toby—escaped down the stairs and through the back door.

Something was knocking against the wall at the head of the stairs. The wind from an open window was blowing a frame back and forth. Leegion glanced up at it, and then looked again to make sure she was not mistaken. Three large red words danced about on a wire; had they been there always? She could not remember. She looked again. There was no mistake. They were there. She rested her head in her hand and sighed back at them. Some one had hung them in the wrong house. There *must* be some mistake, for they read "*Home Sweet Home.*"

JEAN TILTON, '38

## Honor Roll

### FIRST QUARTER—1937-1938

Shirley Hamilton	90	Margaret Hall	88
Gisela Bolten	89	Margaret Comstock	88
Constance Thurber	89	Lloyd Pierce	88

### FIRST SEMESTER—1937-1938

Joan Carlson	93	Constance Thurber	90
Margaret Hall	91	Lloyd Pierce	89
Shirley Hamilton	91	Elise Duncan	88
Margaret Comstock	90	Jane Vogt	88
Mary Lou Sheedy	90	Jean Cross	88
Joan Webster	88		

### Honorable Mention

Frances Cross	87	Madeleine Proctor	87
Constance Smith	87		

## Appeal to the Powerful

There's a little ant crawling up the screen  
But I'm not going to hurt him.  
He doesn't even know I'm here,  
Near.

And that's what peace is, Hitler—  
Not thinking that anyone will strike  
At the right you have  
To your own Germany.

*You* make any shoe your size to fit;  
And hit  
Before you see  
That Germany  
Is loved by everyone.  
No one threatens you.  
You're safe from harm—  
You know you are.

Why not take the land  
And make it green, and gold,  
And fair,  
Just where  
It would be red  
If, as it's said,  
War should come  
And turn it dark,  
Void, quiet, stark.

KATHARINE HARRIS, '39

## Catharsis

Everybody went out from choir practice with his raincoat pulled tightly about him and a firm resolution to get home without being completely drowned. My family was conspicuously not waiting for me with the car, as usual, and so I was faced with the wet proposition of walking home to supper through the oncoming darkness and a downpour such as only Lexington knows how to turn on. Mist hung low, and yet I could distinguish through it the smoky breathing of passers-by. The rain had given a nip of cold to the air. Turning in front of the church, I cut across the campus. My rubbers sloshing along the soggy ground sounded like a cow with its feet in the mud. Then, so gradually that I had already passed the dormitories when it became noticeable, the April shower had settled down to a gentle but rather determined pace with that "ad infinitum" feel about it. The gleam of raincoats scurrying across the campus reminded me that I, too, should hurry. Each face that passed bore a "home-James-and-don't spare-the-horses" expression.

The funny part about it was that I didn't feel a bit like rushing. For a number of days now everybody in the senior class at school had been hurrying to get his thesis done on time. At Choir we had been hurrying to learn the Easter music before Easter. At home we were hurrying to get ready for a tribe of cousins descending soon upon us for the holidays. I was hurrying up my practice in preparation for the spring recital. Instead of asking us to go upstairs for her knitting, lately Mother always specified, "Run up." I don't know why but that night did something to calm me: the rain was such a good example of taking your time and still accomplishing what you set out to do. So it was that when I should have been pressing rapidly forward, I just ambled along, stepping in every puddle that came by, walking up the middles of rain-filled gutters.

You might think it unusual for me to remember this night out of innumerable others when it hadn't done anything but rain. Yet, the wonder would be if I did not remember it, when I think of how it made me feel. There are certain times like this when I am completely at peace with myself ("God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world"), no matter what has happened today or will happen to-



morrow. Now I was crossing the bridge, its white concrete showing ghost-like in the foggy dark, and I stopped impulsively to peer down at the flooded creek swirling along far, far below. My mind was as relaxed as if it were lying on a feather bed and I stood still while it rested. At a distance the headlights of speeding cars shot long streaks of light up the glistening highway. I looked at them but didn't see what I looked at. They weren't of any particular importance. There was a pleasant sensation of warmth inside me in contrast to the damp without. A wind began to rise swishing in and out of the dripping trees, sailing jubilantly on over the crest of Brushy Hill and coming back again at length to tell me what it saw there. The thrill of wet wind in my face woke me up, made me eager to explore the mysteries of a night like this.

Out on the open bridge I felt completely lifted out of myself and sang—all the Easter chorals and the chants and offertories; sang my favorite hymns with a full heart to the mountains and the valleys in between, to the fields and to the grey-black sky. I heard again Dvorak's beautiful symphony "From the New World" and thanked God for the new world which inspired it. I gave thanks for the blessings which I think of all too seldom—for the pure joy of living, for the countless beauties of nature, for a song I love, for an inspiring poem, for a home and family, and for friends.

ROSA FLETCHER, '38

## Chiasmus

"Francisco, my child! Have you really come home to your old father? My, how fine you look! Come in, son." The short, thin, wrinkled man held out his hand.

"Very well, father, I will come in," replied the boy, a well-built, strong and handsome type of person of about twenty-five. The old man led him in through a narrow, dark, musty hall to a tiny sitting room. It was clean and neat in its bareness, and a single geranium with a bright red blossom showed a love for the beautiful.

"Are you hungry, son? Let me fix you some supper, and you sit down here and rest while I'm getting it."

"No, father, I'm not hungry."

"But, Francisco, I have some nice cheese and I thought. . ."

"It makes no difference what you thought, father, I'm busy, and I have no time for such things. I came on business."

"On business? Why, what sort of business, Francisco?"

"First, I'd like to know how much money you have. You do have a little saved, don't you?"

The father stared at the boy in an amazed sort of way. Here was his son whom he had not seen for five years. Why should he appear in such an unexpected and strange manner? What had he been doing? But any one can change in such a length of time. "Well, my boy, I have almost three hundred dollars. I'm earning seven dollars every week now, as street cleaner, and each time I try to save fifty cents from what I need for rent and food. I want to buy. . ."

"Never mind what you want to buy; but tell me, where is that money?"

"Why, I have it here. I have a special hiding place for it."

"Where is it? Show me your hiding place."

"It's—but why do you ask me, Francisco?"

"I'm in a jam, and I need three hundred dollars very badly. Will you get it for me?"

"But what is the trouble, son? Tell your poor old father."

"It's nothing. Stop asking questions!"

"But, Francisco, I've been saving that money for four years. I wanted to buy some flowers for your mother's grave. She always

loved them so. And a marker. I thought it would be nice. Then the rest could pay for burying me."

"Now, listen. I'll tend to all that for you. All I ask is the money."

"If I must give it to you, I will. It's just that I wanted to do something for her myself. I—I miss her so," the old man sobs.

"I know, I know. But I'm in a hurry. Will you bring me the money or won't you?"

"If you need it you shall have it, son. But first I must know why you want it."

Francisco pulls out a revolver. "I knew it would be like this so I came prepared. Will you tell me where the money is immediately?"

"Why, Francisco, you wouldn't do such a thing to your own father, would you? I have loved you so much. I—I don't understand. I've been lonesome, I wanted you to come home.

"Well, you are going to understand shortly. You wouldn't be very happy without the money anyway." He aims the revolver at the man.

"Don't, Francisco, DON'T. . ." The old man is too late. There is a subdued, sharp click. He clutches at his side, turns white, and falls to the floor. "The money is—in—my—pillow. Buy," he pants, "flowers for. . ." His strength is gone. He gasps, and closes his eyes.

Francisco stands and looks at him. His eyes gleam. He breathes rapidly. "Too bad, father, but it was your own fault."

He takes the gun, wipes it off with a handkerchief, and places it in the old man's hand. Then he goes into the next room, a tiny bedroom. He feels the pillow eagerly, rips it, and pulls out a small box. As he passes the other room, he looks back at the old man, reconsiders, crosses to him, takes the gun, and puts it in his pocket.

Soon he is in the smoky street. He walks rapidly, looking neither to right nor to left. No one seems to notice him. It is like some one walking in his sleep. He reaches an intersection, and makes his way into the line of traffic. The shrill whistle of a policeman fails to rouse him. When he does look up, it is too late. A fast-moving car is upon him, brakes screeching wildly. People scream. A crowd begins to gather. Sirens sound. But Francisco does not hear them. The policeman looks down at his still, white face. "What a pity, and he such a fine young fellow," he mutters.

MARGARET COMSTOCK, '38



## On Meeting a Great-Aunt

"She is old," said one.

"She cannot live—she sits and waits  
For Death. She clings to the last  
Of her life—for what?  
Life cannot be beautiful to the old—  
They cannot live it."

"She lives. For by living she has learned to live.  
No longer does she throw  
Her years about like drops of wine  
From an overflowing cup.  
She lingers over each,  
Delights in its flavor,  
Savors its warmth.  
She knows the value of a year,  
Has measured it and found  
A year too dear for wasting.  
She has lived to see the hopes  
Of younger years fulfilled;  
Seen dreams come true.  
She has tasted the bitter-sweetness of life  
And she has glimpsed the all-enfolding sleep  
In store for her—  
When at last her cup is emptied."

MARJORY HILL, '37

## January Third

Chicago's Old Heidelberg chimed five-fifteen, the downtown lights blazed on, traffic became more congested, and nobody seemed at peace. The whole world was rushing, rushing, to get somewhere whence they would all turn around and rush back again.

All LaSalle Street was alive with yellow, blue, and chequered taxis struggling toward the same destination, long lines swinging around the semi-circle of the station. Streams of people still running, porters, ticket stubs, telegraph boys, flowers, and tears all formed the heavy, exciting atmosphere that hung over the crowd.

There it was, a sharp buzz, five-twenty-five, the warning signal, the big glass doors were thrown open, and through the smoke and steam the train, black and powerful, puffed and shook its ugly frame.

"Now, son, have you got your ticket, money, and,—well, guess I don't have to say that any longer, college just seems to do things for a boy's responsibility."

"Good-bye, mom, I'll drop you a line from school. It was a swell vacation, mom!"

"All right, son, but remember the little farm isn't going so well this year so try not to spend. . . ." But the boy had gone.

"Remember, Ruth, what we decided about the children. You'll have both together for three months, then I'll take Bobby. Now, are the other terms satisfactory?"

"Oh, perfectly, but as a rather selfish, last-minute request, I wonder if you'd forget to talk about it for a month or so, at least until everything's final. Guess I'm slightly odd about things like that." She smiled a pinched and tired smile as she gave the porter tags for her luggage: Mrs. James Whitehall, Reno, Nevada.

"It's the first time I've felt it, dad. I can't do it. Oh, take me home and let's talk it over some more. Then maybe I'll go next week!"

"Listen, my fine young woman, what do you think we've spent all the money we had and some we didn't have on your career for? I've done my part; now you're going to do yours. Go out there and make a name for yourself. Certainly Hollywood isn't any worse than New York. Here's something for you, Garbo. They tell me there's nothing like a couple of orchids for any one's peace of mind."

“Wait a minute, wait a minute, who d’ya think yer shovin’ around here? Thought ya was tryin’ ta frisk me fer awhile there and that kind of stuff don’t go over so big with me, ya know.”

“Yeah? Well, I heard ya was goin’ to blow town about now so I kinda thought I’d be down to see ya off and to sorta let ya know that Clinko and two of his mob is in 348 ready to blow yer brains out. Well, have a nice buggy ride, Maxie, old boy.”

Down toward the engine, spitting fire and coke-gas, walked a tall boy in a polo coat, and a comparatively small girl, her hand squeezed in his.

“Look out over there, darling, your last ‘Chicago twilight’. I love it too, now, even though I laughed the first time. You understand that, don’t you?”

“I only understand that it’s pretty hard to leave something after you’ve just found it and realize that we can’t possibly see each other for such long, long ages.”

“That’s the way things have to be sometimes, but we’ll never once forget it in all of our lives.” A very dark and a very blond head came together for an instant. Then the train was wheezing and gliding laboriously out of its shed, picking up steam as it rushed into the night.

Outside in the Loop traffic was just as jammed, red and blue neon lights melted their color over the city, and the multitude was still rushing.

LUCILLE FREEMAN, '38





## Painted

### *Setting:*

An old family farm house down the Housatonic River from the little New England manufacturing town of Hutton Falls. It is an old white farmhouse...large verandas...a little red barn...tumbling sheds, gray...a wood pile...chickens running in the earth barnyard and into an oldish white house used as a barn; there is grain on the worn floor, no door or glass or sashes in the window frames. In front of the house, the other side of the row of elms, this side of the river, stretches a meadow down stream as far as the bend where the island is. Hills on each side of the river; across it, a tree-grown one, reflected in the river; half way up the railroad track, hidden. The east wind blows the smoke of the engine across, into the house...smoke also from the oil tugs and barges that, ghostly, glide up the river with echoing wash. A cow or two, but they never stayed still long enough to be painted.

*Characters:*

Three sisters and an old mother and I, the outside element. Clarice...the artist...the one that gave me painting lessons, quiet, non-committal... "Is the color right?" "A little more red," "Perhaps." "Yes?" "Well?" "Maybe..." and I'd paint it red...she would walk around, hunting mushrooms on the trees...always the conversation, "Mushrooms...we had a gardener, got them from everywhere...red, blue, green...we cooked...he ate, but not we...we couldn't, they looked too deadly"...or, when the four o'clock train went by, "These awful trains!"...always... "The smoke...there's always an east wind, every day this summer...it blows the smoke across...look at the house...gray...that smoke! We had it painted this spring...you'd never know it...look at it."...and silence, late afternoon. My lesson was supposed to be but an hour...it never ended then...it was two and sometimes three. We painted the river and barns and trees, and hoped for clouds; they never co-operated though. She always asked about my brother who'd been her pupil...who has real talent...who is in China now.

The mother...always crocheting...failing sight and hearing and senses, showing me her work... "Don't you think that's pretty good for an old lady?...I'll be ninety-two in May..." "Oh?...Will you? Wonderful!...That's lovely!"...I didn't really think so though. And she was deaf...I tried to talk more with smiles and looks...I think they meant more to her. She always wanted to see what I had done that day. If it was one of the old sheds... "Why do you paint that? Paint the barn...it's in good repair." Clarice would help me out. "Why, mother, that's artistic!"...I'd grin broadly,... knowing not what else to do. She too... "Where is Graham now? In China still? Bring him down to see us when he comes home...at Christmas? He'll be home...bring him down...I'm an old lady, I'll be ninety-two in May."...She was always interested, interesting, in everything. She'd told my brother she'd seen Queen Victoria...she was disappointed... "Yes...just like our wash woman, little, fat, old."

And the other sisters...two or three I think, but I could never tell them apart so I don't know how many there were. One was always in the kitchen making grape juice or something. I saw her looking

out of the window every time I drove in. She would bring us iced grape juice of white and sometimes purple grapes, or a slice of the first watermelon—and talk while we stopped painting. . . . “The corn is coming in good this year. . . . yes, the first ripe melon. . . . this is made of white grapes,” “White grapes?” “Yes, they have an extra delicate taste of their own. . . . we haven’t many this year. . . . the frost and the winter killed them.” Or the other sister. I only saw her disappearing into a barn or behind a shed. Sometimes as we sat on the hill and painted the elms and the river she would go by carrying hay, on her back in European style, peasant-like. . . . how quaint, how picturesque!

And there was I. . . the outside element. . . a few extra dollars, but there never was that feeling. . . it was always like a visit, like friends. . . studying them, coaxing them; asked by them to leave the car close to the bank so the ice-man who rattled down each afternoon could turn around in the barnyard a little easier.

The way I wanted to paint. . . vivid color. . . jangling to her, though she never said so. . . sharp outlines. . . bigness. . . hardness. . . strength. . . modern. . . but poor. . . Her canvases, aging. . . her charcoals that hadn’t been fixed, faded and smudged. . . bore the mark of my grandmother’s day. . . what I call “old conventional”. . . Landscapes done on a buff background still wet. . . buff through the river, buff through the sky and hills. . . just monotones, weak to me. Done at the place, blocked in so she could finish later when she wasn’t there or the sun wasn’t. . . They looked it.

She let me paint as I liked. . . never told me what to put where and what color. . . Yet she tamed my modern brutality. . . I pepped up her dead gay nineties. My painting struck the happy medium.

She showed me her pictures in an odd way. . . as a demonstration of a method, not as a key to her. . . unaware she had taught me to read painting. She was more acute than her pictures. It was odd, those I liked. . . those she’d taken prizes with, she’d painted just before a pupil had come, to give a sample, or to try a new method. She was stagnant in the beauty of her home and people. It is something outside that has to call to wake her or she slumbers on. . . in monotones.

SALLY PECK, '38



## “America’s Wonderland”

We, my father, my sister, and I had miraculously come from New Jersey to Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, in three days, and now we stood on the platform, while other sleepy passengers descended from the train. Somehow the train had managed to stop just before the arched entrance to a rustic looking hotel. A fair-haired boy with brilliantly rosy cheeks and wearing a white linen uniform stood at the side of the entrance, ringing a large Chinese gong. As I looked at him I inhaled deep breaths of cold air, and wondered if the cool atmosphere would make my complexion as highly colored as his.

We followed the crowd into a huge dining room, with rafters made of whole logs, and rows of white tables. Each pair of tables was attended by a maid, who stood at attention until a group of people was directed to her service. What impressed me the most during the breakfast was the fact that the strangers who surrounded me really talked when I asked them simple questions—and by commenting on the silver engravings, I really started a conversation. What pleasure it gave me to feel at home among strangers!

After breakfast we all gathered once more on the platform, but this time instead of a train, several buses drove up and parked. A man with a deep voice began to call out names from a list; we took our places in the bus. Father soon started to talk to an elderly German gentleman, wearing a grey cap, who sat beside him. The same spirit reigned here, also, I thought.

We drove up a hairpin road, midst tall pines and multicolored rock formations, and after a while we stopped. “Fifteen minutes stop to see the hot springs,” announced our driver and guide. “Follow the paths as the springs are dangerous,” he warned.

The hot springs are miraculous! From deep holes in the ground, surging and gurgling come the mixtures which look like water, but smell of sulfur and carbon dioxide. One stands fascinated, watching the vapors rise, and listening to the great gulps the holes make. “The Witch’s Cauldron,” was the name of one great spring, and indeed, they all suited the title. I finally managed to tear myself away from the cauldrons, and began to catch up with my sister and father, who had wandered ahead. As I was walking toward them, I

caught sight of a wide, still pool. The color of the pool was breathtaking, even in that unusual atmosphere! I stood completely enchanted by the smooth, even blue stretched out before me. It was like the sky on a cloudless day, only twice as blue, and three times as intense. I stood there until my sister ran up calling, "Elise! Elise! Everybody is at the bus. We're all waiting. Hurry up!"

Thus, back to the bus I went, and listened to the admiration of three old ladies who had been saving up for years to see this, while father and the German gentleman discussed the algae, one of the lowest forms of life, which surrounded many of the hot springs.

ELISE DUNCAN, '38

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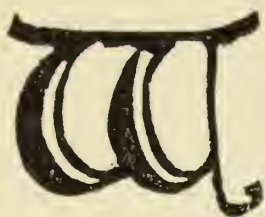
## Edinburgh Castle

High on the rocks in the midst of and overlooking the modern city of Edinburgh, stands Edinburgh Castle, impressive and picturesque in its apparent isolation—a vivid reminder of times of yore when it was a noble's home, towering loftily into the air so that the inhabitants might be protected from possible attacks. What an odd sensation it gave me, when I saw it first!

I had just arrived in Edinburgh, tired and dirty from a long train ride. As I walked out of the station I saw before me a city, just like any other big city—cars, people, lights, and noise—but suddenly as I looked about me, high above the buildings something caught my eye. It was the castle, and it seemed so oddly out of place that as I looked at its gray stone towers and walls, its green grass visible here and there, and its curious jutting foundation of rocks, I almost forgot the hustle and bustle around me in staring at what seemed an illusion—an oasis in a desert. A queer feeling of calmness and peace pervaded me as though I had been caught in a spell. Abruptly, however, by some imperative query concerning my baggage the spell was broken, but throughout my stay in this Scottish city, the castle never failed to awaken my admiration, and as often as I glanced up at it, silhouetted against the sky, I received a new impression of contrast, a sense of silent beauty, and a feeling of awe for this relic of olden days.

CONSTANCE THURBER, '38

## Elle Ne Passera Pas



HY must I grow up?  
Do, God, let me stay young!  
Young, to pick blue violets  
That bloom in early spring;  
Young, to hear the March winds  
Boisterously sing;  
Young, to thrill at cardinals  
Crimson on the wing;  
Dear God, let me stay young.

Why must I grow up?  
Please, God, can't I stay young?  
Young, to feel the fresh, green grass  
Soft under my bare feet;  
Young, to breathe each zephyr  
Rippling through the wheat;  
Young, to love with all my heart—  
First love is always sweet;  
Oh God, let me stay young!

Dear, apprehensive child,  
Your youth will not depart!  
Forget your fears, for always  
You will be young at heart.

ROSA FLETCHER, '38



## Juvenile Folly

I closed my eyes to shut out the glaring green light of the garage, the crash of iron against steel, the grunt of the man on the floor. Surely it was only a nightmare—a terrible dream that would be over the instant I opened my eyes. No, this heap of crumpled bumpers and mudguards, these and all the preceding events of the evening were vividly, unbelievably real.

When I had left school the snow had been falling. I had turned my face up to it, so clean and fresh. I had come from the warmth of the building, the noise, the music and laughter. Outside I had found peace and quiet; my foot-falls had been muffled, the cold had tingled my cheeks, and the snow had drifted endlessly down on the Circle. As I climbed into the car vague warnings came. "The streets are slippery with so much snow—Don't drive fast—Remember, you can't see much."

These were dismissed hastily, with scorn. Instead, snatches of the song we were practising, lines from the play we had been reading ran through my head. The wheel was like ice to my bare hands. I had forgotten my gloves, as usual. But it wouldn't take me long to get home. There were few cars on the roads, and the snow was piled up in the streets, against the trees, on the engine, and everywhere that I could see. The tail-light of a car ahead twinkled suddenly. The snow made fascinating patterns as it swung down in front of the headlights. Under the sodium vapor lamps the snow was suspended in the air. The lights made my hands pale as death on the wheel. How interesting it would be, I thought, if my face were looking the same!

But I suddenly realized I was very near the car ahead—and coming closer fast! I fumbled for the brakes, clutched frantically at the steering wheel. It was useless to try. The realization came over me like a wave of cold water, that I was powerless to stop this car from careening into the other, from smashing us both into atoms. Into the last seconds came a curious sense of finality, of the inevitable, while pictures of the evening flashed through my mind. Then the crash.

Blackness and whirling lights. Centuries later I opened my eyes slowly, unwound my fingers from the wheel, and climbed out. "What have I done? What have I done!" All I could think; all I could say. A man stepped out of the other car and a woman's face, white with fear—of what *I* had done, looked after him. The man said nothing. He seemed scared, too. We pushed my car away, and stood in the little pool of light, talking. His tail light and number plate were dragging, but I could see no dent. My mud guard and bumper were smashed up against the tire. The snow made a curtain around us, and trickled in icy streams down my neck. I suddenly realized he had been asking me questions, and I had answered, but I had no idea what I had said. "You can get home all right, I think, if you don't live very far from here." He got into his car and drove away. I came back to reality with a bump.

Home! That was the last place I wanted to go. I turned around and went down towards town, with the bumper rubbing against the tire in loud clatters. There was nobody on the streets down town. Two men came out of the garage, resentful that they should be disturbed. We gathered around and examined the front of the car. The older man was doubtful, accusing. It was folded in pretty tight—Reckless drivers—Youngsters who don't know no better—'Twasn't so bad, but we'd better leave it 'til morning. He left for home, drawing up his collar and shuffling off into the night.

But I couldn't leave it! I had to have it fixed, now! The younger man was sympathetic. He drove the car inside the garage and fell to work. I stood. The world had slipped from under my feet. The car was not hurt badly it was true. But the shame,—the terrible blow to my assured, confident, even arrogant self! Bitterly I recalled the repeated warnings, so scornfully rejected. "You drive too fast. You don't judge your distances. You don't anticipate!" And my argument—rather feeble! "Everyone knows young people are the best natural drivers. I don't drive nearly as fast as most of the girls." I supposed this was my lesson.

I leaned against the radiator and burned my hand. The man was panting underneath the car, and I panted in sympathy. A clock struck ten. "Won't your father be wondering where you are?"

That was a new thought. I would have to tell him. I couldn't. It would be so much easier to go out into the night and disappear for-

ever! Or even for a little while. But where could I go? It was snowing harder than ever, and very cold. "Where is your telephone?"

It is strange, how smug and innocent a telephone can look, rather like a cat waiting to pounce on the next mouse. I am no more an Abbot girl, a mature individual of seventeen with responsibilities. I am very young, and naughty, and I don't want to tell!—"Hello, Dad? I, uh, I'm afraid I've gotten into a little trouble."

MARY ELLIOT, '38

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## Christmas Eve, 1937

It seems a bitter thing to me  
That on this Christmas Day there be  
Cannons roaring.

(Fear not; for, behold, I bring you  
good tidings of great joy which shall  
be to all people.)

And that there are so many years  
When Jesus Christ the Lord appears  
To men in trenches.

(For unto you is born this day,  
in the City of David, a Saviour,  
which is Christ the Lord.)

Man's hope for Immortality  
Is born, but we fight on and He  
Is crucified.

(Glory to God in the highest,  
and on earth peace, good will  
toward men.)

MARJORY HILL, '39



## The Magazine Business

What and who is behind the clever captions that appear in currently popular magazines, such as *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The Woman's Home Companion*? The majority of readers believes that the person who is responsible for these stories must be some young "man-about-town" with a little wealth at his disposal, or perhaps some one with not much intellectual background. They form this opinion because the stories are usually smart, young, and sophisticated; therefore, they say if he isn't that kind of person how can he sympathize and choose stories that are gay and fast-moving? Little do they realize how wrong they are.

The man who is responsible for these entertaining short stories that are so enlightening and excellent for making a long, dull train ride seem short and pleasant, or again that are ideal to pick up for pleasure after a long, hard day at the office, or that the common man on the street can readily understand, is known as the fiction editor. But a fiction editor (of this kind of magazine) is not at all as the struggling young writer pictures him. He is probably middle-aged, and the reason that he makes such excellent choices for his magazine is not because he is a gay sophisticate, or is lacking in intellectual knowledge—but because he has such an excellent literary understanding, such a fine sense of what is good, and because he is usually a writer himself; thus he is able to discriminate, and to pick stories that are light and amusing, for his particular kind of magazine public.

But many writers who are clamoring to sell their stories have the wrong idea of the material that this type of magazine requires. They do not realize that the successful story has to be clever and ingenious and subtle, rather than just another short story. Too many young writers are fooled and do not realize that only excellent authors are selected. They read the published stories and say to themselves, "I can write as well or better myself!" But they are usually sadly disappointed when they confront Mr. Fiction Editor for the verdict.

Many think that to be a fiction editor is a perfect "push-over", with little work or effort involved. They think just reading a few stories and choosing the best ones is a very simple matter. Little do

they know. They don't realize how many hundreds of stories pour into the office each day, most of them food for the trash basket. They do not understand how tedious it is to pour over these stories, day in and day out, having to remember each one to give personal comment. Many of the stories are the only livelihood of the writers, and it is up to the fiction editor to break the sad news. He has to discourage many hopeful young writers, who believe they have found their life's work, only to discover that they have no more writing ability than a sloth. They do not realize that this man has to meet many, many boring people each day and encourage them when he knows they are hopeless.

Of course there are compensations too. There are excellent stories among the trash, and there are interesting people to meet; often free trips have to be made to many places on the globe for the purpose of interviewing writers, and this traveling provides relief from the routine office work. There are secretaries, too, that read some of the worst stories.

Magazine work always has an alluring sound but remember if you are thinking of doing something in this line, try not to be a fiction editor because if you once show that you are successful in this particular position you are hopelessly "stuck" for life. It is such highly specialized work, and there are so few excellent people to take your place, that it is extremely difficult to change your position—higher or lower.

BARBARA LITTAUER, '38

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## Twilight

Dark mountains formed a fort behind which the sun had retreated. Small clouds hurried to the horizon with news of the defeat. Red streaks stained the sky from the wounds of the sun. Then the moon came up with its army of stars to guard the night.

HENRIETTA FLETCHER, '39

## Boston to St. Louis

“September 20, 1937.

My first long journey ended today. This diary was so deeply buried in my suit-case that I haven't attempted to write in it. Anyway here I am in St. Louis. The trip was wonderful, although I was awfully afraid that it would be lonely. I shared a compartment with a lovely lady about fifty years old. She was very sophisticated and wise and had been everywhere. It's funny how one gets to talking with total strangers on a long trip. Oh, I do hope that I shall see her again sometime. In the meantime, this is my first night with Aunt Betty and she promised to arrange something this evening. I rested this afternoon. I wonder what it will be.”

“September 20, 1937.

“I am back in St. Louis. All my ties with New England are severed now that my husband, David, is gone, and Anne will be studying in Europe for several years. The trip back here wasn't as distressing as I thought it would be, thanks to my young neighbor on the train. She was so hopeful and enthusiastic, starting on a new phase of her life. God, give me some of that spirit and faith that belongs to youth. I am not old and I am grateful for the inspiration of this child. Now I am returning where I left off twenty-eight years ago. I wonder, what will the next few years bring?”

The train pulled out of the Boston station at five o'clock and Margaret Lovell had just gotten seated. The other and very young occupant of compartment twelve had been ready to leave for almost half an hour, and quite a while before had said her last farewells to the family. She had glanced with open curiosity at the new arrival but her look had changed to one of admiration at the dignified poise and smart clothes of the older woman, and she had looked down with satisfaction on her own new suit of up to date but simple cut. Margaret smiled at the girl, and Peggy Davis' returning glance was animated and friendly. But that was as far as their opening advances went. Margaret Lovell, under the pretense of reading a book,



was left to her own contemplations. Five o'clock, the end of day as she left Boston; how significant! The day of her life was drawing to a close. Her years of struggle and loving were over but where was the satisfaction that should have been there? Was she right in accepting her sister's suggestion and returning to the home of her youth? Why had David been taken from her, where was he now? And her daughter—why, she had been a baby but a few short years before. Now she was a woman in foreign lands learning things of which her mother knew nothing. And herself; what was there left for her? Who wanted her and what could she do? Return to nursing? Yes, but the old fervor and ambition would not be there. Live with her sister again and be close to her as they had been so many years before; but the beauty of that bond had been their common dreams and hopes and they too were gone. Quite shamelessly Margaret allowed a tear to fall on her open book.

Peggy Davis, disappointed at the aloofness of her fellow traveller, turned and gazed at the fleeting landscape. For a few minutes the sights were familiar but soon they became fewer and stranger. How long it would be before she would see them again. Five o'clock—she had spent very few nights away from her family and this was only the first of many to come. Oh, if only her friend Sue had decided to go to school in St. Louis too, but now she wouldn't know anyone there. Probably everyone would seem older and more sophisticated. Last spring when she had graduated from high school she had felt so much older than she did now. Where was the self-assurance and leadership that had been hers then? At least she had had friends to stand behind her and her family to comfort her in disappointments but from now on there would be none of that, only strangeness; her only friend would be Aunt Betty whom she had seen twice before and who had invited Peggy to spend a few days at her home before school opened, and she would probably introduce her to a lot of strangers. If only there were a group of her own friends to explore the mysteries and alluring strangeness of St. Louis with her. Peggy also let a big tear splash unheeded on the window sill.

By this time the dusk had made the landscape only a series of swiftly passing shadows. So Peggy, turning from her reverie, opened a new book. The woman beside her caught sight of the name Margaret Davis on the fly leaf and glanced upward to the mournful young

face. With the understanding compassion of an older woman who has suffered and brought up children she put aside her own emotions in order to cheer up her young neighbor.

"Well, we have one thing in common," she said smiling. "My name is Margaret, too."

With much less effort a smile lit up the face of the younger girl. "Really!" she said, "everyone calls me Peggy, though. Pardon me, but what is the rest of your name? I mean—"

"Oh, my name is Mrs. David Lovell." She paused over the sound just as she had the first time she left St. Louis, a young bride. "Are you going all the way to St. Louis?"

"Yes," answered Peggy, "I'm going to school there. I've never been farther away than Washington and Philadelphia so it's rather exciting, but in a way I'm dreading it. I don't know anyone there."

"Oh, you don't have to worry," Margaret found encouraging words, "My daughter left for Europe two months ago, and she never had been far from home for very long either. Her first few letters worried me but now she is all enthusiasm. Studying music in France keeps her quite busy and yet she seems to have plenty of time to make friends and get acquainted with Europe. There are so many wonderful things there and it makes me happy to think that she is at last getting a chance to see them."

"How marvelous! I have a cousin who is interested in music but I want to study biological science. I may study medicine later, if I get along well enough. It sounds funny for a girl, doesn't it? My whole family thought it would be better for me to go to another part of the country. Do you live in Boston?"

"Well, I have lived near Boston, for the past twenty-eight years, but I'm quite familiar with St. Louis because I was brought up there. It really is a grand city and very friendly, I assure you. It has been so long since I have been there that I shall have to get acquainted with it all over again. Perhaps we can do it together." Margaret glanced at her watch. "Peggy, neither of us has thought of supper. Will you be my guest this evening?"

"Oh, why that would be simply wonderful, Mrs. Lovell, but really I—"

"No buts, Peggy; it really will be much pleasanter for me; no one likes travelling alone."

Their mutual supper and evening passed swiftly and pleasantly. Neither realized what she was doing for the other. Peggy continued to gaze with admiration at the woman who had been to Europe and all over America, who knew always just what to say and do, who was so completely self-assured. Margaret blessed the younger girl in her mind for setting an example of enthusiasm and hope. In their companionship she felt younger and also more confident. It was midnight before their berths were made up and they bade each other good-night.

Margaret thought in the darkness how far away her departure from Boston seemed with its despondent regrets. And Peggy, in the berth above, thought of the next night, her first in the great city of St. Louis, a city scintillating with life and adventure.

The train moved swiftly on, carrying these two to their destination, moving rapidly from the old into the new. What if they had not met each other and had been speeding onward with misgiving and heavy hearts?

A restless feeling of something approaching made them awaken early. As they pulled up the little curtains the same early sunbeam fell upon them. It was a beautiful morning, and over the flat country the rising sun shed a lavender light. To one it was so familiar, to the other so new. Strange that their thoughts should be so much alike—the rising sun, the dawn of a new day, the symbol of a new life.

Their morning passed swiftly but both were quite ready when they beheld in the distance a haze of smoke and dust hanging over the tall buildings of the city. Half an hour later the two Margarets bade each other good-bye, shaking hands with the fervent grasp of good friends and looking into each other's eyes with a look of unconscious thanks.

MADELEINE PROCTOR, '38



## Abbot Calendar

*October 2*—The annual Old-girl-New-girl party was given by A.C. A., and everyone arrived dressed to represent some book character. The judges awarded prizes to "The Three Musketeers" and characters from the Oz books.

*October 3*—The Seniors were hostesses at individual teas attended by the faculty and underclassmen. Miss Hearsey conducted the first vesper service in the evening.

*October 9*—The second floor, front and wing, and also Sherman cottage entertained the school with corridor stunts. They were clever and varied.

*October 10*—The Reverend Winthrop Richardson conducted the vesper service. His topic was "The Everlasting Light."

*October 13*—The first theatre party of the year, chaperoned by Miss Snow and Miss Mathews, saw Miss Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina."

*October 16*—The Senior class with Miss Hearsey and Miss Sweeney as chaperons, went to Haggett's pond for the class picnic. Games, singing, and conversation around the bonfire, not to forget the out-of-door meal and a full moon, made the picnic a great success. The underclassmen were waiting in the gym to sing, and besung to, by the class of '38 when they returned.

*October 17*—Dr. Claude Fuess, headmaster of Phillips Academy, talked to us at Vespers. He discussed "fear" as an emotion to which no one is immune.

*October 20*—A group of Seniors accompanied by Miss Sweeney and Miss Marston went into Boston for a matinee, "Richard II", with Maurice Evans in the title role.

*October 23*—Mr. Harrison Lakin spoke to the school on "Intimate Views of Contemporary Europe." He emphasized particularly the use of diplomacy as a means of averting, not stopping, modern wars.

*October 24*—An impressive Memorial Service was held in Abbot Hall for Miss Rebekah Chickering. The Reverend Markham Stackpole presided and Miss Marguerite Hearsey, Miss Octavia Mathews, Miss Martha Elizabeth Ransom, and Miss Margaret Speer, speaking in turn, paid tribute to Miss Chickering's unusually fine character

and to the high standards she established for the English department during the many years in which she taught at the school.

*October 30*—Hallowe'en was celebrated with a gala dinner prepared by Miss Butterfield, and a costume party took place in the evening for which everyone dressed as "mysteriously" as possible.

*October 31*—A.C.A. took charge of the Vesper Service and had Mrs. Cushing speak about the Hindman school in the Kentucky mountains, the school to which we send Christmas gifts each year.

*November 5*—A group of girls attended the first in the Concert Series at Phillips' Academy, and heard a program of two piano music played by Miss Bartlett and Mr. Robertson. Several of the songs had been written especially for this piano team.

*November 6*—A very interesting and actively illustrated lecture was given by Dr. W. Stuart Carnes on "The Lost Cities of the Mayas and the Jungles of Yucatan."

*November 7*—The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, Chaplain of Phillips Academy, spoke at Vespers.

*November 13*—The Student Council gave a party for the school at which singing and refreshments were enjoyed.

*November 14*—The Vesper Service was conducted by the Reverend Carl Heath Kopf.

*November 15*—The annual Fall Field Day was held with unusually fine weather conditions. After the competitive games in the afternoon, of which the majority was won by the Gargoyles, a school tea was held in the "Rec" room. There was a rally in the evening with speeches, songs and awards.

*November 20*—An interesting lecture on "The Importance of Good Manners" was given by Mrs. James D. Erskine.

*November 21*—Mr. Bernard Floud from England, who is prominent in the International Student Service, spoke at Vespers about better understanding among the youth of different countries.

*November 27*—A tea dance for the Preps, Juniors and Junior Mids was given under the auspices of the Abbot Christian Association.

In the evening a "Home Talent" program was presented. Miss Hearsey introduced the different numbers. Mary Woodman told us about her unique trip to England this summer, and Ruth Thomas spoke about Christmas customs in Costa Rica. Mrs. Miller demonstrated fencing with Jean Cross and Diana Greene. Some movies of

the summer course she took in Sweden were shown by Miss Carpenter.

*November 28*—The Vesper service was conducted by the officers of A.C.A.

*December 4*—The majority of the girls in the school went to the Boston Garden for the annual "Winter Sports Carnival." In the evening Professor Menzel of Harvard University gave a lecture on astronomy. He illustrated his points with colored slides.

Miss Baynes chaperoned a small group into Boston to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Serge Koussevitzsky.

*December 5*—The Reverend Mr. Richardson held the Vesper Service.

*December 10*—A.D.S. Society presented for the entertainment of the school and friends two excellent plays.

The first play, "Overtones," a satire by Alice Gerstenberg, had but four characters:

HARRIET, a cultured woman . . . . .	Joan Brown
HETTY, her primitive self . . . . .	Jeanne Sawyer
MARGARET, a cultured woman . . . . .	Mary Toohey
MAGGIE, her primitive self . . . . .	Dorothy Hudson

"The Old Pinter Place" by Sally Shute was a comedy with a larger cast of characters, each one well suited to her part.

MR. PHINEAS PINTER . . . . .	Jeanne Sawyer
MRS. PHINEAS PINTER . . . . .	Elise Duncan
BIMMIE, their son . . . . .	Mary Elliot
TERENCE BOYNTON . . . . .	Diana Greene
NANCY BOYNTON . . . . .	Dorothy Hudson
FRITZ BOYNTON . . . . .	Audrey Rugg
OSWALD EASTMAN . . . . .	Catherine Flaherty
LOLLY EASTMAN . . . . .	Grace Bowen

*December 11*—In the afternoon the annual A.C.A. Christmas party for the underprivileged children of Andover was given. After dinner the school gathered in the McKeen and Reception rooms, and enjoyed immensely the reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" by Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray.

*December 12*—The Christmas Service was held in Davis hall. As always, the Christmas verses and Fidelio's music were found very inspiring. Miss Hearsey gave us "A Christmas Message," and to conclude the service Mr. Howe played several appropriate selections on the organ.



## Alumnae Notes

Theodate Johnson, '25, has become a fine opera singer, and has just given a concert of Sibelius' music at Steinert Hall in Boston. She sang some lovely songs from the German, Swedish, and English, some of which have never been heard in America.

Abbot girls at Smith—Lucia Nunez, a junior, and Grace Nichols, a sophomore, are on the Dean's List for averages of B or better, and we are very proud to hear that they are doing so well.

Mary Flaherty, senior, has been chosen general chairman of the first Senior Promenade at Smith.

Grace Nichols and Mary Wickenden have been elected members of the Glee Club.

Evelyn Chappell, junior, Anne Humphries, junior, and Priscilla Richards, freshman, have been elected members of their class choirs.

Doris Anderson, junior, has been made a member of the Philosophy Club, and Eleanor Johnson, also a junior, is in the Colloquim Club on account of her proficiency in chemistry.

Sylvia Wright, '36, is secretary of the Religion Council at Connecticut College.

Kathryn Damon, '34, was married on September 18 to Carroll Reed. Her address is: Eastern-slope, Ski-slope, Jackson, N. H.

Marion Elizabeth Rogers, '34, was married to Arthur Wheat on October 23, and her address is 1837 Elm Street, Manchester, N. H.

Mary Elizabeth Burnham, '33, is engaged to Thomas H. Mack (Bowdoin '36) of Framingham. Her address is Suite 20, 526 Newbury Street, Boston.

The engagement of Barbara Waite, '36, to Charles Gilbert Lincoln of West Hartford, Connecticut, has recently been announced.

### WHERE IS THE CLASS OF '37?

Catharine Forbush, '37, is treasurer of the freshman class at Pembroke and belongs to the college Glee Club.

Cynthia Holbrook, '37, is in the choir and is on the service committee for the Barnswallows' Dramatic Society at Wellesley.

Mary Evelyn Perrott is vice-president of the Freshman Class at Wells.

Jean Nevius is vice-president of the Freshman Class, a member of the college Choir and Glee Club, and is on the Varsity Hockey Team, at Wheaton.

Martha Elizabeth Ransom is song leader of the Freshman class at Wheaton. She played an important part in a recent college play for which Caroline Curtis designed some of the costumes.

Ruth Hill is attending Burdett Business College.

Mary Emily Pettingell and Louise Stevenson are attending Connecticut College.

Marjorie Williams is attending the Cooper Union Art School.

Constance Knox is attending the Wood Secretarial School, N.Y.C.

Elizabeth Inman is attending the Erskine School.

Elizabeth Swint and Mary Wilson are at the Finch School.

Dorothy Hamilton is attending the Katharine Gibbs School.

Barbara Kelley is attending Kenyon's Business School and has made her debut this year.

Hope Kilmer is attending the Moore Institute of Art and Science in Philadelphia.

Janet Caldwell is at Mount Holyoke.

Jane Stevenson is attending the National College of Education.

Elizabeth Joost is attending Pine Manor Junior College.

Lillian Seiler is attending the Pratt Institute.

Edith Peden is at Sarah Lawrence College.

Jeannette Partridge is attending Skidmore College.

Marjorie Boesel, Nancy Burns, Thelma Cutter, Elizabeth Melcher, Louise Risley and Phronsie Vibberts form a large '37 group to represent Abbot at Smith this year.

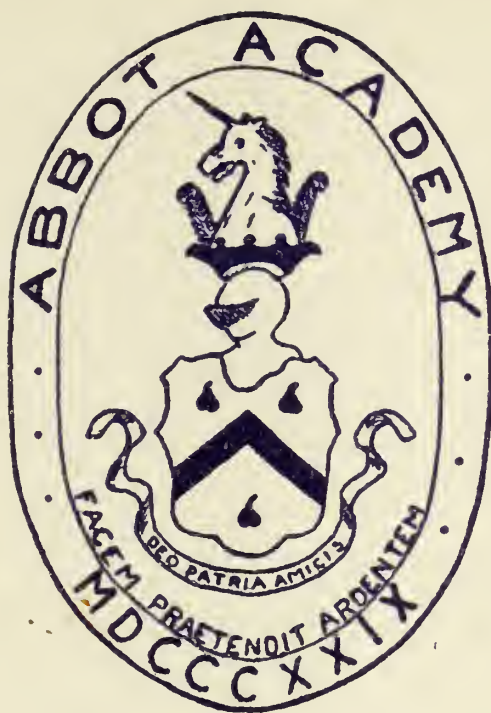
Mildred Collins is at Tulane University.

Alice Brennan and Elizabeth McArdle are at Trinity in Washington.

Vassar also has a large population of Abbot girls, with Corinne Brooks, Patricia Burdine, Lucy Hulburd, Ruth Rose, Anne Sawyer, Martha Sweeney, and Anna Walton.

At Wellesley are Mary Athy, Charlotte Boynton, Frances Connolly, Cynthia Holbrook, Barbara Randolph, Ellen Simpson, and Courtney Wilson.

Judith Wonson and Priscilla Wonson are both attending Wheaton College.



# The Abbot Courant

June, 1938

ANDOVER, MASS.

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# *The* ABBOT COURANT

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VOLUME LXIV

JUNE, 1938

NUMBER 2

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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## EDITORS

*Editor-in-Chief*

MARGARET COMSTOCK '38

*Literary Editors*

FRANCES CROSS '39

CONSTANCE THURBER '38

MARJORY HILL '39

*Business Editor*

KATHARINE HARRIS '39

*Art Editor*

MARJORIE COLL '38

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## Au Courant

The phrase, "the *new* Abbot," has been on every tongue since Miss Hearsey's interesting talk this spring about the Second Century Fund Campaign and its purpose: namely to raise money for memorials to Miss Means and to Miss Bailey, and to Miss Chickering; and to add to the school many improvements which are indispensable for modern educational methods. All through the year rumors had spread through school that plans for the rebuilding of Abbot were being drawn up, and some people had said that the school was perfect in its present state and that changes would only mar the traditional Abbot atmosphere. But Miss Hearsey's speech showed how ill-founded those opinions had been and created in their place most enthusiastic hopes for a more powerful Abbot.

The present plans are so wonderful that they are really thrilling. Immediately after commencement the executive committee for the building program hopes to see the dirt start to fly for the realization of these plans in brick and mortar. The plans include a new dining room, library, and social hall, and the remodelling of the first floor of Draper to rearrange the administrative offices, the drawing room



and reception room, and senior parlor. Later on two or three small dormitories will be built for the students now housed on the fourth floor and in the wing, both of which will be demolished, and for those living in Sherman and Homestead. The third stage of the plan will include the construction of a new Science Hall as a wing of Abbot Hall, and a modern gymnasium, to be located near the hockey field. Careful attention to the landscaping of the grounds will make all these buildings as beautiful as possible and they will establish the Colonial architectural harmony of the school.

With the loyal and enthusiastic support of alumnae and friends of the school, it is hoped that the plans will all be completed in a few years. The attractiveness of the new surroundings may easily make many graduates wish that they might come back for a year or two to enjoy them. Every Abbot girl will be proud that her school has been able to advance, wisely preserving the best traditions of the past and conscientiously keeping abreast of the greatest new developments; and she will be happy that the fineness of the Abbot spirit is being expressed even more adequately than now in the increased physical loveliness of the school.

As COURANT goes to press it is announced that we have already raised fifty-eight thousand dollars toward the carrying out of Abbot's hopes for her second century. A further gift of fifty thousand dollars provides for a small dormitory which will be built this summer.

Accompanied by the honking of cars and a general air of excitement, Abbot girls rushed to and fro on the afternoon of May seventh, showing visitors around the campus and through the buildings, where many interesting demonstrations were in progress. Among these were the experiments in the Physics and Chemistry classrooms and "projects" in connection with English I, II and III. At two-thirty there was a fencing demonstration under the able direction of Mrs. Miller, followed by a riding drill in which excellent horsemanship was exhibited by the participants.

At three-thirty everyone congregated in Davis Hall, where tea was served, and a short skit, "November Afternoon," was given by Bonnie Martin and Nancy England. Songs by Fidelio and individual playing and singing ended a very successful Visitors' Day.

Music has always held a prominent place at Abbot. And this is only right, since the study of music, the development of musical ability and appreciation, the acquiring of a deeper familiarity with the best music, is an essential part of education. Whether it is only a general knowledge that we are seeking or the basis for further, more detailed study, we can certainly acquire it here, if we take advantage of the numerous opportunities offered us in this direction.

Many people often exclaim, on being asked if they enjoy music, that they like music, but not classical music. They say that they do not see any beauty in the latter. It hasn't the appeal to their sense of rhythm that "jazz" has and they quite miss the deeper feeling that is there. They usually will admit that they don't understand it; and of course that explains their not liking it. They often speak as though they felt it the fault of the music, not their minds, when the meaning of some classical work escapes them. Not until they realize that some care and study, some real effort, must be spent, will they be able to find the key to the understanding of an art which, one of the most difficult to grasp, once understood, is certainly one of the most satisfying.

It is in an effort to further this meaning and to arouse an interest in working for understanding that the various musical activities of the school are planned. On entering Abbot, the student is tested for her ability in singing. If she is made a member of the Fidelio Society, she receives training in the singing of good music and thus gains the satisfaction which comes from participating in the production of something really worth while. Her knowledge of that particular type of music is increased, and, after singing, herself, in a group, she develops a greater respect for any group working together, whether orchestra, choir or chorus, having learned what it is to co-operate and become united in the performance of any type of music. All students, as a matter of fact, should get this much from music at Abbot, since they are taught to sing hymns and learn that such music must be sung properly to sound as it should.

Real enjoyment, fullest enjoyment, however, comes only after we have more than a speaking acquaintance with a piece. The fundamentals of music must be understood if we are to get all that we can from music. And it is for this that courses in theory and appreciation are given. No one would consider attempting to interpret Homer's

*Odyssey* without a knowledge of Greek. Yet some try to listen to Bach without understanding the language in which he writes. Real appreciation and understanding of Bach come only after study of the musical style that was his. So with all great music. When we see a vase, besides its color, its shape reacts on us and we like it or dislike it. The same thing is true in music, in a song. We hear the words, the story it tells; we react to the melody in a general way. But if we know enough about structure and balance and all the other principles and details of song-writing, we can perceive either that the song is really excellent and we can receive twice the enjoyment from it because we react intellectually as well as emotionally; or, we see that it is worth little—though it has some emotional effect on us, such as is easily produced by popular tunes—because it lacks technical strength.

Certainly the effort put into the deeper study of music is more than equalled by the increased enjoyment received. And around us here are exceptional opportunities to increase this enjoyment, to strengthen it, and to arrive at a stronger love for beauty, and to open up for ourselves entire new fields containing real satisfaction and pleasure.

Everyone remembers Mrs. Leslie Glenn of Cambridge as an interesting and inspiring speaker. On April eighth she talked at Vespers on the subject of the Northfield Conference. She brought with her Miss Margaret Jackson, who had attended the conference last year, and they presented the plan for this year's meeting to the school.

The aim of the conference is, first, to provide spiritual and mental refreshment for the delegates; and, second, to send back the members with firm moral beliefs which will have a beneficial effect on their friends and their work.

This conference week offers an opportunity for the discussion of religious problems under expert leaders. In these talks, girls encounter others who have the same goal as they have—the application of religious principles to their everyday lives.

All the delegates are to be girls of high-school age. They come largely from New England preparatory schools. The conference will be held during the week following college-board examinations. Wouldn't it be nice if there were a delegation representing Abbot this year? There can be if some of us will decide to go.



One of the chief reasons why a girl goes away to boarding school is to meet and become intimate with girls from other parts of the country, and Abbot has an unusually varied group this year. We have some of the most rabid "Statrioritics" here that ever upheld their part of the union. Our delegation of Southern drawls from Louisiana, Georgia, and Arkansas competes with the huge Mid-Western group in collegiate pride and new styles of dancing, while the Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island Yankees stare scornfully, if ignorantly, at such ribald demonstration of unknown knowledge, and uphold Harvard and Smith. But that's all part of it—Northwestern is new to Easterners, but so is Bowdoin strange to those who really travel to reach Abbot. Wisconsin becomes a wonderful and real state, not just "out West" as, I confess, it used to seem, and we are informed indignantly that Ohio has many fine, upstanding hills. New York State has a great representation—from Buffalo to the Hudson and down to New York City it is the epitome of all the U.S.A. could ask! New England is as beloved as it naturally deserves to be since it is Abbot's home. Both Costa Rica's and India's contributions to our group give us the benefit of having really known someone from a different country. Acquaintance with girls from other countries makes the subject of international relations more real and interesting to us. In fact, after meeting so many different people, we really feel quite cosmopolitan!

"International Relations" is a subject we have been hearing much about recently, although most of us understand little more than the mere facts that Hitler has taken Austria, or that a Spanish war is being fought. Yet each one has opinions on these events and on other world problems as well. When we stop to think of it, do we really have any foundation for many of these beliefs? Did we consider both sides open-mindedly before our opinion was developed? It seems too bad that more preparatory schools don't find time in their curriculums for lectures and clubs instructing in world affairs. They would be doing a great service not only to the students, but to the communities in which these students will some day live. The future peace of the world depends upon better understanding among nations. What quicker or more efficient way can be found than by teaching the young people of the various countries about the history, policies,

and desires of their neighbors, and thus bringing them closer together through a knowledge of the real facts in international affairs, so that, as the parents of the next generation, they may not be swayed by propaganda or newspaper sensation stories, and in order that the popular sympathy will be to knit countries into closer alliances and to solve disputes by peaceful negotiations.

In all fairness to Abbot I think I should say that we do have a weekly class in current events. So irregular and so varied is the attendance, however, that it is hard to accomplish very much. The news in the dining room each night tries to keep us up with world affairs. It succeeds partly, but often single items of news are not very important in themselves and only gain significance when related to events which have gone before. The Q.E.D. Society studies modern social problems but its membership is necessarily limited. Then, too, current topics are discussed in the classroom whenever they can be brought to coincide with daily work. Abbot is striving for the desirable end but perhaps enough emphasis has not been put on the study of current events.

The International Relations Club Conference at Pine Manor Junior College this spring, to which two Abbot delegates were sent, was an endeavor on the club's part to interest preparatory school girls in current events so that they would go on either in their schools or in college stirring up curiosity in the study. They hoped that if enough attention was aroused preparatory schools might wish to start clubs in International Relations similar to theirs; they feel their own club is a great stimulus among the students. The conference should be complimented on the efficiency with which it set about to accomplish this purpose for all the delegates seemed tremendously enthusiastic about the International Relations club, the Round Table discussions, and the subject which it studies and wishes to promote—a study in which the more you learn, the more you find there is to learn, and the more interesting it becomes.

## Irish

“Oh, it’s a roaring great place, Marg! You’ll think it a bit different at first, but you’ll love it—by jingo, Margie, we can be married now!”

“Ron! I’m crazy after marryin’ ye,—but look—what’s it like? I mean, can ye see the sea? And is it a farm we’ll live at? I wouldn’t want for to choose, but—”

“Marg, I’ll show you. I’ll show you. Now, you remember Belfast—well, Belfast is a little, little bit like Manchester—But Manchester! Here now, look at your sunsets—well,—” He pointed a well-kept hand grasping a pipe towards the rolling, crag-broken meadow-heath stretching down to the sea whose salt gave it its energetic green. The sea, hammering and pitching its unwilling swells against the jagged whitened rocks, rose into the air—seemed to pause, forming a prised screen in front of the hypnotizing sparkle of the greenish blue deep, and then fell lazily back into its vivid white lace-work on the deep. A high, chalky cliff hid the civilized part of the landscape from the couple walking in its shelter, but a salt-silvered old fishing yawl tossed at her mooring among a few gay lobster buoys. Above, a brave sky was kept a cool blue by the stiff breeze blowing.

Ronald was explaining that the sunset behind the long rows of stacks on the foundries, looking like a block print, was glorious.

“Margie, it makes me, well—I just think of all that work and how it makes the world run on, and I feel all hot—it’s great to do things for the world like that—gorry, its a grand sight. Do you want to see it, Marg?” He turned an animated face from his dream in the far-away and looked happily at Margie. She looked back into his eyes, vaguely troubled, but trying not to disappoint him and to appear sympathetic as one does when one respects another and wishes to please him and to share his thoughts.

“Yes, Ron, but—couldn’t we wait a bit?—I mean, I’ve got to get Mather a girrl—if I’m gone, y’know—she’ll be lonely, too—. It isn’t now, but in the summer, Down is full of people who want jobs in the country, from Dublin, ye see? And this is only April.”

“Marg, you know that the only chance I have to get this job is to get it while the getting’s good! We’ll have to leave soon. Besides,



Father's work is done in Dublin, and he brought me on the trip just to keep him comfortable on the ship! I'll look for a girl in Dublin over the week-end while I'm there—then I'll come out for you on Monday. How's that?"

"Ah, I'll not have time to be ready—oh—dear—oh, all right, Ronald—but, well, if I just couldn't come, you could do without me, couldn't you? I mean, for a while—?" Margaret was rather upset by this suddenness. She had never lived where haste was very necessary, and she didn't like it, quite.

"Ah, no! I've told everyone at home about 'my little Irish sweetheart' and she's coming home with me. Oh, jiminy, I've got to start on back. Walk to the village with me, will you? Oh, I can't wait to see Manchester and the gang again! Here, I'll tell you. . ."

"Oh, Ron! Ye said you'd like for to learn 'What Is Your One, Oh'—Shall I teach ye now? I'll sing it, and then we'll both sing—" She felt that if she stuck to down-to-earth Irish things she'd blot out the unsure feeling which was rising within her. They sang all the way down to the village, where he climbed into his car, kissed her hastily good-bye, and roared off through the lush landscape, lying under the sun and the breeze. She stood watching his receding cloud of dust, and then sighed and turned back. She walked slowly over the trodden earth pathway, swinging a cluster of hardy marsh grasses she had picked on their walk.

The shadows began to deepen and the fishermen were coming in with the afternoon's haul and straightening up their small craft for the next morning's cruise. The women were inside, preparing their men's supper, probably the same hot chowder and corn fritters that she would fix for her Mother that evening. All the men called out greetings as she passed. She leaned against the old, whitewashed fence to look down at the familiar scene below: the sombre, periwinkled rocks spread with limp olive seaweed; the orange rays of the setting sun lighting the bluish fishing sheds with a shining silvery coat; the old, blackened wharf with barelegged, solemn boys straining their young muscles to be like their able parents; the latter throwing their dripping catch into baskets and hauling them to the sheds for preparing that evening. But most of all she sensed the strong fish, wood and salt smells which, mingled, were blown to her by

the strong breeze. She loved it—it was part of her life and she had never been away from it.

A new figure came out against the sky, a young man carrying two pails. As she approached, he descended the hill to where she stood.

“Marg, ye’re Mather’s a-waitin’ there for ye. I say, it’s a fine evenin’, don’t you think? Oh! Have ye been t’ the marsh? I mean, t’ tell if the grass’d be good for hay this year?”

“Oh! I’m sorry I’m late, Rob,—yes, the grass is good—are ya comin’ t’ supper? I’m late because I just was sayin’ good-bye t’ Ronald Smith. He’s. . . .”

“Marg, has he gone? Can ye come down then t’ night? I’ve a new book ye can read. Uh—” he seemed suddenly bashful— “That is, if ye like love stories—I got it from the village jist today.”

“Oh, thank ye, Rob, but ye know I’ve got t’ get supper and—do the churnin’!—”

“Oh, I can do that, can’t I?” asked Rob eagerly.

“Oh, but—y’see, well, I’d just as soon—er—and oh—Ronald’s comin’ back Monday—but can’t you eat a bite with us?” she hastily added.

“I see—No, thanks. I’m—sorry, about t’ night—” he glanced away, “but, ah, I understand—C’mon, Taddie.” He set down the pails quickly and stared grimly at the horizon as he swung off across the meadow with his dog. He automatically avoided the grey old pasture rocks which made the little path twist jaggedly and steeply through the verdant sheep pasture. Margaret, watching him go, remembered with regret the sunny, tranquil, futureless days she had spent with Rob and their other little black-haired and blue-eyed playmates, running up this lane from school. They had had bags for their books and lunch—and they used to save some bits of corn cake or cold potatoes to eat under the rock cliffs where they rambled. She sorrowfully wished those thought-free times were back, when each day brought no startling change and her parents had done all the “settling.”

She realized that this was not getting supper for her mother and small brothers and sisters. Shading her eyes from the last piercing rays of the sun, she saw Rob pass the place where he usually waved good-bye—she waved, but he hadn’t even looked. He entered his solitary little white cottage. The thin stream of smoke rising feebly

at first from the chimney changed to a thick cloud pouring upward. She didn't know that in his anger Rob had flung four heavy logs on the fire as hard as he could.

She felt a sudden desolation. Then when she saw his light glimmer tremulously at first, grow gradually stronger as the shadows began to darken, she dropped the two pails of milk which she had been given as hastily, and ran headlong down the familiar path. Panting, but laughing happily aloud, she thought, "Won't he be surprised, now!"

KATHARINE HARRIS, '39

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## Tribute to a Modern Poet

He finds fresh value in the trifling things  
With which we live and daily disregard;  
In subtle form the puissant poet brings  
Revealing knowledge of the mortal mind,  
Of the emotions which control mankind.

He scorns o'er used conventions, sees no need  
To follow others. He prefers to cast  
His net at random. Thus he will proceed  
To show us beauty where no beauty lay,  
Project our minds beyond the light of day.

We ask that we may grope as deep as he  
To comprehend life, death, eternity.

MARGARET COMSTOCK, '38





J. K.

## The Land of Opportunity

“In the land of youth and freedom,  
Beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight  
And the flag is full of stars.”

—And the streets are paved with gold—and happiness and money—  
“That’s where I’ll go!” thought Mary as she took the goat to pasture or helped in the fields or carried water in her little village; she always thought of it as Polish, near Lodz, in Russia, in 1898. Mary Jablonski was the third child of a family of seven. Her two older brothers were away from home now serving in the army, so Mary was taking care of her four younger brothers and sisters.

One day when she came home from school with them she found a

note. It was from the Countess asking her to come and see her. Mary, in terror, remembered the goat that had run away from her and had run through the Countess' flower garden. Now she was going to be punished. Reluctantly and slowly she washed and dressed in her best, and with beating heart she set out in the early spring afternoon.

Even the simple dignity in which the family lived seemed to her on this occasion, when her conscience had found something to feel guilty about, magnified to icy grandeur. She forgot about the two boys who lived here, who had been so nice and so friendly and had helped her catch the goat. That they had been so human, now seemed impossible as she saw them standing by their mother before the crackling fire. Mary had come in shyly and awkwardly and now stood silently before the Countess, not daring to move.

"Good afternoon, Mary," said the Countess.

"Good afternoon, Your Ladyship," breathed Mary curtsying again and blushing as her only pair of shoes squeaked.

"Do you know why I sent for you, Mary?"

"No, Your Ladyship," cried Mary, trying to lie as she remembered the goat, and blushing even redder.

"My two boys told me about the goat," the Countess said significantly. There was something about her voice that made Mary look up; the Countess was smiling. "They told me what fun they'd had chasing it with you—and how much they liked you—how much it made them miss—you remember they had a sister just your age until last spring." The Countess crossed herself. "They hadn't had such fun since... since last winter. They want you to, I do too, my dear, to come and live with us—be their sister."

The boys jumped up and down with joy.

"Oh Marishka, do come."

"Do, please, come."

"You can bring your goat."

"Come."

The Countess, who saw how quiet she was, thought she was overcome with joy. Mary slipped quickly away, but not before she'd had to promise the boys to come.

She went out of the house quickly and into the darkness. Instead of going home she went into the stable, up into the loft and lay down and cried bitterly.

"Oh, America—I want to go—Oh—now I won't be able to. Why did the Countess have to . . . now, they won't let me go—Josie went—the Ridzies—they're moving to Danzig to-morrow—that's on the sea—America's the other side of it. They have a big wagon—Josie worked her way. The Ridzies would help me. I . . . that goat . . . why not?

She climbed down from the loft quickly, went into the pen and kicked the goat until its anguished bleating brought her father on the run. Then Mary danced out away into the night, her heart lighter and happier. Her simple mind was at rest. She didn't go home that night. She feared the beating her father would give her. It was fairly mild, and she was strong and healthy. She slept in a far haystack near the woods.

All night long she dreamed of America, golden opportunity, where everyone was as rich as the Count and no one was ever hungry or had to tend goats. There was sunshine day and night. The buildings were gold, the streets were gold. Oh heaven!

Next morning the goat was dead.

Six months later, Mary saw the Statue of Liberty glistening in the early morning light. In that half hour sailing up the harbor, she saw her golden America. That was all she ever saw of it. America was a mirage which fell apart with the first touch.

That day she nearly went crazy at Ellis Island. Then a friend from "the old country" came for her. It was seven o'clock. Mary was sick and tired and hungry and unhappy. The Elevated terrified her—the lights and horns and noise terrified her—the size of Grand Central terrified her. She and her friend took a train. At 10:00 they got off in Derby. By then Mary was calmer. It was cold and raining. She was able to look, and take in what she saw. She realized that the man coming toward them must be a real American. It was a "drunker," staggering down the street.

Today, Mary, who had the chance of being brought up as a Countess, washes dishes in our kitchen.

SALLY PECK, '38



## Their Crooked Paths

No matter how wide a street is, there are some people, excluding the lame, halt, blind, and intoxicated, who just can't seem to refrain from bumping into everybody.

If their paths were traced in chalk, the reason for this would be very obvious. The path would be one of three kinds. A waver—like this

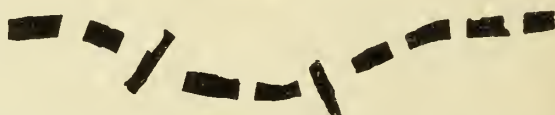


an uphill wind—like this



or a chat-

terbox's halting stride—like this



The waver belongs to an undecided and probably nervous person; for example, to a fluttering shopper who, because of the fact that she continually gazes toward the shop windows, tries to avoid only those lucky souls who are on her window-ward side. X marks the spot where she sailed into a robust gentleman and dropped all her bundles.

Perhaps it was made by a timid soul who, on seeing someone bearing down on him, turns and runs for his life in the other direction, keeping his eyes on his fancied opponent and consequently bumping into everyone else.

The uphill stride belongs either to "The Folks Who Live on the Hill" or to an ardent alpinist. They are so used to ascending in arcs, that they just can't walk on a straight line unless it is drawn for them.

The chatterbox's halting stride is almost self-explanatory. The first bar marks the spot where she spied Mrs. Jones. The next bar shows where she was in conference for fifteen minutes with the before-mentioned Mrs. Jones about yesterday's potato salad and tomorrow's bridge club. She continues on her way for a few minutes, but the process is soon repeated.

One's life may well seem to be in danger on a crowded street where these menaces are plentiful, but there is a sure cure, if one will risk his reputation as a gallant knight. Gather your cloak about you; sight your goal and head for it in a straight and firm line. In this case, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, be-

cause the crowd as a whole has an inborn fear of a charger, and if they see a man, a mouse, or an elephant bearing down on them under full sail, they hastily vacate and scramble for shelter.

FRANCES CROSS, '39

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## Growth

Frail, weak, at first,  
Each day gaining strength  
Growing new branches, yet  
Strengthening  
And lengthening  
Her roots.

Twigs, leaves, at last,  
Each one a separate part  
Making not just a tree, but  
Outlining  
And defining  
A birch.

VIRGINIA THAYER, '38

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## Mirage

Piles of pure white clouds  
Built, tossed up in the air;  
A magic mountain far away,  
Away, from world's grey care.

Touched with setting sunlight  
Turned to glorious gold;  
A stairway for the ancient gods  
To the mythical mount of old.

Soft grey with dark'ning night  
An eternal, endless plain;  
Faded tapestry outspread,  
Melting into dusk again.

MARY WOODMAN, '39

## Steep Bank

The clock on the church steeple struck twelve, and there was a lull in the beating of rain and wind against the window pane. As the last prolonged sound died away, the elements, taking their cue, were aroused to even greater fury than before, lashing relentlessly the trees which moaned for mercy. Inside a little fourth-floor tenement a baby cried, and a woman wearily rose to comfort it. The baby was cold and hungry. Mother opened her ragged coat sweater and hugged the child inside, giving him what warmth she could. She couldn't do anything to satisfy his hunger though! What milk she had must be saved for scant feedings on the morrow. The discouraged woman, humming softly to the baby clutched to her bosom, returned to her seat near the center table in the gloomy room. On the table the kerosene lamp, the only lamp, illuminated the room dimly. The woman spoke, "You'd better stop now. You'll be warmer in bed, and anyway you've worked so long you're tired and not getting anywhere—" The man glanced ruefully at the heap of crumpled paper around him. It was true that he seemed to be getting nowhere, and he was tired, yet somehow he felt that if he stopped he might miss the inspiration which would give his story the touch needed to put it on the "must have" list of the publishers. He could write. He knew he could, although his parents, as parents in stories always do, had discouraged him when he wanted to write for a living. And the fact that he wanted to marry had added strength to their arguments.

"Get a job," they had advised, "so that you can support your wife and children, if you have them. Then, when you're settled with a good income, retire and write; or if you can't wait that long, write in your spare moments!" They didn't really think he had talent; that was the trouble, but he'd show them. And Mary understood. Besides, if he did work and wait for the time to come when he could retire to write, that might never happen. He felt, too, that he couldn't write in spare moments. He was determined to show his family that he could create and express himself in a way that would startle the world, but he wouldn't have a fair chance if he limited himself to an odd moment here and there. He knew they were right in regard to supporting Mary, and he had hesitated about marrying her when



he knew he couldn't offer a dependable income. But they were young and so much in love, and parents don't understand. Mary did though. That's what helped so much even when his first manuscripts were returned, and they had been forced to move. She understood! Then when the "kid" came—now, more than ever, he must make good.

The kerosene lamp went out, blown by a gust of wind finding a crack in the window. The child whimpered. Mary spoke again, "Come, dear, you are tired even if you won't admit it. You'll be fresher in the morning and will be able to finish the story in no time!" The lamp had really decided him. He rose wearily, more tired than he had supposed.

Morning came to the city, a grey cheerless morning. Henry was up as soon as the first ray of light shone feebly into their dingy room, and he was busy scribbling and crumpling before the baby awoke and wailed for its breakfast.

Mary, getting up to warm a small saucer of milk, was not surprised to see her husband already hard at work. Perhaps the first few mornings she had wondered. Now she took it for granted. He had often told her his head was clearest in these early hours before people were stirring about in the streets below. Following this reasoning she thought it queer that he worked so late at night. Yet this too she now took for granted. He worked all day, every day, slaving at the small center table and discarding more paper than he kept. But, so far even these papers he kept had been of no more use than the discarded ones. It was discouraging, terribly discouraging to see him work for weeks, complete a story, send it off, only to get it back again! Yet Henry stubbornly kept on day after day, hardly ever leaving his small one-room apartment. He kept on, and each day his lip grew a bit more set and his jaw a bit more determined. It must be that there was something, a slight something, his stories lacked. He evidently felt it himself, something his writing had once had. He could and would get it back in time, only he didn't have much time, for the baby grew whinier each day. Mary, although she never said a word, seemed now and then to look at him with reproach—times when she took the empty feeding bottle away from a still hungry baby. For Henry alone it would have been all right, and even for Mary, but the baby couldn't stand it.

Then one day the weather grew dreadfully hot, and the baby's

milk spoiled. Mary demanded to know quite calmly just what could be done. The money was gone, so was the milk. Baby began to cry. Henry had felt discouragement, but never before had he felt Mary against him, nor had he realized how bad things had really become. Thinking back to his family's words he grew angry because they had been right—not that he couldn't write, but that he shouldn't marry. No wonder he couldn't get that certain something into his writing with a crying child and a reproachful woman! She shouldn't have married him, he thought; it wasn't his fault—but he knew it was. Could he get a job? He hated the idea. He'd never do it—but he felt in his heart he would. He rose and left the room. It was early afternoon.

About seven that night a light step was heard on the stairs. Henry rushed in, kissed his wife, and presented her with two bottles of milk as well as some other groceries. He had a job, he said, working on a reforestation project, and he'd had to start in at once—man suddenly taken ill. He'd show them; he'd be a good provider after this. The baby's contented clasp of the feeding bottle and the woman's happiness made him feel that the sacrifice was worth it after all. He was happy. He was tired, too, but soon he was drawn to the center of the table. He sat down and began to write. His pencil flew over the paper smoothly. Very soon he was through, and only a few crumpled papers could be found. The manuscript was sealed into an envelope addressed to the publisher. Still happy, he went to bed. "I must be up early tomorrow for work," he thought, "wonder why I feel so good, so sort of exhilarated"—

The publisher must have wondered, too, for this time he felt no inclination to return the story.

CONSTANCE THURBER, '38

## In a Station

Mary, small for her eleven years, her large brown eyes even bigger than usual, peered into the station waiting room and rushed over to the nearest seat. She sat there hanging her feet in her new brown oxfords and feeling small and frightened in that crowd of busy people flowing by her. She gazed down at her hands in her lap, twisting the little white handkerchief Mother had tucked in her purse. She mustn't be frightened, she reminded herself. Many younger children travelled much further and weren't afraid. She tried to reassure herself. "She will have to learn how to be independent sometime," Father had said. She remembered how proud her mother, frail and white in bed, had looked when Mary had announced her decision to go alone. The whole family had helped get her ready, dressing her and packing her bag that was now in the hands of the porter. Her father had seen to that, just before he left her at the station gate. It was so hard to remember all their final admonitions. The more they had said, the more frightened she had become. Now they were gone, and she was all alone and waiting for the train.

Suppose she got on the wrong train! Mary nervously bit her lip. Maybe the train to Omaha would come in on the wrong track, or maybe the man would call the wrong name. As she leaned forward tensely straining to catch the words for which she was waiting, her gaze fell on the huge clock in the center of the room. She was too frightened to leave her seat and see what the correct time really was. From her present position it looked as if the train should be in. Maybe it had gone and left her, or perhaps it had crashed and wouldn't come. She would wait and wait, and the family wouldn't miss her, for they thought she was safely off to Aunt Susie's.

She choked back a sob. Mary wanted to go home and be with her mother. She didn't care if she never grew independent if it was this hard to learn. Even supposing the train came and she did get the right car, there was still the danger of not getting off at the right place. Mother had said, "Mary will surely know when they reach Omaha." Mother was usually right, but Mother hadn't felt like this—too frightened to think straight.

If she did get off at Omaha, Aunt Susie might make a mistake and



not meet her. She didn't want to be lost in Omaha. Nobody would find her there. A tear rolled down her cheek. She became panic-stricken.

Nobody in that busy, self-interested crowd noticed the little girl, clutching tightly a small purse, suddenly jump up and dash to the gate of the just-called Omaha train. Not a person saw the look of mingled gladness and fear as Mary handed her ticket to the porter who helped her aboard the train. She was an independent girl now, she thought, as she settled back happily in her seat. Yet behind her relief a small faint flicker of fear passed her mind: perhaps Aunt Susie would not meet her.

NORMA FORSYTH, '38

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## Winter Night

The fog is catching in the dune-grass;  
It hangs in tatters, and the spray  
Is tearing through it, catching in it;  
The water rolls against and then again  
Against the rocks, and the moan  
Of the foghorn seems lost in the fog.

The moan of the foghorn, lost in the fog;  
The wisp of fog, lost in the dunes;  
The long dunes, stretching on, never ending.

Sad night, covering the sadness of the sea;  
Sad fog, cloaking the sadness of the night;  
Sad sea, rolling against the sad dunes.

MARJORY HILL, '39

## Just Between You and Me and the Jonquils

It was evening, and the smell of Spring rose from the damp grass which Judd crushed under his muddy heels as he made his nightly rounds. Some sleepy jonquils nodded up at him, and then reluctantly drooped their yellow heads under the glare of his flashlight so that the stars might have their share of the golden glory which the flowers had possessed all day. The night wind, rustling in the ivy which clung to the grey stucco walls of the school, sang a whispering song to the sky where the dark shadows of returning swallows darted back and forth under the eaves. A crack of light here and there shone out from the edges of drawn curtains, and the sound of subdued laughter came from an open window. A single human figure which could be dimly seen rounding the corner of a building appeared like an outcast—a left-over from the busy human world which had so definitely moved indoors, an alien in the gathering darkness around him.

However, Judd was accustomed to the peaceful silence, and to him it meant just another Spring of sleeping all day and walking all night. He stopped at a corner of the building to light his pipe, and the glare of the match revealed a gentle face with a few wrinkles around his mouth that came from age. His hair was greying slightly at the temples, and his soft felt hat cast a faint shadow over his kindly eyes. He puffed in contentment, and watched the smoke curl up from the glowing bowl.

"Funny," he thought to himself, "how the night sort of creeps on like a stooped, old junkman, piling the dark clouds in a heap in a corner of the sky. Makes you feel kind of peaceful like."

Judd was a man of few words, but he let his thoughts ramble on, because he figured no one could see into his mind and accuse him of being an idle dreamer. He liked being night-watchman, and he liked the young ladies who boarded at the school. In fact, Judd liked everyone and everyone liked him.

"Graduation in a few months," he mused. "'S going to seem lonesome without the older girls who'll be gone in June, but I s'pose by next year the little ones will take their places, and the whole process will begin all over again. I'm going to miss the quiet, dark one with

the shy eyes, and the girl with the taffy-colored hair who always sings *Mysterious Mose* when she sees me pass under her window."

His thoughts wandered as he trudged along, and an hour or two slipped by unnoticed.

"Eleven o'clock—time for my report and my supper," he said. He moved toward the main building; the door closed with a bang behind him. Ten minutes later he reappeared, and made his way to the steps of the dormitory on the other side of the campus where his supper reposed in a shiny, black pail. He tapped his pipe on the sidewalk and sat down.

"Corned beef sandwiches again. Well, guess I'm lucky to get those. Pretty quiet tonight. Spring Fever has caught up with the girls' pranks," he chuckled. "You have to move fast to keep up with the lively ones." A wave of pity swept over him for the teachers. He chuckled again, "Guess I don't have to worry. I'm the only night crawler around here." He edged over to the side of the building, and leaned back against the wall in the shadows. There was no sound except the trill of the frogs in a neighboring pond.

Then—the click of a screen door opening, and the muffled thud of its closing aroused his attention. He sat still.

The figure of a girl dressed in travelling clothes, a small suitcase in her hand, came around the corner.

"Not so quiet after all," he muttered.

As she passed by him, he reached out his hand and caught her gently by the arm. The girl drew back in alarm, and while she struggled to get away no noise came through her set teeth and drawn lips. Then, "Let me go," she whispered frantically.

"Not so fast, young lady," he said quietly. He gazed at her—"The one with the shy eyes—humph!"

She stared right back at him, and her once shy eyes blazed with defiance. Her lips trembled with defeat, but he was silent even when she cried passionately, "Well, why don't you report me?"—for he was thinking.

A cross-word puzzle of do's and don't's flashed through his mind. "It's my duty to take her to the principal, but somehow she's so young and so helpless," he thought. "A Senior, too. She must have had good cause to be running away." He motioned her to sit down,



and she, having no alternative, did so ungraciously. "Have a sandwich?" he offered.

Amazement mingled with disbelief flooded her face, and then relief. She tumbled over on the steps in a heap, and her slim shoulders shook with uncontrolled sobs. Great, hot tears welled up in her eyes, and trickled out from under her arm onto the walk. Poor Judd, having had no experience in dealing with the perplexities of youth, just sat there and wondered what to do. He let her cry, and when she was quiet, he spoke in a soothing tone. "Wouldn't it help to tell someone?"

This question brought a fresh onslaught of weeping; and then he won an inner victory, for the girl sat up, and, dabbing furiously at her streaming eyes, said in faltering accents, "You've simply got to let me go. I can't stay here any longer." At his questioning glance she continued more rapidly. "You see, I'm an only child, and naturally my family expect me to do well my Senior year, but somehow in the last few months I've slipped terribly, and I can't pull myself back up to the passing grade. If I don't graduate, I can't face them, because they wouldn't understand. I don't understand the reason why I don't seem to get anywhere either."

Judd looked wise, but he couldn't figure the situation out, so instead of making a comment, he changed the subject. "Well, where were you running to?"

"I don't know." The girl looked forlorn. "My uncle has a house in the country not far from here. He'd take me in, and wouldn't send me back. He's blind, and," she added, "lonely, too."

"Doesn't show much courage not sticking to a problem 'til you've solved it," Judd reminded her.

"My last bit of courage went out when last term's marks came in," she answered, but not with much enthusiasm.

"She's weakening," he exulted. "Well, now let's see. What would happen if I did let you go?" She started, but fell back when he went on with, "Just supposing. Think how your family 'd feel, and what your friends would think when your absence is discovered."

"Never thought of that," she admitted.

He droned on with more suppositions, and all the time he was doing a little supposing on his own. "Suppose I lose my job for this. She should be in the office right now. Old fool," he breathed, "sen-

timental old fool. Well, the damage is done already, and I couldn't bear to let her down just when she needs me." No one had ever needed Judd before.

Her voice came clearly now, "You're so right and I've been so childish. I only thought of myself, and wanted to get away—anywhere—. Maybe if I had the chance I could . . .," she gazed at him hopefully.

He tried to look stern, but failed utterly in the attempt. "Now I'm weakening. Oh, the power of youth!" he thought, while she pondered over the wiseness of age.

"Then you won't tell?" she whispered, her eyes shy again and devoid of the hostile lights which had burned there not so long ago.

"It's just between you and me and those jonquils there," he pointed with his flashlight.

In a moment he rose and drew her to her feet, and he found that the girl was so exhausted from her part in the little drama that he was obliged to half carry her to the door. Her room was on the first floor, and when she was safely inside, he breathed a sigh of relief, and returned to his pipe and his duty. "His duty!" He smiled. "Well, I've done an unusual bit of work this night."

The moon was high in the heavens, and the air had a pure, fresh tang. Judd felt uplifted. The light of gratitude in the girl's eyes where before there had been tears, the childish way her hand had slipped into his as he'd led her into the building—all these things came to him in a sudden rush of paternal tenderness. He lit his pipe again.

The girls in their white graduation robes were singing the school "Alma Mater." Judd sat in a pew at the rear of the church, and fidgeted in his Sunday best. His glance wandered over the group facing the audience; there she stood, a faint smile playing around her lips. The rest were solemn.

He wondered. Could that smile be for him? It must have been, for as she passed out the door a jonquil, from the bouquet of flowers she was carrying, slipped to the ground at his feet. He stooped to pick it up, and when he looked again she was gone, but the jonquil smiled up at him, and never noticed the happy teardrops which glistened on its velvet petals.

## At Home in England

Last winter one of my friends told me about a marvelous trip to Germany on which she had been the previous summer. Until then I had been quite content to stay in America, but I began to think of what a wonderful thing it would be if I could go abroad. My father wrote to the Experiment in International Living and learned that it was possible for a young person to go to Europe as a member of a small group of boys and girls, under the control of a leader, very reasonably. The idea of the "Experiment" was that American boys and girls would get acquainted with foreign boys and girls, and would be able possibly to help to preserve peace between countries because they had made friends with people of other nationalities and understood their ways and needs. After much form-filling and letter-writing I finally found myself at Dock No. 48, North River, waiting to go on the *S.S. Hansa* bound for Hamburg via Cherbourg and Southampton. I was at last going to England.

The whole summer was even more wonderful than I had dreamed that it could be. Perhaps the most interesting part of the trip was my stay with an English family. Each of us in the group stayed with different families in various parts of England, and I was with Judith Lockspeiser in Farnborough, Hampshire.

The Lockspeisers took me in as one of themselves and in two days I had my special jobs to do as did the other members of the family; for example, I arranged the flowers and dried the breakfast dishes. While I was there I realized that the English people are the same as we are in many ways: they had their own kind of slang; their favorite game, which as you probably know is Cricket; and they even ate Rice Krispies for breakfast. We had quite a debate on the Rice Krispies, for the Lockspeisers insisted that they were made only in England.

The people I met were very curious about America and extremely set in their ideas. If I told them something quite the opposite from what they believed, they smiled politely and kept on thinking what they had thought all along. They even asked about the gangsters in Chicago and the Indians, and they were especially interested in American politics. Many of their questions were too involved for me.



The historical places that should be visited were visited; among the most interesting, Windsor, Arundel and Canterbury. We spent a day in Dorchester looking at the Roman ruins and excavations there; we even managed triumphantly to dig up some old Roman coins. The moor around Dorchester was very beautiful and lonely, reminding one of Hardy's *Return of the Native*. We also did things which were less historic and perhaps more fun. On Bank Holiday, August first, we went to Bognor Regis which is a large beach resort. There we had a picnic and saw nearly half the population of England, or so it seemed to me, having a wonderful time playing Cricket and Hand-ball at the tops of their lungs.

When the day came for me to leave I hated to go; we all felt rather tearful as the train chugged out of the station. I am sure I would have had a good weep if the elderly lady in the same compartment had not consoled me with a paper and a great deal of kindly-meant, if curious, conversation.

Judy is coming over here to stay with me this summer and I hope I shall be able to make her have as profitable and happy a month as the one she gave me. We plan to show all we can of New England and the historical, interesting, and beautiful places in it. Perhaps some of my friends and I will take her on a Youth Hostel trip in the White Mountains. Above all, Judy must go home liking us and eager to come again, just as I intend to return to England.

MARY WOODMAN, '39

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## The Water Snake

It lay coiled and comfortable, its long, black body basking in the sun. Its slippery slime had given way to a dull, dry black. The grey-ness of the stone on which it rested made a striking contrast with the snake. Tiny red ants busily worked around it. A small, beady eye opened; one brave ant had come too near. The snake's slender tongue shot out; one brave ant was no more. The beady eye serenely closed. At a sudden sound, the great snake uncoiled and slithered, swiftly and silently, into the cool, green depths of the pool. It soon returns, leaving a narrow, wet mark across the stone. Now its body glistens and shines like a jewel polished many times.

CHRISTINE ROBINSON, '40

## Sanctuary

The wind howled complainingly as it rounded the sharp corner of the cathedral that cut out into its path through the narrow alley. The rain had become no more than a steady drizzle, colder and less friendly to Lorenzo than the more sudden and violent but somehow warm rains of Palermo. The alleyway had seemed to offer some protection to him from the biting wind and cold, but there was no shelter even here from the night. He edged up to the building and sought for some crevice in which he might stand, but the wall was smooth, and nowhere in its great length was there any place for a tired, hungry man to hide. Lorenzo inched down along the wall to the corner. Here was another street, brightly lighted, crowded with hurrying people, noisy cars, glistening umbrellas, and unfriendly, strange faces, just like the street he had left when he turned up the alley. And before him and above him, so high that his eyes could not see its last towers stretching up into the clouds of mist that seemed to reflect the light of the streets, was the Cathedral. Lorenzo choked back a sob. Like Palermo, like home. Dear God, he thought, a church. Even now, Maria will be kneeling, asking for my safety; she'll be praying, way back in Palermo, for God to keep me. Maybe I'll go in, maybe God will hear me there, even though my voice is lost in the noise out here. And he ran up the steps, crept through the door and into the Cathedral. He saw at the end of a great darkness, a shaft of light, pure rosy light, from where he couldn't know, and a Madonna, so like Our Lady that Maria had always made him kneel before, back in Palermo, as they took a short-cut through the transept on their way home from the market. No matter how many bundles she was carrying, she'd always stop, Lorenzo thought fondly, to kneel and cross herself before the Madonna. He went up to the statue and knelt. He crossed himself mechanically. He hadn't been to Mass since he'd left. He didn't know just what to do, here, with all these kneeling people, none of them noticing him, all of them able to say just what they wanted and get up and leave, feeling like Maria'd always said she felt, sort of washed and clean and new. Perhaps if his stomach had had something in it more recently than it had, it would stop reminding him of its emptiness and let his heart

speak to him as it had always seemed to in the Church back in Palermo. He tried not to think of food, to remember the thing Maria had always said. "Hail Mary—" He was still cold. He was hungry. Lorenzo got up stiffly. He had to have some money. He had to have some food. His few belongings were gone. He'd sold them. His Saint Christopher medal that Maria'd given him as he left for New York. His father's watch, good silver, the one thing of value he'd ever had, besides Maria. The man had said he'd take any more silver Lorenzo had to bring him, there was a big market. Silver. Lorenzo looked down at the candles at the base of the Madonna. Heavy candle-sticks—silver! He could put one in each pocket. He looked around him. No one left in the small chapel he had come into—except a man over there, kneeling, his back to him, who would never notice. There, even he was getting up and leaving. Lorenzo reached out his hand, and grasped a candlestick. He could get a good big meal at a place he'd found, good Sicilian food, for forty cents. All he needed was food and he'd have the strength to hunt some more for a job, and enough cash to keep him until he found one, then Maria would get here by fall, at least. Maria! He drew back his hands. Whatever had he been thinking of. Robbing the Virgin, whom Maria had taught him to love and pray to. He remembered now. "Ave Maria," "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." Dear God, forgive me for what I was about to do. Maria, forgive me, I will send for you. Oh Lord, don't let me hurt my wife, she didn't want to have me leave; she loves Palermo. Oh, let me get work, enough to get back, to home and my loved ones. Oh God, I thank you for saving me. I thank you. Mary. Ave Maria. And Lorenzo stretched his hands out again to the Virgin in the only thanks he could express. "Hail, Mary!"

A firm hand fastened on his arm. "Look at him, will you? Robbing the Church! Come along now, I saw you try it, I had my eye on you from the minute you snuck around the corner of the alley out there. Quiet now, there's other people here that respects the Virgin."

And the Madonna stood, bathed in the rosy light, and the candles flickered and burned more brightly in the draft caused by the opening door that let Lorenzo and the policeman out into the rainy night.

MARJORY HILL, '39



## Under These Trees

If you should some day chance to wander here  
Under these trees that stand because I'd sown  
Those seedlings which you gave to me, my dear,  
You'd find you could not speak because you'd grown  
Beyond all fear of which you only spoke.  
How happy you would be if you could know  
Something of this! I did, the morn I woke  
Before the dawn and saw how moons may blow  
Across the sky. 'Twas then I heard the first  
Of Some One whom I know was more than just  
A bird. From that sweet song that, golden, burst  
All chains of fear I have a greater trust.  
Come, fear will only bring mere words! It's here,  
Where words are not, that peace and God appear.

SALLY PECK, '38

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## Honor Roll

THIRD QUARTER ENDING APRIL 9, 1938

Joan Carlson  
Margaret Comstock  
Elise Duncan  
Margaret Hall  
Shirley Hamilton  
Doll Hudson  
Lloyd Pierce  
Mary Louise Sheedy  
Constance Thurber  
Jane Vogt

*Honorable Mention*

Rosa Fletcher  
Margaret Little  
Constance Smith

The Dramatic Season at Abbot

THE DOVER ROAD

By A. A. Milne

THE CAST

THE HOUSE:		
DOMINIC	. . . . .	J. Hope Baynes
THE STAFF	. . . . .	{ Helen D. Bean
		{ Isabel Hancock
		{ Mary Carpenter
		{ Barbara Humes
MR. LATIMER	. . . . .	Gertrud Rath
THE GUESTS:		
LEONARD	. . . . .	Virginia P. Rogers
ANNE	. . . . .	Evelyn M. Rumney
NICHOLAS	. . . . .	Eleanor Tucker
EUSTASIA	. . . . .	Jeanne V. Miller

The action takes place in the reception hall of Mr. Latimer's house

- Act I—Evening.
  - Act II—The next morning.
  - Act III—Evening, three days later.
- Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray, Director

The annual faculty play is one of the highlights of the year in the field of drama. "The Dover Road," as presented by the year's honorable staff, more than fulfilled expectations. Miss Rath, as a kindly English gentleman and philosopher with a southern accent, was charming. Miss Rumney is going to have a hard time living down the disappointment of the school, aroused when she didn't marry Nicholas (Miss Tucker) who had captured the combined hearts of his audience. Miss Rogers and Mrs. Miller were cordially detested as Eustasia and Leonard; even their names were typical. As long as butlers are in style, Miss Baynes will be in demand as a model of perfection.

JAZZ AND MINUET

By Ruth Giorloff

MRS. VAN HAYDEN	. . . . .	Elizabeth Scanlan
ELEANOR PRUDENCE VAN HAYDEN	. . . . .	Eleanor Martin
RICHARD TOWNEND	. . . . .	Nancy England
NETTIE	. . . . .	Charlotte Skinner
MILORD DEVERAUX	. . . . .	Carol Parker

The scene is the living room of the Van Hayden apartment  
Time—eight p.m. Now and one hundred and fifty years ago

"History repeats itself" if given a chance; but Bonnie Martin, gracefully portraying a modern young girl, doesn't let it. She is warned, in a dream, of the tragedy that came to a southern belle who was indiscreet. Bobbie Scanlan successfully played the role of an understanding mother. Carol Parker and Nancy England were dashing heroes.

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## SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL

By *Stuart Walker*

PROLOGUE . . . . .	Lloyd Pierce
THE DEVICE-BEARER . . . . .	Marion Altreuter
YOU (in the audience) . . . . .	Jane Currier
THE BOY . . . . .	Ann Oakman
THE QUEEN . . . . .	Sally Anne Walsh
THE MIME . . . . .	Margaret Hall
THE MILK-MAID . . . . .	Constance Smith
THE BLINDMAN . . . . .	Olive Butler
THE BALLAD-SINGER . . . . .	Katharine Harris
THE DREADFUL HEADSMAN . . . . .	Adelle Sawyer

The scene is a kitchen  
The period is when you will

The first play was a noble drama. The audience was moved almost to tears at the thought that the lovely queen, Sally Walsh, her auburn hair supplemented by brown braids which hung over her purple-clad shoulders, might be beheaded. Ann Oakman, the little boy who watched the lentils, was true to his king and his country, and saved the queen with all necessary grace.

As each of his visitors came in, he asked questions to find out if the newcomer was the dreadful headsman. A blind man, a mime, a troubador, a milk maid, and the headsman, were subjected to this examination, but no one of them suspected the real reason behind the little boy's curiosity, and the queen was kept safe in the closet.

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## A HAPPY JOURNEY TO TRENTON AND CAMDEN

By *Thornton Wilder*

"MA" . . . . .	Audrey Rugg
ARTHUR . . . . .	Marjorie MacMullen
CAROLINE . . . . .	Ellen Alden
"PA" . . . . .	Lucia Buchanan
BEULAH, the married daughter . . . . .	Carolyn Fisher
PROPERTY-MAN . . . . .	Betty Jean Wilson

*The scene*—a stage which in Chinese fashion becomes whatever the actors indicate



A play without scenery can be very effective, to an audience with a strong imagination, or even to an audience without it, if the actors remember when they are climbing stairs,—and if they have as good a property man as Betty Jean Wilson. The cast of “Happy Journey” was exceptionally good at remembering the stairs.

“Ma” and “Pa” (Audrey Rugg and Lucia Buchanan) decided to take the family and go to visit their married daughter. All they did was to seat themselves in straight wooden chairs and immediately the Ford in which they were taking their trip to New Jersey became visible to the mind’s eye. A series of lively and diverting episodes, followed, and they finally reached Beulah’s home after a happy journey.

LITTLE WOMEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MR. MARCH . . . . .	Anne Simpson
MRS. MARCH . . . . .	Elizabeth McBride
MEG . . . . .	Joan Brown
JO . . . . .	Diana Greene
BETH . . . . .	Dorothy Hudson
AMY . . . . .	Constance Thurber
AUNT MARCH . . . . .	Ruth Pond
MR. LAWRENCE . . . . .	Mary Elliot
LAURIE . . . . .	Jeanne Sawyer
PROFESSOR BHAER . . . . .	Jean Tilton
JOHN BROOKE . . . . .	Barbara Littauer
HANNAH MULLETT . . . . .	Margaret Plunkett

Play staged and directed by Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- Act I—Sitting room of the March home in Concord, Massachusetts, December, 1863.
- Act II—Scene 1. The same, three months later. Morning, March, 1864.  
(The curtain will be lowered for a few moments to denote a lapse of time.)  
Scene 2. The same, six months later. Late afternoon, September, 1864.
- Act III—The same, two and one-half years later. Afternoon.
- Act IV—The apple orchard, Plumfield, eighteen months later. Afternoon, October, 1868.

This ever popular and beloved piece was presented by members of the Senior class with great success. The setting was completely convincing and exactly as we all should have imagined it to be; the actors, when outfitted in hoop-skirts and silk hats, brought to life the March family and its friends so well that when little Beth grew ill the audience was visibly moved; also it showed clearly evidences of great sympathy with and amusement at Jo’s boyish ways and literary efforts.

Under Mrs. Gray's direction the play was at its very best, and the whole school wishes to congratulate her and the Seniors on a truly excellent performance.

## PAR UN JOUR DE PLUIE

PIÈCE EN UN ACTE

par *Louis Forest*

### PERSONNAGES

RAOUL	} jeunes gens mondains		B. Rice
GONTRAN			L. Pierce
JOSEPH, domestique			V. Thayer
BLANCHE, jeune veuve			Dorothy Hudson
ADELE, femme de chambre			Mary Frances Godfrey

Sous la direction de Miss Baker et Mme. Miller

Explication de la pièce, Susan Darling

Décor, Miss Dodge

Maquillage, Miss Rogers

## LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE

COMÉDIE DE MOLIERE

PREMIER ACTE

### PERSONNAGES

ARGAN, Malade Imaginaire		D. Greene
BÉLINE, seconde femme d'Argan		Margaret Hall
ANGÉLIQUE, fille d'Argan		Elizabeth Scanlan
TOINETTE, servante		Madeleine Proctor
M. DE BONNEFOI, notaire		R. Pond

Sous la direction de Mme. Craig

Explication de la pièce, Carol Whittemore

### ENTR'ACTE

Chansons Françaises

Chantées par le Choeur

Il était un petit navire

Il était une bergère.

Au clair de la lune

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.

Sous la direction de Miss Friskin

One of the most startling and pleasing developments of this year was the presentation of two plays by our French classes. They were unanimously approved.

Madame Craig's class presented the first act of "Le Malade Imaginaire," a classical comedy by Molière. Madame Miller's and Miss Baker's classes presented "Par un Jour de Pluie," a modern comedy by Louis Forest. The actresses deserve special praise for the skill they showed in acting, as well as speaking in French.

They made their actions clear even to those who knew very little French. For those of us who understood, there were many delightful points with double meaning for which the French plays are noted.

## Abbot Calendar

*February 26*—Saturday, in Abbot Hall, oldest of all the Abbot buildings, Miss Hearsey outlined to the school the advancement of our school through the last century in terms of buildings and facilities, and told us of the plans for enlarging and beautifying Abbot in the future.

*February 27*—Sunday, a very pleasant tea was held from three to five o'clock at Christ Church Parish House for all the members of the school who go to that church. The Rev. and Mrs. Albert C. Morris received, and there were other guests from Phillips and from Andover.

At five o'clock the students of the music department gave a most enjoyable recital in Davis Hall.

In the evening, Miss E. K. Wells of the English Department at Wellesley spoke on the work of the Pine Mountain school in Kentucky. She sang delightful old ballads and accompanied herself on a dulcimer.

*March 4*—Friday, "Le Cercle Francais" met at eight p.m. and two plays were presented: "Le Concierge" with Sally Peck, Lloyd Pierce, Connie Cross, and Mollie Chase in the cast; and "Le Grand Tourisme" played by Francis Cross and Marjory Hill.

*March 5*—Saturday, a tea dance was held for the Seniors and Senior-Mids which proved to be fully as successful as that given in the autumn by the lower classmen.

*March 6*—Sunday, in the afternoon a Festival of Hymn Singing was held in the Cochran Memorial Church of Phillips Academy. The members of Fidelio took part in the program.

*March 11*—Friday, the Griffins presented, for the enjoyment of the Gargoyles, the greatest show on earth; namely, a complete and completely entertaining "Follies," intended to glorify the Abbot Girl. A floor show included selections by representatives of all four corners of the country, a beautiful ballet dance, which ended in a "truckin'" exhibition, tryouts by the aspiring young actors and actresses in selections from "Gone With the Wind," and a revival of old favorites in a musical encounter between two parted lovers. The audience decided that the evening had been well worth the price of admission: two pins.



*March 12*—Saturday, the second of the student recitals took place at eight o'clock in Davis Hall. All of the selections were well chosen and well rendered.

*March 13*—Sunday, with a program of well selected music, including solos for the harp, the violin, and the flute, the Aeolian Quartet gave an excellent concert in Davis Hall.

*March 18*—Friday, THE COURANT Board conducted Chapel, holding an interview with Miss Tan Pin Pin, a graduate student at Radcliffe, and a former pupil of Miss Margaret Speer, Abbot graduate, teacher in China.

*March 19*—Saturday, the Senior Class presented "Little Women."

*March 20*—Sunday Vespers: Mr. Basil Mathews of London spoke on "Youth and Its Strange Rendezvous."

*April 8*—Friday, Miss Helen Chickering gave a delightful tea at her home for the members of the Senior Class and for those underclassmen who had been her former pupils.

*April 9*—Saturday, The Miriam Winslow Dancers, with Margaret Littell and Melvene Ipcar as soloists, gave a recital in Davis Hall.

*April 10*—Sunday Vespers: Mrs. Leslie Glenn of Cambridge spoke on the Northfield Conference which is to take place in June.

*April 16*—Movies of Switzerland in winter and of the Seniors at Intervale were shown in Abbot Hall.

*April 17*—Easter Sunday. An Easter Service was held at seven thirty in Davis Hall. The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin spoke on clarifying personal faith. After the service Mr. Howe played several selections on the organ.

*April 22*—The French Plays were presented in Davis Hall at eight o'clock.

*April 24*—Sunday Vespers: A lecture was given on "Marriage and a Career" by Miss R. S. Barth in Abbot Hall.

*April 29*—The Senior Promenade was held in Davis Hall from nine to one, preceded by a dinner. The hall was decorated in the Senior Class color, yellow, and Abbot blue, and transformed into a ship-board scene, which included railings and portholes, and sailor caps on the orchestra. Countless balloons hung from the ceiling, and spotlights of blue and yellow added to the colorful scene. A supper was served at twelve.

*April 30*—Many girls and their Prom guests attended the May breakfast held in the Legion Hall in Andover.

The tea dance in Davis Hall at four proved fully as successful as the Prom the night before; though the weather was none too good, everyone went outside to enjoy the privilege of walking across the Circle. The tea dance ended at seven and Prom week-end, long looked forward to, fully enjoyed, was over.

*May 1*—The Worcester Philharmonic Society under the direction of Mr. Walter Howe gave a concert in Davis Hall. The concert was really a tribute on the part of the Society to Mr. Howe, and all Abbot appreciated the opportunity and privilege of hearing their concert. The program included: a Concerto for three Pianofortes and Orchestra by Bach; his Suite No. 3 in D major, commonly called the *Air for the G String*; the Symphony in C major (Jupiter) of Mozart; a Radio Suite, written by Mr. Howe; and the Tone Poem, *Finlandia*, by Sibelius.

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## Alumnae Notes

Mary Flaherty ('34) is in the highest seventy-five in the senior class at Smith.

Nancy Kincaid ('37), at Syracuse University, is on the honor roll for students taking Fine Arts courses.

Among the Freshman plays written last term at Wheaton, one written by Jean Nevius ('37), was chosen to be produced this term. And from the criticisms of the actual production, the one by Judith Wonson ('37) was adjudged best.

Joan Todd ('37) has kept up her reputation as an outstanding student by making the Dean's list at Radcliffe. In addition to this honor, she has achieved distinction by being elected a member of the Freshman Prom committee, acting in the Freshman play, and making both the varsity basketball and varsity tennis teams.

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Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Campbell announced the birth of a daughter on May 5th.









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WELLS BINDERY  
WALTHAM, MASS.  
OCT. 1928



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